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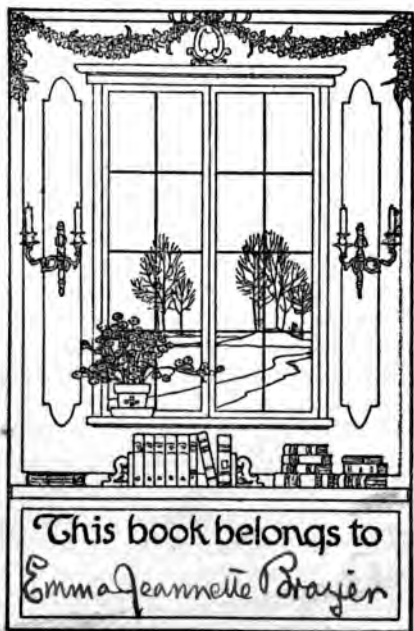
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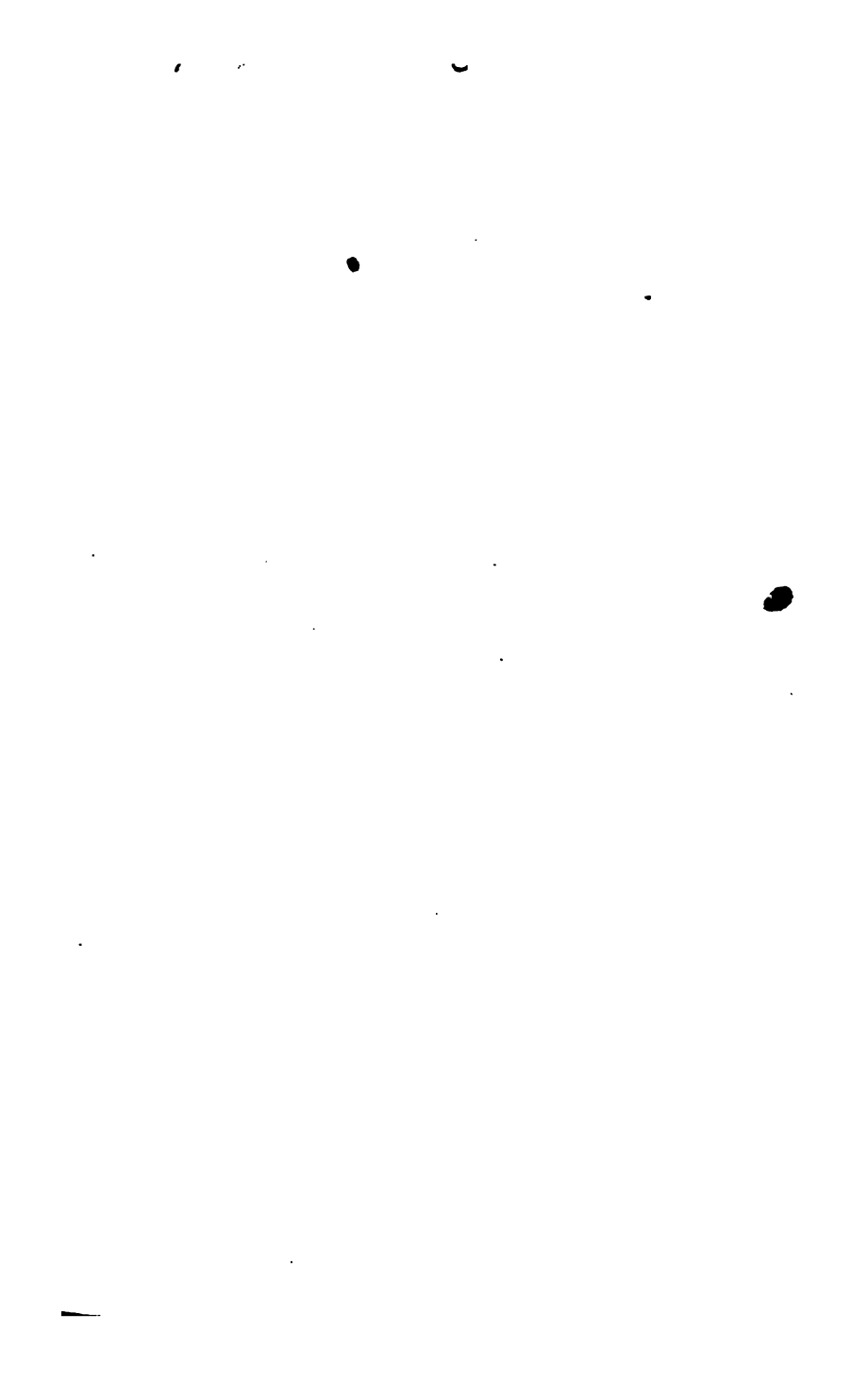


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S. Jenens Prime

IRENÆUS LETTERS

SECOND SERIES

WRITTEN BY

REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

FOR THE

NEW YORK OBSERVER

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE
AUTHOR

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PUBLISHED BY THE NEW YORK OBSERVER
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE,

BY THE EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

THIS volume has been prepared in response to a widespread demand for a new series of Irenæus Letters.

The selection has been made from Letters which were written since the publication of the former volume and embraces many of the choicest writings of Dr. Prime; some of them are more personal and autobiographical than any in the previous compilation and were chosen on that account.

A biographical sketch of Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., an account of his death and burial, together with the review of his life and character which was written by the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., all of which have been published in the *New York Observer*, are included in the book.

This has been done in order to gratify a large number of friends and subscribers to the *New York Observer*, who have expressed the wish to possess in a permanent form some record of one whom they had known and honored, and whose writings they had so much enjoyed.

The first series of Letters has had a large circulation, and there is abundant evidence that it has been a useful and interesting book. It is with the hope that this Second Series may be of equal value and interest, and that it may also be a fitting memorial of its author, that it is now offered to the public.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Actor's Last Words.....	241
Admiral and the Turk.....	7
Amber Witch.....	215
Assemblies of the Saints.....	57
Babylon and Fire Island.....	171
Babylon, Sojourn in.....	167
Benefits of Mosquitoes.....	256
Built a Church, How Two Cents.....	49
Bull-fights and other Popular Amusements.....	195
Burial, Thoughts on.....	362
Burning up Old Sermons.....	53
Changes in Fifty Years.....	46
Children and the Church.....	294
Dangers and Duties of the Rich.....	324
Dannemora for Ten Years.....	284
Dead and Living, Thoughts concerning.....	362
Death of Presidents of the United States.....	65
Dinner in Bath, England.....	370
Easthampton on Long Island.....	180
Emerson and the Children.....	84
Englewood : its Pastor and its Patriarch.....	124
Erromanga, Five Martyrs of.....	141
Error of a Moment, Sorrow of a Life.....	302
Explaining away the Gospel.....	135
Fanny Kemble on Bible and Theatre.....	238
Gambling in the Parlor.....	263
Going into the Country.....	374

	PAGE
Good Preaching without Paying for it.....	230
Graves of my Ancestors.....	27
Great and Good Surgeon.....	112
Great Man? What is a.....	92
Great Preaching in Small Places.....	223
Greatest Thief in the World.....	316
Griffin's (Dr.) College Boys.....	35
Hallowing the Fiftieth Year.....	42
Hatfield, Dr. Edwin F.....	97
Heart of the Catskills.....	192
Hero of Jacob's Well.....	198
Hill, Honorable and Honest John.....	104
Horse-race, The.....	165
How Two Cents Built a Church.....	49
Hunger of the Soul.....	274
Ill-timed Wit.....	246
Influence with Rich Widows.....	288
Kentucky Horse-sale.....	161
Little Behindhand.....	377
Loathing Light Bread.....	334
Longfellow's Songs Ended.....	80
Long Island Ministers.....	175
Maiden of the Mountain.....	366
Methodist Friends, Some of my.....	127
Missionary Lady in Islands of the Sea.....	145
Model Rural Pastor.....	101
Modern Magdalen.....	271
Moral Culture of Poor Women.....	319
More than there's Business for.....	327
Nantucket, In and about.....	157
Nantucket, To and about.....	153
Northern Delegates in Southern General Assembly.....	60
Not the Ancient Saint.....	207
Old-fashioned Thanksgivings.....	250
Old Gentleman Dead? Is the.....	385
Old White Meeting-house.....	31
Overtaxing the Brain.....	348
Philosophers getting Knowledge.....	341
Poe, Edgar Allan.....	149
Preaching Other Men's Sermons.....	227

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Prime, Samuel Irenæus, Biographical Sketch.....	I
“ “ “ Death of.....	9
“ “ “ Funeral of.....	12
“ “ “ Character and Life-work of.....	19
Prison (In) with the Cholera.....	137
Procrustes the Stretcher.....	381
Recipe for Happiness.....	306
Rector, Minister, Parson and Domine.....	234
Returning after Fifty Years.....	38
Righteous Man's Prayer, Story of.....	313
Ripley, Hours with George.....	88
Rogers, Burial of Dr.....	76
Seeking Rest and Finding None.....	203
Shams of Society.....	219
Shelter Island and Whitefield.....	183
Shepherd of Newburg.....	108
Short, Sharp and Decisive.....	277
Sims, Dr. J. Marion.....	112
Social Element in Church Life.....	355
Society of Young Thieves.....	291
Spice of Wickedness.....	253
Stone, David M.....	121
Strawberries and Cream.....	330
Success or Failure? Was it.....	260
Sunday with a Western Farmer.....	188
Sunshine in Artist's Studio.....	280
Thermometer of the Church.....	358
Tragedy in the Tombs.....	351
Training Boys to be Good Citizens.....	337
War Averted: Scene in U. S. Senate.....	68
Waymark in the March of Time, Another.....	344
Well and Wanted.....	267
Wetting the Ropes.....	309
Whitefield and Shelter Island.....	183
Williams, Dr. William R.....	116
Winter Holidays.....	298
Worse than Wasted Life.....	149
Young Man Void of Understanding.....	211

IRENÆUS LETTERS.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the *New York Observer*, Aug. 6, 1885.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME was born at Ballston, N. Y., November 4, 1812.

His great-grandfather, Rev. Ebenezer Prime, was graduated at Yale College in 1718. He was a Presbyterian clergyman of distinction, for many years pastor at Huntington, L. I.

His grandfather, Benjamin Young Prime, M. D., was graduated at Princeton in 1751. He obtained his medical degree at Leyden, became an accomplished physician, and wrote ably in several ancient and modern languages. His patriotic songs form part of the literature of the Revolution.

His father, Rev. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, D. D., was graduated at Princeton in 1804, and became eminent as a preacher, a scholar and an instructor. He was the author of a work on "Christian Baptism" and a "History of Long Island."

In his infancy the parents of "Irenæus" removed to Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., where he spent his boyhood, his father, N. S. Prime, being pastor of the Presbyterian church known as "The Old White Meeting-house."

When not yet fourteen years old he entered Williams College, and was graduated in 1829 before he was seventeen. He studied theology in the Seminary at Princeton, and was licensed to preach in 1833, his first sermon being preached in Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., where, two years ago, he preached on the fiftieth anniversary of the event. In the year following he accepted an invitation to preach at Ballston

Spa, N. Y., of which he writes thus in the "Irenæus Letter" of June 25, 1885:

"In the autumn of the year 1834 I came to the village of Ballston Spa, in the towns of Ballston and Milton, in Saratoga County, State of New York. A young stranger, I sought the house of one to whom I had a letter of introduction, and the result was an engagement to preach six months on a salary at the rate of five hundred dollars a year. Before the half-year expired the people gave me a call, and I was ordained and settled as their pastor in the month of June, 1835. The church itself was organized a few weeks only before I came, and it was therefore convenient and appropriate to hallow the fiftieth year after its formation and after my ordination at the same time. And that has brought me away earlier than usual from the city into the delicious atmosphere of this rural region.

"Mine was a short pastorate. One brief year of labor and I was laid aside. And this suggests a caution to young ministers and their people. In the zeal of his youth, the fresh pastor rushes upon his work as though he were not, in part at least, made of flesh. Conscious of great vitality, and untaught by experience, he is ready to preach whenever he has a chance, as if there were no limit to his powers of endurance."

After describing his habits of work in the severe climate of Saratoga County, he continues:

"How long could a young man, of slender build and delicate lungs, expect to hold out, who preached *three* times every Sabbath, and held two or three meetings in the week, and made many pastoral visits in a congregation scattered four or five miles in every direction? It was miserable economy of life and health. And the pastor and people were equally at fault in the matter. They asked and he did not refuse. Every Sabbath evening, after two full services, the men in the village would get up a team, sometimes two or three teams, and carry me off four or five miles into the country, where notice had been given of preaching in a school-house, and there we would have an earnest meeting in which the laymen

participated while I did the speaking. Sometimes I lodged among the farmers on Sunday night, but more frequently rode home in the cold after a steam-bath in the crowded school-room."

After a period of occupation in teaching at Newburg, N. Y., Dr. Prime became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Matteawan, N. Y., in 1837, where he remained for three years. He was accustomed to speak of this as the happiest experience of his life. The Rev. Thomas A. Reeves, the present pastor of the Matteawan church, writes: "Many of the older members of the church and of the community well remember his pastorate. It covered the years from twenty-five to twenty-eight of his life, and closed the first seven years of the church's existence. It was a period of great activity, and of both temporal and spiritual prosperity. Ninety-four persons were received into the church during these three years. The parsonage was built, and Dr. Prime personally did much to beautify the vicinity of the church by planting maples, which now have grown to large size and by their regularity and comfort bear witness to his taste and forethought. The semi-centennial of the Matteawan church occurred in 1883, and Dr. Prime was only prevented attending by a severe attack of sciatica, which detained him at Saratoga. He sent me the following letter, which was read on that occasion:"

REV. DR. PRIME'S LETTER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 21, 1883.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter addressed to me in New York has this day reached me at this place. The invitation to meet the people of your charge and such of them who survive and remain of my former charge in Matteawan, and join in the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the church's life, is very grateful to my feelings, while it fills me with deep regret that the state of my health forbids me to attend. I am here under treatment, and am unable to move about except with painful aggravation of my complaint, from which, however, I am steadily recovering.

How delighted would I be to join heart and voice with you and the people on this interesting occasion! Mrs. Prime and I were in the dew of our youth when we took up our abode in Matteawan, and gave our lives to the service of that infant church. When I add that last week on Friday we celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of our marriage you will perceive that nearly the entire life of your church has passed since I entered upon its pastoral care.

It was then an ideal pastoral charge. Beautifully nestled at the foot of the mountains, near the great river, the people largely engaged in manufactures, liberal, hospitable, intelligent, and earnestly religious. I entered upon my labors with enthusiasm, and pursued them with constantly increasing ardor and enjoyment. My first residence was in the house on the west side of the beautiful Grecian temple that was our church. Soon my generous people built for my home the spacious and commodious parsonage which still stands as a memorial of their care for me and mine. Those fine trees that make so grateful a shade around it were planted, I may say, by my own hand. In the parsonage we often had the people as our guests, as we were their shepherd. Many of our people lived three families under one roof. I often took tea in the basement or the attic, in whichever the family resided, and the children were my friends. I was said to know every child in the parish by name. Those who grew up to manhood and womanhood continue to be my friends, and it is enough for me to be reminded that I was the pastor in Matteawan, of one who speaks to me, to awaken my warmest interest. In foreign lands those young parishioners have hailed me as the friend of their childhood. One of them died in Paterson, N. J., a few days ago, whom I baptized. It is pleasant to me that Mr. Jabez Turner, who was an active member of the church when I was pastor, is and has long been an officer of the church in which I now stately worship in New York. A few of my old friends survive in Matteawan. Their names and faces are familiar and precious. To them especially I send my love with these words. How well do I remember the prayer-meetings, the

revivals, the conversions, the communion seasons which we all enjoyed! The three happiest years of my ministerial life were spent in that charge.

On the second Sabbath in October next I expect to preach my semi-centennial sermon in Bedford, N. Y., where I preached my first sermon fifty years ago. There and then I will testify to the loving-kindness of my Matteawan people, and to the sorrow with which I resigned my pastoral work from total failure of health—a work which I have never been able to resume. Other and far better men have followed me in that pleasant field; the generation that knew me has passed away; few know that one of my name was ever a keeper of the flock on that mountain-slope; but them that God gave me he will keep unto that day when it will be my exceeding joy to present them before our Father's face in the kingdom in heaven.

That you, my dear brother, may be as happy in your work in Matteawan as I was forty-five years ago, and far more successful, is the earnest prayer of your friend in the gospel of Christ

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

His leaving his much-loved parish and entering upon his great life-work is best described in the following letter addressed by him

To the Presbyterian Congregation of Matteawan.

BELOVED BRETHREN: Three years ago this day I came among you. They have been years of uninterrupted peace and prosperity. The bond of mutual affection uniting us is so strong that nothing but sickness or death appears sufficient to separate us. While I have been with you I have been repeatedly solicited to come to other fields of labor and to take the charge of other churches in which my pecuniary condition would have been greatly improved. But my attachment to you and my views of duty would forbid me to leave this people for the sake of assuming any other pastoral charge. I have been happy here and willing to spend and be

spent for you so long as God would give me strength to preach his blessed Word.

When I was first settled here "I was sick and ye visited me." From that time I have struggled daily in the midst of my manifold labors against a disease that has disabled many ministers of the gospel and laid not a few in the grave. Often when others may have thought that I was neglecting my duty I have been seeking temporary relief from the insidious effects of disease. Since my attack in October last it has manifested some symptoms that indicate clearly the necessity of a speedy cessation of public speaking.

Such being the will of Providence, "What are we that we should reply against God?" Bowing to that will, I have now to ask the congregation to unite with me in a request that the Presbytery will dissolve the pastoral relation subsisting between us.

Knowing your interest in everything that concerns pastor and his family, I will add that after I had determined to rest from my labors in the ministry, another "great door and effectual has been opened to me." It will be my endeavor to do what I can for the good of my fellow-men through the columns of the *New York Observer*. I regard it as a special mark of Divine favor that I have been permitted to look forward to such a field of usefulness when I am no longer able to preach the Word. And I wish it to be distinctly understood that my leaving you is caused solely by the state of my health, and the hope that after ceasing for a season to preach I may be able to resume pastoral labor with strength sufficient for the work.

The Lord willing, I shall continue to supply your pulpit on the Sabbath, omitting my Wednesday-evening lectures, until the first of April next. On the last Sabbath in March I shall probably take my leave of a people among whom I have spent the happiest years of my life.

That God will send to you a man after his own heart, who will be more faithful and successful than I have been, is the sincere and constant prayer of your unworthy pastor,

SAMUEL I. PRIME.

MATTEAWAN, Feb. 22, 1840.

He entered in 1840 upon his duties as associate editor of the *New York Observer*, then under the charge of Messrs. S. E. and R. C. Morse and A. P. Cumings. In the course of a few weeks the Messrs. Morse practically relinquished their duties to their associate, whose aptitude for the work was evident from the first. Though constantly delicate in health, his literary labors were not confined to the columns of the *Observer*. His pen was employed in writing religious books, in advocating educational and benevolent enterprises in the secular press, and also in general literary work for various publishers in this city. But his body was not equal to the demands of his spirit, and in 1853, an almost helpless invalid, he sailed for Liverpool in the *Devonshire*, and spent a year in travel in Europe and the East. In 1858 Dr. Prime purchased an interest in the *New York Observer*, in which he had been acting editor since 1840, with the exception of a brief period, during which for a year he was one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society, and subsequently for a few months an editor of *The Presbyterian*.

During the first few years of his editorial work Dr. Prime resided at Newark, N. J., where he was an active member of the congregation of the Third Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. H. N. Brinsmade. Of the large and flourishing Sunday-school of this church Dr. Prime was for some years the superintendent. His association with the establishment of the Public Library at Newark has been recorded in the *New York Observer*. In 1850 he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he resided until 1858, when he established himself in New York City as a permanent resident.

Besides the journey abroad in 1853, Dr. Prime, made an extensive European tour in 1866-67, and again in 1876-77. His letters during these various journeys were so frequent and full that most readers are equally familiar with his thoughts and experiences abroad and at home.

His published works include "Travels in Europe and the East," "Letters from Switzerland," "The Alhambra and the Kremlin," "The Old White Meeting-house," "Annals of the

English Bible," "Thoughts on the Death of Little Children," "The Power of Prayer" (a sketch of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting), with several continuations, "Memoirs of Rev. Nicholas Murray," "Under the Trees," and "Life of S. F. B. Morse." "The Power of Prayer," which was first published in 1859, was translated into several languages, and was reprinted in Europe, Asia and Africa, attaining, it is said, a circulation of more than 175,000 copies.

He has frequently been a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and in 1883 he went as a delegate from the Northern body to the Southern General Assembly. He has been Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, of which he was one of the active directors; Vice-President and Director of the American Tract Society; Corresponding Secretary of the American Evangelical Alliance; Vice-President and Director of the American and Foreign Christian Union; President of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art; ex-President and Trustee of Wells College for Women; Trustee of Williams College; Honorary Fellow of the Incorporated Society of (English) Authors, and a member of many other religious, benevolent and literary organizations.

This enumeration gives but a faint impression of the breadth and variety of his activities in connection with religious, benevolent and educational enterprises.

As a member of an ecclesiastical body, he was untiring in his interest, quick and powerful in debate, indefatigable and efficient in committee.

How this life ended in the fulness of its strength and brightness was told in the *Observer* of July 23. When such a man is taken out of this present world he leaves behind more than he takes away. His works do follow him. In the Church of Christ, in the *New York Observer*, in the social circle and in the family, his faith, his hope, his love, his energy, his cheerfulness, his activity, will remain to inspire, guide and consecrate long after all of us who knew him have passed away. When John's disciples learned that their leader had nobly fallen they came and took the body and

buried it, and went and told Jesus. Unto Him we may go with the certainty of finding all the sympathy and help which is needful, however great the loss or sorrow; and because He lives we shall live also.

DEATH OF REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

From the *New York Observer*, July 23, 1885.

NEVER since the *New York Observer* was established has it carried to the hearts of its readers such a burden of personal sorrow as it bears to-day, in the intelligence of the death of its Senior Editor, the Rev. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. That pen to which its readers for nearly fifty years have looked each week for words of counsel and comfort, whose instructions had become to them a part of their very lives, even as the voice of a beloved father, has ceased to write. On Saturday last, soon after noonday, he entered into rest.

For more than a year Dr. Prime has not enjoyed his former vigorous health. Without any loss of the wonderful activity of mind, and elasticity of spirit, and cheerfulness of heart for which he was so distinguished, and which with other endowments made him such a blessing to his friends and to the world, it has been apparent to those nearest to him that the physical frame in which his tireless mind was set was beginning to show signs of serious wear. We do not think that he ever fully recovered from the shock that his nervous system received in the disastrous fire which consumed the offices of the *Observer*; when, after his own narrow escape, he was compelled helplessly to look on at the peril of his kindred and associates, and when two of the latter, one of whom had served with him more than forty years, perished in the flames. During the past year there has been a more decided weakening of his vital energy. All through the last winter he was more than ever before confined to his house, and it was but seldom that we enjoyed his cheerful and cheering presence at our office. But his pen never ceased to be a medium of commu-

nication with our readers, and his Letters, under his familiar signature, IRENÆUS, and his editorial articles, were furnished as regularly as they were waited for by tens of thousands of expectant hearts.

On the 4th of June he left the city with his wife to spend two or three weeks at Saratoga Springs and to fulfil an engagement to preach at Ballston Spa on the 7th, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination and installation as the first pastor of the Presbyterian church at that place. On the 1st of July he attended the Commencement at Williams College, of which he was a Trustee. After tarrying for three or four days with a kinsman at his country home at White Creek, N. Y., and with a friend at Hoosick Falls, he started on Monday for Manchester, Vt., to make arrangements to pass the month of August with his family at that place, where he expected to celebrate, on the 17th, the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage.

For several days he had been suffering occasionally from severe pain in the region of the liver. On his way to Manchester it became so severe that on stepping from the cars and meeting his friend, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Wickham, he asked for a physician, and was introduced on the platform to Dr. Lewis H. Hemenway, who went with him directly to the Equinox House, and who was his faithful and skilful medical attendant until he breathed his last. The attack proved to be caused by congestion of the liver. It yielded readily to treatment, and before the end of the week he was nearly recovered. In the mean time he was joined by his wife and by his brother, William C. Prime, who had been summoned to his bedside, not from any apprehension that his illness was of an alarming character, but that he might have their presence while he should be confined at the hotel.

On Sunday morning, July 12th, as Dr. Hemenway was leaving the room to attend public worship, Dr. Prime asked him to wait a moment, and attempted to utter a request; but his eyes filled with tears and he said to his brother, "Give me the pencil and paper;" and he wrote, in bed, the following, which he desired the doctor to hand to the pastor of the church:

"To the pastor :

"A stranger in town being ill desires the congregation to unite with him in thanks to God for his goodness in partially restoring him and in praying for complete recovery."

And he added for the eye of the pastor alone : "No name to be mentioned."

These were the last lines that his hand ever traced.

In the course of the day he engaged at intervals with his wife and brother in conversation on a variety of topics in which he was always deeply interested. Some of these subjects were : Attending upon divine service on the Sabbath in order to worship God instead of merely to hear a sermon :—The increasing evil tendency, especially in New England, of *hiring* ministers by the year instead of having pastors permanently installed :—He talked with special delight on the *oneness of the faith* in various Christian churches that are separated by non-essential differences of opinion :—of the modern theory of evolution as opposed to the teachings of the Bible :—of the notion of many physiologists and the practical evil effect of their doctrine, that the brain and not the soul does the thinking, and that man is a machine and not a living spirit inhabiting a physical body. All this conversation was free and social and not at all in the form of discussion or dogmatism. It was in perfect consonance with the calm, delightful, summer Sabbath day, the heaven-sent breezes of which came in at the window and fanned him as he lay waiting for the messenger that was already at the door.

On Sunday afternoon, after sitting up for some time he rose and walked with a firm step to the bed, and lying down quietly, closed his eyes and apparently fell asleep. The doctor entered a few moments after, and, approaching the bedside, spoke to him, but received no answer. The mind which for more than seventy years had been active and communicative, was to hold no more intercourse with the outer world. He recognized those who were around him, but he was never able to converse ; he replied to questions only in monosyllables. On Monday morning his daughter, Mrs. Stoddard and

Rev. Dr. Stoddard arrived and were recognized by him, by a significant look.

He lingered in this condition, suffering no pain and giving no signs of active consciousness, growing weaker from day to day until Saturday, the 18th, at a quarter to one o'clock, when the wheel of life stood still, and he passed away so gently and peacefully that it was impossible to tell at what moment his happy spirit left its tenement and went up to join the company of the redeemed in heaven.

We cannot attempt at this time to give any sketch of the life of our beloved associate and head. All that we can do is to acquaint our readers all over the world with the circumstances of the departure of one than whom perhaps no one of his day was better known and more beloved, or had more personal friends attached to him by tender ties and memories of delightful intercourse, or was exerting a wider influence for good in so many lands.

The remains of Dr. Prime were brought to this city, where arrangements were made for the funeral services at the West Presbyterian Church—Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton's. He will be laid to rest in the Woodlawn Cemetery.

FUNERAL OF DR. PRIME.

THE funeral of the Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., took place on Wednesday, July 22, in the West Presbyterian Church in Forty-second Street, in this city, of which Dr. Prime has been a regular attendant for a number of years.

Although it was one of the hottest days of midsummer, in a comparatively deserted city, the church was crowded with persons who came to show their love for a valued friend and to sympathize with a bereaved family. Among them were many whose names are known all over the land, and there were others not a few, unknown, who came to mourn their friend and benefactor. The proportion of gray-haired men among the congregation was noticeable.

The body, inclosed in a black cloth-covered coffin, was carried up the main isle, while the organ played a solemn dirge and the congregation stood. It was followed by the family of the deceased and the associate editors and employés of the *New York Observer*. The plate upon the coffin bore the simple record :

REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

Born Nov. 4, 1812.

Died July 18, 1885.

An open Bible formed of white and yellow roses with the inscription in blue violets, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," Rev. 14: 13, was the only ornament; and this floral tribute came from those who had joined with Dr. Prime a few months before in celebrating his forty-fifth anniversary as the Editor of the *New York Observer*.

When all were seated, the beautiful poem of Alice Cary,

"One sweetly solemn thought,"

was sung with deep feeling by Miss Henrietta Beebe, who has enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Prime since first as a young girl she began to sing in church and concert in this city. Passages of Scripture were then read by Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, after which the hymn

"Pilgrims of the night"

was sung by the choir. Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, the pastor of the church, then delivered the funeral address, as follows :

REV. DR. J. R. PAXTON'S ADDRESS.

It is a great thing to live seventy-three years in this world and thoroughly earn one's grave, and leave a record without a blot, a name without a stain, and a character and career that make the whole country debtor to the dead.

This is literally true of Dr. Prime. We are all in debt to him. When I was a lad in a country village, taking my first wondering view of books and papers, the "Irenæus Letters"

in the *New York Observer* were the delight of my Sundays. Last week, over in Pennsylvania, at an old church in Cumberland Valley, it was told that "Irenæus" was a-dying. "Alas!" said an old lady, "he was my best preacher these forty years." His Letters were a staff to help me through every week, bringing comfort and strength every time, and shedding light upon one's way through this perplexing world.

This is the way it was all over the land, in ten thousand churches, and homes, and hearts, when the news was flashed by telegraph that Irenæus Prime was dying. I call this true fame and a life well worth living. Dear friends, Dr. Prime was a great power in this land. For more than fifty years he has been by voice and pen on the side of every good cause that needed advocates and defenders in our country. He has preached to two generations the old story of the cross, and the principles and conduct of a useful, upright, and noble life. His name is a household word, and his enduring fame is secure, like Washington's, in the hearts and gratitude of his countrymen. For I know of no man in this country, in the past fifty years, in public or private station, who has made a lasting mark for good on more minds than Dr. Prime. He entered the family—the foundation of your churches and state. He inculcated a pure religion. He recommended Christianity to the young and old by the charm and grace and geniality of his nature and writings. Dr. Prime was no ascetic, seeing only the hard and gloomy side of life and religion, but at home with his Lord and Master at a wedding in Cana, where joy was unconfined, as well as tender and sympathetic at a funeral or in the house of mourning.

Dr. Prime was conservative by nature and education, yet never a bigot or fanatic on any question agitated and debated in the land for half a century. I think if all his letters were bound in a book, that if all his writings were examined, the most careful scrutiny would not find a line to expunge, or a page that his best friend would regret he wrote.

The remarkable thing—the striking characteristic in Dr.

Prime—was the well-balanced head he carried above his shoulders. He had no eccentricities. He had no pet virtue, no one little hobby, no one special excellence which he always aired and rung changes on. Nay, he was a broad-minded man; he had many windows to his mind; he took in light from every quarter, and thus could write and did write truthfully, charmingly, profitably on all questions that engaged the interest or concerned the conduct of human life.

Dr. Prime was well named "Irenæus." His life was an irenicon. He hated war. He loved peace, and studied peace, and advocated peace in church and state and family. Yet there was nothing weak or compromising in his nature or treatment of great questions or fundamental principles. When a principle was at stake he set his face like a flint, and, like Athanasius, would stand against the world. He would go two miles with you any time out of courtesy, by the grace and consideration of a gentle and tolerant mind; but if anybody coerced him he would not budge an inch. If any impious hand touched the ark of God his voice was a menace and his attitude martial at once. Hands off! he cried, and no trifling or liberties with the essential truths of Christianity or the integrity of Holy Scripture as the inspired word of God.

Always by voice and pen Dr. Prime was the leading advocate of the evangelical Protestant faith in this country. He was thorough-going in his orthodoxy. He never would compromise with the papacy, or with atheistic science, or the new liberal theology. But this is not the time or place to dwell upon the achievements of his long and distinguished life. On other occasions justice will be done his memory, and the church's debt to Dr. Prime clearly set down, as editor, preacher, presbyter, and author. Let it suffice to say, we have lost one of the best and wisest and most loyal and distinguished champions of Christianity in the land. When shall we see his like again? Who can take up the pen that wrote those unique and delightful "Irenæus Letters" these many years, now that the hand

that wielded it so cunningly and skilfully is stiff in death? Alas! alas! a great man and leader has fallen in Israel.

It is a personal affliction. It is a calamity to the whole church. I may say that in a sense it is a national loss and sorrow, for in every State of the Union Dr. Prime had constituents, and worked righteousness and comforted hearts and fortified souls in virtue. For to-day, all over the land, there are tears and sorrow for "Irenæus" dead. Thank God for his noble life; for his long career; for his pure character; for his deep piety; for his fertile and brilliant pen, and his great influence in the widening lives of thousands whose steps he directed by his counsels, and whose hearts he strengthened by his unwavering faith in God. We loved him in life, for there was none more lovable, more genial, more kind; a hand always open, a heart always sweet, and a smile and tone that were cheering as sunshine, and welcome as fresh air. We loved him in life; we mourn him dead, and will cherish his memory as an inspiration to high and noble aims and deeds.

Thank God for one thing—that there was no decrepitude, no long invalidism, no period of wasting and suffering. No, he worked up to the last week; his brain kept its clear light, his hand was firm at his desk, the best wine was at the last. Down to the end he did his day's work, and with his hand on the plough he was called away to see the Lord in the paradise of God—that Master whom he loved supremely and served so faithfully for seventy-three years. There is nobody left just like him. He will have no successor. But as long as this country endures and Christianity is prized, Dr. Irenæus Prime is sure of honor and fame for the good he accomplished, the life he lived, the God he glorified; as citizen, preacher, editor, author, and man.

May the unblotted record of his life, and the tears and sorrow of ten thousand souls in this country for one they admired and loved as teacher and helper in this life-journey—may this record and their tears be the best consolation of the widow and children and friends of him who is now in heaven, but whose body is with us still!

Dear friends, the question is, when a man dies, not how much money did he leave, nor how many enemies did he slay, nor how many machines did he invent, but how many hearts bled, how many tears were shed for him, how many mourned him dead. Judged by this test, no man had a wider fame.

“Farewell, father and friend, farewell!”

At the conclusion of Dr. Paxton's address the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary, spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY DR. HASTINGS.

Often upon funeral occasions the pastor feels that the character and career need explanation or defence or eulogy. It is not so to-day. We all know and honor and love the man whose loss we mourn, and need no one to introduce him to us. His life has been interwoven, to a degree rarely equalled, with the domestic, the ecclesiastical, and the public and civil life of our times. I remember that in my childhood I looked up to him with a peculiar reverence as that “Irenæus” about whom so many good people were often talking. Then in early manhood I knew him as a controversialist, faithful and fearless in the cause of the truth as he understood it. In the trying times when discussion was hot, when thought clashed with thought, and feeling grappled with feeling, the gentle pen of “Irenæus” became keen and quick alike in ward and in thrust. It was like that old legend which claimed that the Damascus blade gave forth both sparks and perfume. Then when I came to this city as a young pastor, many years ago, I confess I was surprised and delighted to discover the tenderness of his heart and the warmth of his sympathy. To a very wide constituency of the best people he was known only through his facile and graceful pen. But if you knew him in that way only you did not really know him. If you have not seen him with his children and grandchildren about him; if you have not seen him in the freedom of private, unconstrained fel-

lowship with his brethren loved and trusted; if you have not seen him touched to the heart by the appeal of suffering and sorrow, then you have not really known him. With him how easy and quick was the transition from smiles to tears! In the best sense, only the earnest can be mirthful; only the strong can be tender.

We must not think to-day only of our loss; we must look at the other side toward the home which he has just entered. In Guizot's words, "The dawn of the eternal day which fools call death," what a dawn it has been to our friend and brother! As I was journeying hither to-day to attend this service, amid the crowd, alone with the thought of this friend, I wrote down, one after another, the names of distinguished ministers who have died since I began my professional life here, nearly thirty years ago. Slowly the list increased, as I recalled one loved face after another, until I had thirty names—brilliant and blessed names—with all of whom our departed brother had enjoyed close and familiar fellowship. He was always bright and charming in such intercourse. I am sure the laity do not know how stimulating, refreshing and delightful is the personal and professional fellowship enjoyed by the ministry in this city. How much better it must be in heaven! As I looked again at my list it touched me to see how I had these noble names grouped without reference to the denominations they represented. There were Methodists and Baptists and Episcopalians and Congregationalists and Presbyterians all intermingled, and I could not help saying,—So heaven will have it: only earth can keep such men separate. How rich is heaven becoming! How many well-known hands have been stretched out to welcome the coming of our brother! Oh! it is a goodly company which is fast gathering on high, to which each new-comer is welcomed with a joy in strong contrast with the sorrow here. We must not look backward or downward, but onward and upward. Our brother is not dead. "In his own order," at his appointed time, the Lord has called him higher. I recall the quaint but touching verse of Baxter:

CHARACTER AND LIFE-WORK OF DR. PRIME. 19

“As for my friends, they are not lost ;
The several vessels of thy fleet
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.”

We thank God for what our brother was and for what he has done, and trust in our turn, through infinite grace, to follow where he has been permitted to go before us. So is our sorrow full of gratitude and hope.

“Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees !”

The assembly then united with the Rev. William Ormiston, D.D., in a fervent and comforting prayer, after which the hymn “Jerusalem the glorious,” a favorite hymn of Dr. Prime, was sung by the choir, and after the benediction had been pronounced the family retired.

Then the coffin was opened and the long procession of friends took their last look upon the calm and venerable face of “Irenæus.” In the afternoon the interment was made privately in Dr. Prime’s lot at Woodlawn Cemetery.

CHARACTER AND LIFE - WORK OF DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

BY REV. T. W. CHAMBERS, D.D.

THAT few men in the ministry or in the editorial profession were so widely or so favorably known throughout the country as our friend is apparent from the general expression of regret and sympathy with which the news of his death was received in all quarters, and even by many who had never seen his face in the flesh. This was due partly to his natural characteristics, partly to the peculiar circumstances of his career. The first time I ever saw him was in the year

1841 or 1842, when he was one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society, and from that day to the present he has been a conspicuous figure in the eye of the Christian public. Books, letters, editorials, journeys at home and abroad, and his residence at or near the metropolis, together with his public spirit and his readiness for every good word and work, brought him into contact with all the movements of the time and made him a prominent factor in the onward march of events.

What were the salient features of his character? He was not, in the common acceptation of the phrase, "a self-made man." On the contrary, he received a careful and liberal education, first in his father's house, and afterwards at Williams College and in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He was a diligent student, not only of books, but also of men and things, and often, in later years, he reminded me of what the late Dr. T. H. Skinner said of Dr. Henry B. Smith—"he had more usable knowledge than any man I ever knew." His insight was keen and his memory retentive, and he knew how to lay up stores for unforeseen emergencies. His culture was broad, and whatever was lost for lack of specific devotion to a single subject was compensated by the width of his outlook and his general grasp of the field of knowledge in its outlines. His power of application was very great, and his mind worked easily and readily. Writing, which to many men is a labor, even in the case of some who have had years upon years of experience, to him was rather pleasure than toil. He set about it without reluctance, and finished it without weariness. He did not need to pump from a deep well: the spring poured forth of its own accord. When he turned his attention to a topic, his thoughts, apparently without an effort on his part, took shape and arranged themselves in a natural order of development. All he had to do was to clothe them in appropriate words. This he did with facility and rapidity, and, strange to say, with exceeding accuracy, so that often in a score of pages there would be no need, on a careful review, of erasing or inserting a single word. Unlike most persons, he could do his best at first. In

this way one can account for the enormous amount of literary composition accomplished by him in the course of his life, and for its general excellence. It was not task-work, wrought under whip and spur when the mind was jaded, but rather, to use Bacon's metaphor, the first flowing of the grapes when subjected to gentle pressure. He wrote because he had something to say, and he said it, always with perspicuity, and sometimes with uncommon weight and force. No rhetorical ornaments were sought for, but the reliance was upon the truth and appropriateness of the sentiment and the directness with which it was conveyed.

Closely allied with this power of productive work was the natural vivacity of his spirit. If ever a man knew, experimentally, the difference between work and worry, it was he. Trials and perplexities of various kinds befell him, as they are sure to befall any one in such relations as he held, but none of them were able to clog his steps or impair his habitual cheerfulness. He seemed to rise above them as if by an elastic bound, and to move in a serene and cloudless atmosphere. Nature and grace concurred to produce this happy result. His sunny temperament inclined him to look upon the bright side of everything, and his steadfast faith in a gracious and overruling Providence enabled him always to see the silver lining behind the darkest cloud. Nor was this buoyancy of spirit confined only to himself. It was contagious, and often helped to lighten the burdens of others. Dr. Prime had a rich vein of humor and an inexhaustible fund of incident and anecdote. Upon these he drew at fitting times and places, and always with success. Hence the head of an important literary institution, of which our friend was a trustee, said of him after his death: "His genial sweetness and his consummate tact, in how many ways have I seen them avert disaster and confusion in matters of great delicacy and importance!" And again: "In the strife of tongues how much his wise wit seemed able to overcome!" This testimony will not seem strange to any who have mingled in social or ecclesiastical circles with him to whom it is borne. His pleasantry was natural, graceful, and with-

out a sting. He laughed with his brethren, not at them, and they will all feel that this world is less pleasant since he was taken out of it.

But he was able, according to the apostolic precept, not only to rejoice with them that do rejoice, but also to weep with them that weep. His sympathy with the sorrowing was profound and tender and unaffected. He entered thoroughly into their feelings, and was afflicted in their affliction. Manifest evidences of this are seen in his book on the "Death of Little Children," his occasional writings, and the Letters with which all readers of the *Observer* are familiar. But far more are hidden in the private records of individuals and families, not only in his immediate neighborhood, but through a wide extent of country. His position and character made him the receptacle of tales of sorrow, often from those who knew him only by reputation. Sometimes these were accompanied by requests of a very unreasonable nature. But this fact did not chill his sympathy or stop the current of his charities. Calmly putting aside the absurd or extravagant, he ministered aid as it lay in his power, and never withheld the kind words which do good like a medicine. It is easy for one to say this, but only those who have had a similar experience can estimate the draft thus made not only on his purse, but upon his time, his hands, his feelings. Sometimes it is harder to bear others' burdens than our own. Dr. Prime, as minister and editor, had more than his share, but he carried the load as few men could, and he did it uncomplainingly and meekly.

He was a man of public spirit, and a constant friend of the great religious and benevolent and educational institutions of the age. In any important assemblage in aid of such objects he was usually seen upon the platform, not from curiosity or a love of display, but from a genuine interest in the matter in hand. His zeal was bounded by no narrow or sectarian lines; whether it were a Bible or a tract society, in the interest of home missions or of foreign, for a college or a seminary, for the Evangelical Alliance or that of the Reformed churches, for the advancement of literature or of science or

of art, he was ready to render such service as lay in his power. And his position often enabled him to give very efficient aid both by his voice and his pen. His spirit was truly catholic. Although warmly attached to the evangelical system as held by the church in which he was reared, and in whose communion his whole life was spent, he habitually cherished a hearty sympathy with all sister-churches. And this feeling grew with his advancing years. He preferred to see points of agreement rather than those of difference, and longed for the closer fellowship of all who hold the Head. Hence, when the proposal was made to reunite the dis severed parts of the Presbyterian Church, North, he became at once a zealous and a judicious advocate of the reunion; and when the project was consummated no man rejoiced more heartily than he. So, when fraternal relations with the Southern Church were restored, he was a member of the Commission which met the Southern Assembly at Lexington, Ky. His address on that occasion is said by one who was present to have been of great power through its tenderness. "He spoke of the past and conjured up its sacred memories so that old men wept." It was the eloquence of the heart, the spontaneous utterance of deep-seated convictions. And the end is not yet.

Dr. Prime was a voluminous author. His published works include records of travel, biographies, sketches, collections of letters, and treatises on religious or scriptural subjects, some of which were translated into various languages and gained a very wide circulation. All of these do credit to his industry and his ability, for it is not an ordinary man who gives forty volumes to the press. They are pleasing and wholesome, nor is there in one of them a line which the author would now wish to blot. But his chief work was not done in these, nor in connection with any of the important institutions of which he was President or Director or Trustee or Fellow. His labors in such directions, although neither few nor small, were incidental. They were performed from time to time as occasion required, and then ceased. They have left their mark upon the framework of Christian

society in this country, but his chief life-work was wrought in another field.

In years to come he will be especially remembered as the head and inspiring genius of a great religious newspaper, one that in other respects as well as years leads the rich and varied column of religious journals in America; one that has remained steadily faithful to the evangelical and catholic principles upon which it was founded, and has pursued the even tenor of its way through well-nigh three quarters of a century. It is not easy to calculate the influence of such a paper. It enters the family and becomes a household friend. It instructs the young, and inspires and comforts the old. It forms opinion and shapes character. Its weekly visits are like the successive drops which, though singly of small importance, by dint of iteration wear away the stone. Alike in winter and summer, in the stately mansion and the rude hamlet, the moulding process goes on. They who have no books, or who, if they have them, shrink from the task of taking up a volume, yet find time to read a newspaper, and often it is the only pabulum of a literary kind that they relish. The field of a religious journal, therefore, especially if it be widely circulated, is immensely important. In this field Dr. Prime labored for five-and-forty years, and here he faithfully exercised all his gifts, natural and acquired.

The results show how well he was qualified for the work. He was a born editor. Not only in leading articles and in brief, crisp paragraphs, but also in all that constitutes the make-up of a newspaper he had an indescribable tact. He knew what to insert, and also—a matter equally important—what to omit. What it did not suit his convenience to treat himself he could procure to be treated by others. And so his journal was a mirror of the times, as seen from a religious point of view. It was faithful to the truth as its conductors saw it, and yet not dogmatic or denunciatory. It stood upon a platform like that of the Evangelical Alliance, and lent its powerful aid to every enterprise conceived and carried on in that spirit. Against Romanism, formalism, and all shapes of scepticism, latent or avowed, it was aggressive and intolerant. Its readers were fortified against insidious

errors, and yet well supplied with positive truth in its ethical and practical aspects. Dr. Prime's long experience made him an adept in every particular of editorial management, and his associates willingly accepted his as the presiding mind of the establishment. The *Observer*, as it stands to-day, and as it has stood for a generation, is his true and enduring monument, bearing, as it does, in every feature the impress of his rich and versatile genius. He made it what it is. He not only preserved the aim of its founders, but carried it out more largely and in more varied directions, so that its position, and what it stands for in metropolitan journalism, are known and read of all men.

But besides the general character of the paper as an outspoken champion of evangelical truth, it had a peculiar and characteristic feature in the "Letters of Irenæus," one of which appeared every week. They treated of every imaginable subject, and were as natural and easy and graceful as the actual correspondence of a literary man with his personal friends. Unstudied and artless, written seemingly at the point of the pen, they yet produced the effect of the highest art. Their informal character allowed the writer to say anything he chose within the bounds of good sense and good taste—bounds which he never transgressed, and the familiar tone and skilful touch often allured the reader like one of Cowper's matchless epistles. The result was to establish a sort of relationship between the writer and his varied readers, so that each of the latter looked upon the letter as if it were addressed to himself. It was not regarded as a proper subject for criticism, like an ordinary editorial, but rather as a free outpouring of friendly feeling, an unstudied expression of sentiments, such as a man makes to his fellows under the seal of confidence. In this view they were eagerly welcomed and enjoyed. Outpourings of the heart go to the heart, and Dr. Prime was so constituted that he could reach exactly the average of his readers, going neither too high nor too low, and carrying useful suggestions in a simple and most attractive manner. Such writing seems very easy to the inexperienced, and yet in reality the ability to do it well is a very rare gift. Careless ease is the last attainment of a writer,

Men who could prepare a very weighty paper for a Quarterly Review would stumble hopelessly in the effort to reproduce the tone of familiar and intelligent conversation in a readable letter of a column's length. To be natural without being obvious, and playful without becoming silly, to teach without being tedious, to be fresh and vivacious without extravagance, are qualities by no means common. Yet Dr. Prime had them all, and year after year he poured forth a continuous stream of such articles, never repeating himself, never falling far below his average, and often rising greatly above it.

It remains for me to say a word respecting Dr. Prime's intercourse with his ministerial brethren. This was always pleasant and helpful. It was a great gratification to him when, cut off from the possibility of having a pulpit of his own, he was able to render service on occasion to those who required aid in fulfilling their office. In advanced years the state of his health prevented this from being often done. But it rarely hindered him from attending the weekly gatherings of a clerical association in this city, now more than half a century old. Here his presence was a conspicuous and most agreeable feature. He never seemed out of spirits. His good-humor was pervading and infectious. His recollections of men and things were so vivid and so ready, and his knowledge of affairs so complete and accurate, that no subject was ever started on which he could not throw some needed light and give some shining illustration. His wit coruscated, his playfulness was exuberant yet never excessive. In the greatest mirth or in reciting the most amusing incident he never forgot the dignity of a Christian minister. He was cheerful himself, and the cause of an untold amount of cheerfulness in others. There is no member of that circle who will not feel that the joy of its fellowship has been, at least for the time, eclipsed by the removal of our genial, kind and lively associate, whose years did not lessen his vivacity, and whose experience was so varied and entertaining.

THE GRAVES OF MY ANCESTORS.

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

It is not often the lot of any man to stand in the midst of the graves of six generations of his own family and name. Having just made a pious pilgrimage to these tombs, I may be pardoned for speaking of the reminiscences awakened by this very interesting and somewhat extraordinary visit to the resting-place of the dead.

The old town of Huntington, on Long Island, in the State of New York, has a history that precedes the War of American Independence, and bears the scars of that conflict to this day. In the midst of the village rises a hill which was selected before the Revolution as the cemetery of the town. It was also the site of the encampment of a detachment of British and Tory soldiers, under the command of Colonel Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford. These soldiers took possession of the town, tore out the seats of the church, converted the building into a military depot, carried off the bell and broke it, and when the war was substantially ended they tore the church building down and used the timber for block-houses and barracks. These buildings were set up in the midst of the graveyard; many of the graves were levelled, and the tombstones used in making fireplaces and ovens. Many persons of the last generation testified that they saw loaves of bread that had been baked in these ovens with the reversed inscriptions of the tombstones of their friends on the lower crusts. Some of the people anticipated the invasion of these barbarians, and taking up the gravestones of their relatives buried them on the spot, and dug them up and reset them when the enemy retired.

The grave of my great-grandfather, of whom I shall have much to say, was honored by the colonel in command, who

pitched his tent at the side of it, so, as he said, that "every time he went out or in he could tread on the old rebel." But this brutality did not disturb the sleep of the aged pastor, who after a long life of holy service in the ministry rested from his labors in the year of our Lord 1779. It is from his grave and those of succeeding generations that I have just returned. He was laid in this sepulchre one hundred and five years ago, and the record on his tombstone is easily legible to-day.

The Rev. Ebenezer Prime, of whom I am writing, was born in Milford, Conn., in the year 1700, and was graduated at Yale College in 1718. Pursuing study for the pulpit, he was called to Huntington, across the Sound, where he began his ministry when nineteen years old, and was ordained in 1723. There he labored, through evil and good report, enduring a great fight of afflictions, in conflicts and successes, until his death. It is not becoming in me, his great-grandson, to speak in such terms of him as he deserves, and I will copy the words of another: "He was a man of sterling character, of powerful intellect, and possessed the reputation of an able and faithful divine. His library was unusually large and valuable for the times. Few clergymen had an influence more general, and few, it may be said, more entirely deserved it." Although the most of his manuscripts, as well as many of his valuable books, were mutilated or destroyed by the British, yet it appears from the register of texts, dates and places of preaching, which he kept with great care, that he wrote more than three thousand sermons, some of which *were of great length*. I have many of them; they are written neatly, but in a hand so fine as to make them difficult to read. I have taken up his diary and sought to make an extract, but there is something very sacred in the private thoughts of a saint who wrote them down more than a century and a half ago: here they lie almost as hidden as he lies in the grave I have just visited, and they ought not to be disturbed. It is awful to read the outgoings of such a soul: "February 14, 1745. O my God, forgive me for the sake of the blood and wounds and death of thy dear Son,

and make me clean through his blood, Amen, for Jesus' sake, Amen." I have all his published sermons, with the exception of one that he preached in Jamaica, L. I., at the funeral of Mrs. Wilmot, wife of the pastor of that church. If any old family on Long Island, or not on it, will find a copy of that discourse and send it to me they will confer a favor which will be acknowledged with great thankfulness.

The son of this good man whose grave is by his side, Benjamin Young Prime, M.D., was educated at the College of New Jersey. He entered while it was yet in its cradle at Newark in 1748, and was graduated at Princeton in 1751. He went to Europe for the study of medicine, and after attending lectures in London, Edinburgh and Paris, he took his medical degree at the University of Leyden. The essay in Latin which he pronounced on the occasion was published, and a copy of it elegantly bound in quarto form was picked up in a foreign book-store and sent to me. He became a very accomplished scholar, writing and speaking with fluency the modern European languages, and making very comfortable verse in the ancient tongues. Many examples of his success are around me now. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he fired the hearts of the people by popular, patriotic songs, which were read and sung over the country. In Duyckinck's Collections, and in Griswold's appendix to D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" some of these poems are gathered. His patriotism made the family obnoxious to the Tory Thompson, who vented his spite in the insult to the grave of the father who died during the war. The son survived the war and died in 1791.

Rev. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, D.D., a son of Dr. B. Y. Prime, was not buried here, and therefore I cannot speak of his grave as among the tombs of my ancestors, though he is nearer to me than any of the others. His grave is in the Cemetery of the Evergreens, on the west end of Long Island. But filial reverence and affection will justify me in copying from Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit" the portrait of my father. Dr. Sprague writes:

"He was born in Huntington, L. I., on the 21st of April,

1785. He inherited from his father and grandfather a taste for letters which he cultivated through life, and transmitted to his posterity. I knew him quite well during the latter years of his life, and always regarded him as a noble specimen of a man and a minister. He was compactly built, rather inclined to be short, had a fine, intelligent face, was quick and easy in his movements, and most agreeable in conversation. He had a mind of uncommon force and discrimination, a noble and generous spirit, simple and engaging manners; an invincible firmness in adhering to his own convictions; an earnest devotion to the best interests of his fellow-men; an excellent talent for the pulpit; great tact at public business, and a remarkably graceful facility at mingling in a deliberative body. In private he had the gentleness of a lamb, but sometimes, in public debate, the lamb disappeared, and the lion came in its place."

Here, also, side by side, are the ashes of the wives of these venerable men—women of whom the world was not worthy, and who, probably, had more to do with giving an imprint to the character of their posterity than the sires had. And here, too, are the children and children's children, making in all six generations bearing the same family name, and in the direct line of descent.

That man is not to be admired who can stand in the midst of the graves of so many generations of his kindred without being the subject of strong emotions. If his ancestors have been useful in their day, making the world wiser and better because they have lived in it, and have died leaving an example of industry, virtue and fidelity, he may well thank God for the blood that is in him. If of all the men who have preceded him in this line, and of those who have followed him, there has not been an unbeliever or a prodigal, he may well call the name of my great-grandfather and say "EBENEZER;" which being interpreted is, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE.**SCENES OF CHILDHOOD REVISITED.**

WE had no less than three generations in the party that drove across the country from Saratoga Springs to the Old White Meeting-house, in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y. This gave peculiar zest and enjoyment to the journey and the visit, as we traversed a region that was familiar as home, was home indeed, more than sixty years ago. We shall find few if any of the friends of our childhood, but the hills are here, many of the old houses are just where they were, and to each one of them there is a story to which the second and third generation listen with rapt attention, while the head of the house recounts them, all of what he saw, and much of what he was.

A Michigan divine recently visited this place, and in a letter to the public described the Old White Meeting-house as still standing, and doing some inglorious duty as a warehouse. My Michigan friend was not well posted in the history of these classic fields, and I marvel greatly that he was so ill-taught by the present dwellers in this lovely valley. Had he consulted the chronicles of the "Old White Meeting-house," published forty years ago by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, being the only veracious history of the valley, he would have learned that the house which was called by that name, and gave distinction to the corners on which it stood, has long since passed from the face of the earth, and has no more to show than any one of the Seven Churches of Asia. The one that is now standing on its site and has become a house of merchandise was the immediate successor of the Old White Meeting-house, and when it became too strait for the people they built a larger one hard by, where they worship now. Thus in my time this venerable congregation has had three houses of worship, and the beautiful one in which they now meet is so large and comely that it

will probably satisfy all their wants for a generation or two to come.

It stands as the old one did on the village green, with a grove of large trees in front. Every one of these trees has been planted since I was wont to lie on the grass and look up to the wondrously tall spire, on the very summit of which was a fish swimming in the breeze. We sent for the keys and entered the vestibule of this sacred place. By the side of the door was a tablet in the wall to the memory of Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., and above the tablet was suspended a portrait, an excellent likeness of him whom the people called pastor seventy years ago, and whom I called father then for the first time. We were all tenderly affected by this memorial. On the other side of the door was a handsome tablet to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Newton, and another within the door to the Rev. Dr. Fillmore, who have in turn ministered to this people. They were able and excellent men, with many graces and gifts, which they faithfully used for the edification of the church. The interior may well serve as a model auditorium, so chaste and pleasing is its architecture, so convenient and appropriate, calling forth the exclamation of the sacred poet :

“ How decent and how wise,
How comely to behold,
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes
And rites adorned with gold.”

Across the way is the graveyard of the old church, where the forefathers sleep who rested from their labors before the new cemetery with exceeding taste and beauty was laid out, upon one of the hills overlooking the vale. As we entered this ancient “acre” the names on the tombstones were more familiar to me than anything else I had yet seen, and each one suggested some incident or peculiarity to rehearse to my companion of this walk among the tombs. “Why, grandfather,” she remarked, “you seem to know everybody in the graveyard.” It was even so. I found them all here, and not one of the congregation who called and welcomed

my father to this charge is now among the living. As we picked our way among the graves, and read the inscriptions on the stones, it seemed the original of Gray's *Elegy*, and reminded me of Stoke Pogis and the venerable yew-trees, made ever green by those plaintive and incomparable lines.

Directly in front of the new church, with the grove and green between, is the American Hotel, a four-story brick, with verandas, where we were nicely lodged and cared for, finding excellent rooms and beds, and comfortable table. It was an evidence of the progress of the age to find such a house, and one that can be reached by telephone from Albany or Saratoga.

Yet it was with somewhat peculiar emotions that I passed a quiet night in the midst of a people that were for the most part strangers, in the place with which, of all places on earth, the young affections of my heart were most entwined. When morning came, we began a drive all over the town, to see the homes of the fathers and friends of my childhood. You are not to be treated to any sentimental reflections; had you been in the carriage you would not have thought the memories were of the melancholy sort; rather the reverse, as the young people greeted every fresh incident and reminiscence with a merry peal.

The meadow stream which flowed by the door of the first home of my boyhood was dried up! I loved that brook more than anything else in Cambridge. Had all the hours I spent in catching trout in it been spent in hard study, who can say but that I would know something to-day? The house itself, one story high, with a long and wide piazza in front, and the study a wing on the end, had years ago been taken down and away, and so many more and greater buildings have been reared, it is impossible for me to point out the spot where it stood. The old academy in which I first learned to say A, B, C, is supplanted by a new and braver edifice of brick, though I could imagine the learned Scotch divine, Dr. Alexander Bullions, examining me in Greek and asking, "Well, Master Sawm, what part o' the verb is thot?" The village is so new, so "full of houses," that it has not a

solitary place or object that looks like the past. No amount of recollection could stir one pleasurable sentiment associated with other days. We hastened out of the village into the country. The farms were there; they are *real* estate; they stay, and the homes in which the stalwart old farmers lived were unchanged, except as the lapse of more than half a century had given them more of age. But the sons and daughters were thrifty, and the old places improve from year to year.

One of them was famous for its orchard of cherries, and once a year, when the fruit was in perfection, it was a grand holiday for us parents and children to go out to Seymour King's and spend a long summer day in gathering them, returning home at night with baskets and pails full, which were made into preserves for the next winter's use.

Another farmer, six miles away to the east, was Joseph Stewart, at whose place we all went every autumn when the nuts were ready to fall, and laid in a great store, walnuts, chestnuts and butternuts. This often occupied us two or three days and was considered the grandest frolic of the year.

In similar work and play most pleasantly blended we gathered apples and indeed all the fruits of the year in their several seasons, making each visit a time of wonderful enjoyment for the good friends who invited us, and who gathered the neighbors to meet us and have a good time generally.

This is the house where Daniel Wells, a soldier of the Revolution, held me a willing captive boy for at least a week every winter, while in the daytime he told me stories of the war and fought his battles over and over for my annual entertainment. In the evening in the large kitchen before the big blazing fire we popped corn, cracked nuts, made candy, and played all sorts of innocent, lively and noisy games, making the rafters ring with the merriment, while the old folks looked on and partook of the apples and cider which were then the best of good cheer.

And so we rode over the whole country-side, enjoying the lovely weather, the brilliant autumn scenery, and stirring up

old memories long thought dead, but now fresh as yesterday as we passed the places that gave them birth.

I met many gentlemen in the midst of business, and some who are now old men, who were the companions of my youth, now the pillars of the congregation, men and women who knew and honored my father as the pastor of their childhood; their fathers and mothers are all dead and gone, but I lived among them as friends of my early days. At a little tea-party in the evening we met the Rev. Mr. Teller, the recently settled pastor, and his young wife, with both of whom we were greatly pleased, and we came away assured that the good people of the new White Meeting-house have a man eminently fitted to be a rich blessing to that important and most interesting congregation. "For them our prayers ascend." Very full of interest was this visit, and yet it is true that none can enter into its secret who have not known what it is to revisit the scenes of one's childhood after a lapse of many, many years.

DR. GRIFFIN'S COLLEGE BOYS.

A VERY few weeks after entering Williams College, I was invited by the President, Rev. Dr. Griffin, to come to his study at eight o'clock in the evening. Conscious of no specific wrong-doing, and scarcely known to him individually, I was at a loss to know why I had been asked to what seemed a private interview. But when the time came to put in an appearance, one and another of the students joined me, having had similar summons. As we reached the door, the company was increased to about a round dozen, and we entered with a feeling of apprehension, if not of positive fear.

The President was the most majestic man I ever saw, and he then appeared more majestic than he would now. He received us with great kindness of manner, but with dignity

that filled us with veneration and awe. He was more than six feet high, and of such proportions as to make him a giant among men. There is no man in the American pulpit of this day of his commanding presence, of whom I have knowledge. His pulpit eloquence was then so remarkable that he was called the Prince of Preachers. His stature was so great, his walk so like that of a military commander,—proud of his position and anxious to appear great,—that we who were very young felt the mighty distance between us and him. With this sense of his greatness and our littleness, we entered his study. A bright wood-fire burned on the brass andirons. His study-lamp was too much for his eyes, which were protected with a green shade. This he removed as he turned toward us, seated in a half-circle around the room. As he wheeled about in his chair, he sat in the midst of us, as a father surrounded by his children. And then he spoke. With exceeding tenderness in his tones, and words of loving-kindness on his lips, he said he had invited us, out of all the students who had recently entered college, because our parents were his personal friends. As many of us had not recovered from the first attack of homesickness, this allusion to the old folks at home took us where we were tender. In an instant he had not our ear only, but our hearts. He then went on to say that all our parents were praying for us, and anxious lest in the new life we had begun we should be led away from the lessons and the loves of our childhood, and be tempted into evil ways. He set before us in eloquent and impressive words the importance of seeking earnestly the Lord, giving our hearts and lives to him now at the very outset of our college career; the danger of delay; and then he unfolded with great clearness the way of life by Jesus Christ. He conversed with each one of the twelve in the hearing of the rest, inquiring minutely into our plans and purposes with reference to religious duties, and gave such instruction as each case required. Then he prayed with us,—fervid, importunate, mighty with God; wrestling as Jacob with the angel; and so full of love and pity, himself in tears, and moving us to tears in sympathy,

as he prayed for those we loved at home, and for us who felt as orphans or as exiles,—who were now finding a father and friend. Then he told us to come to him at any hour of the day or night with whatever trouble or care we had, and his door and heart would be always open for us to enter.

That was the beginning of what in those days was called a revival of religion. Not one of the dozen boys (men they are called now—college men) had a serious thought about “getting religion” when we went to the President’s study. But we all came away under the deep conviction that the one thing needful for us was to have religion. And of that number several were hopefully converted during the winter, and a general seriousness pervaded the college. The most of those who professed to be saved at that time were the children of pious parents. They had been well taught at home, and now parental prayers were answered, the seed planted in much tearfulness springing up to eternal life.

At that time there were in college several very wild young men, whose parents, as a forlorn hope, sent them there that they might be brought under the power of religion. They were not touched by the Spirit. They scoffed at those who were serious. They blasphemed openly, and many other dear youth were seduced by them into sin and shame. These profligates went on from bad to worse, became hardened in iniquity, and tenfold more the children of the devil than they were before. As if God had said of them: “Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.” And all of them went to the bad. On that set of dissipated, profane and rowdy fellows, the discipline, instruction and influence of college life were powerless for good. Most of them died early. Some lived to bring their parents with sorrow to the grave, and then perished.

A college in which religion is a living force is a good place for Christian parents to send their children. The temptations to evil are not greater than they are in any city or village, nor in most rural parishes. The restraints are greater. The hourly influences of good are strong. Prayer at home is a power in the college. The sweet associations of the family

circle and altar are not lost from memory in the midst of study or play. The probabilities are all in favor of a young man who goes to college with good principles. He will probably come out with firmer convictions of truth and duty, perhaps with new purposes and holier aims.

But it must be a college where evangelical religion is the supreme power. The spirit of unbelief, the scepticism of infidelity,—I mean just that, the scepticism of infidelity: the religion of doubt—that agnosticism or know-nothingism now prevailing in circles where philosophy asserts itself against revelation,—is dangerous to the everlasting souls of young men. The atmosphere of such a college is foul. No system of ventilation will improve it. Send a son to the swamps to cure him of malarial fever; to jail to mend his morals; to the desert of Arabia to grow corn, before you send him to such a college to learn to do well. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. And those colleges which ignore the gospel as the power and wisdom of God, are not the places where the sons of godly parents should go for knowledge of the Truth.

RETURNING AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

THE first Chief Justice of the United States was John Jay, of Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y. He was a large landed proprietor there, and on a height commanding one of the finest inland views in the country he built a spacious mansion, in which he died in 1829. He has a reputation as a patriot and statesman of the Revolution second only to that of Washington. His son William Jay, a distinguished Christian, philanthropist and jurist, succeeded his illustrious father in the enjoyment of this magnificent estate. I frequently met him in Bible and other meetings when I was a young man. He died in this ancestral house in 1858, and was succeeded by our honored fellow-citizen, John Jay,

recently Minister to Austria, and now President of the United States Evangelical Alliance.

• In the year 1833, and in the month of October, I was licensed to preach the gospel, and was invited by the Rev. Jacob Green, pastor of the Bedford Church, to preach in his pulpit on the Sabbath following my licensure. This is one of the oldest Presbyterian churches in America. Two years ago we celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its birth. At that time it was arranged that I would come there on the completion of my fiftieth year in the ministry, and recount the experiences of the half-century. It came around this month, and on Saturday afternoon I went up there. It is only about thirty miles from the city. Mr. John Jay met me at the station, and after a drive of three miles we entered the park, and through wooded lawns and wide and beautiful fields we reached the old mansion. Mr. Jay had kindly invited the ministers of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches and their wives, and several other gentlemen and ladies, to meet there at dinner, and a delightful evening was passed, rendered perhaps the more enjoyable by the storm that was raging without. Everything in this venerable house is in the elegant style of the olden time, some of the furniture being presented to the first Chief Justice from the halls of the Continental Congress.

Sunday morning broke upon us with the light of a brilliant October Sabbath sun: as if heaven had come down to earth. As we drove through the maple-groves on our way to church the trees seemed clothed with golden leaves, and the ground covered with cloth of gold. The sadness of fall was chased away by the bright shining after the rain, and the holy Sabbath was "the bridal of the earth and sky."

The church in which I preached my first sermon had been removed, and a more spacious and beautiful house erected and freely given to the congregation by Francis A. Palmer, Esq., President of the Broadway Bank, New York. As we approached it the people were coming in wagons, carriages, buggies and on foot from all directions. The house was filled with friends who had come from this and the sur-

rounding towns and villages. Some greeted me from South Salem, Katonah, Mount Kisco, Poundridge, Hopewell; even over the Connecticut line, they had come from Stamford, New Canaan and Greenwich, and I know not how many other places. Among them were some who had been present fifty years ago and heard the boy's first sermon. One of them said he remembered the text, and he repeated it without hesitation. Of course all those who were heads of the congregation then are in another congregation now. But Mrs. Green who sat by my mother's side on that day, in front of the pulpit, died only a year or two ago. All the ministers and elders who united in clothing me with the right to preach are ministering spirits now. But the children of that day are the elders, and have taken the places of their parents in the church on earth.

To such an assembly it was my strange privilege and pleasure to speak. It was natural to begin with an apology for being so young when preaching a semi-centennial, and the excuse or justification is that I was so very young when I preached the first time. Not many begin to preach before they are legally entitled to vote. But I did. And as I entered the ministry in 1833, it is obvious to any intelligent and reflecting person that the subsequent years, until the present, have been among the most interesting and eventful since the death of Christ. These events were passed rapidly in review, and as they were called to stand for a moment to be viewed in the light of truth and history, it seemed to be a glorious privilege to live in such a century and to have a part, however humble and obscure, in the progress of such an age. The revolutions abroad and at home, the rise and fall of governments and parties, the progress of the church, its divisions and reunions, the triumphs of the gospel in our own and foreign lands, the mighty movements in the world of science and art, with their wonderful inventions and discoveries—these and other themes were obviously to be considered. But to touch them singly in an hour was nearly impossible, and they could be thrown on the curtain of the mind for an instant only, before a new

picture came into view. When the panorama had passed and I came down from the desk, these friends, old and young and new, gathered around, and a lively scene of congratulation followed. The excellent pastor, Rev. J. H. Hoyt, earnest, able and much esteemed, presented them to me one by one, and nearly all assured me they had known me from their earliest childhood; and as some of them were not young, it served to help me to a consciousness of the flight of time. One of my friends, Mr. A. Williamson, formerly a classical instructor in the village, carried me to his house, where two sons and six daughters, and now the grandchildren, are like pillars and polished corner-stones of a well-ordered household, whose God is the Lord. After dinner the sons drove with me off into the country to the old church, the identical one in which I first preached, which Mr. Palmer, who gave the new one, removed to this more rural region, and here union services are maintained. The same pulpit and pews are here, and we held a brief service, a memorial service, in which I said a few words, and we sang hymns of praise. In the evening the village church was again opened, and hearers from the Episcopal, the Baptist and the Methodist congregations assembled with the Presbyterians, and Mr. Palmer and the pastor addressed them, and once more, the third time, I sought to say some things that might do them good. And now at the close of this service Mr. John G. Clark, an elder of the church, and son of Elder John Clark with whom I was lodged long time ago, took me in his carriage with his wife and Mr. Mead of Greenwich, Conn., and carried me a mile and a half into the country to his house, the same one in which his father and grandfather lived before him. We gathered the household for evening prayers, and talked of all the ways by which God had led our fathers. Then Mr. and Mrs. Clark led me up-stairs, and into the same bedchamber where I slept fifty years ago, and there committed me to the tender care of Him who giveth his beloved sleep.

It had been a day of as much physical and mental labor and spiritual excitement as any day of the half-century past.

And I was glad to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which I did in a chamber of imagery, where the visions of other days, of "parents passed into the skies," of bright and sometimes troubled scenes of a busy lifetime, shone in the darkness on the wall.

The next morning was crisp, frosty and cheery. Some of the good neighbors called, among them Mrs. Heroy, widow of their late beloved pastor, and then Mr. Clark drove with Mr. Mead and me across the country at a brisk and glowing pace, every pulse bounding in the exhilarating air, the hills and valleys clothed in royal purple and gold, till we reached the station at Mount Kisco, where I took the rail at 9 A.M., and returned to the city.

HALLOWING THE FIFTIETH YEAR.

IN the autumn of the year 1834 I came to the village of Ballston Spa, in the towns of Ballston and Milton, in Saratoga County, State of New York. A young stranger, I sought the house of one to whom I had a letter of introduction, and the result was an engagement to preach six months on a salary at the rate of five hundred dollars a year. Before the half-year expired the people gave me a call, and I was ordained and settled as their pastor in the month of June, 1835. The church itself was organized a few weeks only before I came, and it was therefore convenient and appropriate to hallow the fiftieth year after its formation and after my ordination at the same time. And that has brought me away earlier than usual from the city into the delicious atmosphere of this rural region.

Mine was a short pastorate. One brief year of labor and I was laid aside. And this suggests a caution to young ministers and their people. In the zeal of their youth, the fresh pastor rushes upon his work as though he were not, in part at least, made of flesh. Conscious of great vitality, and un-

taught by experience, he is ready to preach whenever he has a chance, as if there were no limit to his powers of endurance. His people, delighted with his ardor, energy and willingness, multiply opportunities and invite him more and more abundantly. The more he does the more they want him to do. I once said to a congregation, "You are very unkind to your young pastor." They were hurt by the charge, and wanted an explanation, which they received in such words as these: "You are so much interested in his work that you call upon him for labors far beyond his strength, and you will soon break him down, perhaps kill him, and his blood will be required at your hands." They did crush him, and would have put him to death out of sheer love and thoughtlessness, but he fled while he had strength to go, and they saw his face and heard his voice no more. It was very much that way with me and my people. It is always cold, very cold, in winter up here in Saratoga County. Take one day's work as a sample of many. The mercury stood in the morning twenty-eight degrees below zero, and did not rise more than ten or fifteen degrees during the day. At ten o'clock in the morning one of the elders called for me with an open cutter [a one-horse sleigh], and we went from house to house among the farmers, making pastoral visits. We made them short, to get over as much ground as possible. Before I was fairly thawed in one house we put out into the biting frost again and drove to another, sometimes taken into the kitchen, where the big fireplace was a comfortable spot for a half-frozen man, sometimes taken into the best room, where there had been no fire at all; and so we worked through the day, taking dinner at one house, tea at another, and fetching up in the evening at "Factory Village School-house," where I preached to a packed congregation, steaming with the heat of a red-hot cast-iron stove. At ten o'clock I reached home, after twelve hours' incessant talking, under the worst possible circumstances for the preservation of health, the most favorable to throat and lung disease. Such excursions were frequent. The same elder was my usual attendant; I always went at his invitation, and he

came for me so often that I had to say he was the most incorrectly named of any man in the eldership, for he was Henry Doolittle.

How long could a young man, of slender build and delicate lungs, expect to hold out who preached *three* times every Sabbath, and held two or three meetings in the week, and made such pastoral visits in a congregation scattered four or five miles in every direction? It was miserable economy of life and health. And the pastor and people were equally at fault in the matter. They asked and he did not refuse. Every Sabbath evening, after two full services, the men in the village would get up a team, sometimes two or three teams, and carry me off four or five miles into the country, where notice had been given of preaching in a school-house, and there we would have an earnest meeting, in which the laymen participated while I did the speaking. Sometimes I lodged among the farmers on Sunday night, but more frequently rode home in the cold after a steam-bath in the crowded school-room.

Elder David Cory gave me a hint about subjects for sermons that has been of use to me ever since. He was giving me his company and a ride to the County Poor-house, where I was to preach. I said: "It is about time for me to get a text; how would this do—'To the poor the gospel is preached'?" Mr. Cory thought a moment, and said: "Yes, very well, very well; but I think it is hard enough to be poor without being told of it." I saw the point, and preached to them without the most distant allusion to my audience as paupers, but only as saints and sinners for whom the riches of grace were freely provided.

To come back to this field after fifty years was intensely interesting. I could not expect to find many of those among the living to whom I had preached half a century ago, but it was wonderful to me to find so few above the ground. The present excellent pastor, the Rev. A. R. Olney, received me with the greatest kindness, and we sat down to look over the records of the church and see the names of the dead and the living. They were carefully registered and numbered in

a manner that might well be copied by all clerks of congregations. The number, the name in full, the date of admission, of dismissal, or death or removal, and to what place or church, the change of name of any by marriage, and remarks—these stretched across two pages of the register, and made a complete record that would often be of great service. Then the minutes of the church were so full and careful that they left nothing to be wanted. As we read over the names of the original SIXTY-SIX who composed the church at its organization, an incident, and sometimes many, came up in memory, and it was a pleasure to rehearse them in the hearing of one who now ministers to the children and grandchildren of those who were my parishioners.

In one case the record ran thus: "—— ——— was examined and ordered to be admitted to the communion on the next Lord's day, but she died before the Sabbath came."

I recalled the occurrence. She was dying of consumption. With the elders of the church I visited her in her sick-chamber. She expressed a strong desire to be received into the communion of the church; and, as she would not be able to go, we agreed to come and administer the sacrament at the close of the public service on the Sabbath. A day or two afterwards I was sitting by her bedside, talking to her of Jesus and his undying love, of heaven and the Saviour there. She was looking at me with large, wide-open eyes, and being too feeble to converse she listened only, while I spoke softly of the joy that was set before her. And when I put to her a question to which she might respond by a look or a word, I found that she was dead, and probably had been dead for some minutes while I had been speaking. So gently had the spirit passed away.

And of all the SIXTY-SIX but *four* are among the living now. Three of them were present the next day when I preached the sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of my ordination and settlement as their pastor! It was a day of intense interest to me, as it brought in review the great events of the last fifty years in the history of the church, the state and the world. And it may be that you would be interested

in some of the recollections awakened by this review. At any rate, as this letter closes at the beginning of the record, I will go on with it, unless something of more immediate interest occurs to require our attention.

SOME CHANGES IN FIFTY YEARS.

IT is not given to many pastors to come back after fifty years' absence to visit the scene of their early labors. One who has that opportunity must expect to find himself a stranger at home. It is home because the face of nature is familiar. The fields and hills, the lakes and rivers have not so changed as to be unknown when he sees them again. But the people that knew him once are not around him now. He meets none in the street to greet him with an old-time smile. The children would be past middle life if they were living, and for the most part gone to parts unknown.

When I arranged to come back to my first pastoral charge on the fiftieth anniversary of my ordination, it was with a kind of feeling that I was to meet the old people again. Many of them I well knew were dead; many had removed to other places. But still it was the same *congregation* nominally, and the succession of names and families would doubtless preserve its identity. But you cannot understand the peculiar sensations with which I looked upon the assembly, with but here and there one familiar face. And when I spoke to them it was as though I must speak so as to be heard in the other world, if my words were to reach the ears that heard me half a century ago. Who are these whose faces are upturned to me now? The most of them have come here to reside since I left the place, and they have no kindred here to whom I ministered in the days of my youth. And I may speak never so loudly, and cry, "Where are they?" but no answering voice will come back to say, "We are within the veil and are listening to you yet again." No, they

will not speak, and we do not know, and I do not suppose, that they hear the voices in which they once rejoiced. It is vain to speculate on lines that are hid in the mystery of the unseen and eternal, and on which the book of God is silent. But you will not know, unless you place yourself in similar surroundings, how strange the feeling is to speak to your old congregation with scarcely any of them to hear.

A few linger on the stage. They are about my age: some a few years older; others younger; but they are all so changed that I would know very few were I to meet them elsewhere. We are taught that the body undergoes a total change of its atoms once in seven years; and if that be so, all these survivors have had their bodies renewed seven times since I first saw them. It is not to be wondered at that they are quite different now. And when one steps up to me and mentions his name as one very familiar in former times, my first thought is to exclaim, "Is it possible!" But this would not be the thing to say, and I make it, "Well, *we* are growing old." No one can deny that proposition. Though the hair be not as snow and the feeble hands and knees do not shake with the infirmities of years, though the eyes be not darkened nor the ears deaf to the voice of friends, yet the signs of advancing years are not to be mistaken. It is safe to say, "*We* are growing old." And the question of Pharaoh, "How old art thou?" is the one that we would first ask. Jacob was one hundred and thirty years old when the king put it to him, and he thought his days were few when he had reached that great age. Many of us have lived little more than half that time and will hardly admit that the days of our years have been few. We shall none of us make a pilgrim-age as long as Jacob's, and probably none of us wish to.

THE PASTORS.

If the congregation which I served in my young life had nearly all died before I returned to hallow the fiftieth year, the pastors who have fed this flock ever since are all living. As there have been ten pastors duly installed, it is certainly remarkable that not one of them has yet been removed by

death. The present able and worthy pastor, the Rev. A. R. Olney, had taken great care to gather the facts in the history of the church which he furnished to me for my use on the occasion. He had obtained letters from all but one of the former pastors, which were read in the midst of the sermon. My immediate successor was the Rev. A. T. Chester, D.D., of Buffalo, who was with me in the pulpit now, and preached with great ability in the evening to an overflowing assembly. His natural force is not abated. The Rev. Daniel Stewart, now of Albany, Rev. George S. Todd, and Rev. Richard S. Steele, D.D., now of Ann Arbor, Michigan, followed in this order. The letter of Dr. Steele was rich in reminiscences of his life and labors among this people, to whom he was warmly attached. After him came the Rev. N. B. Klink, now in California; then the Rev. David Tully, now pastor in Oswego, N. Y. After him was Rev. Stephen Mattoon, lately the President of Biddle University in North Carolina; then the Rev. Samuel A. Hayt, now pastor in Watertown, N. Y., and the Rev. David Murdock, now of Peekskill, N. Y., preceded the present pastor. The Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., was the stated supply of the church in 1847-49, about two years and a half, and he is the only one of its ministers yet permitted to rest from his labors. Several of these men have become distinguished servants of God, and have won a good report by faithfulness in their several fields. If these lines should meet their eyes, let them know that their names were heard with lively interest, and that they are held in grateful remembrance by those of the people who yet survive.

Fifty years! And these last fifty years: in the midst of the nineteenth century: more crowded with incident than any preceding period of the same length in modern annals. The arts and sciences have marked epochs as wonderful as the discovery of a new continent, or the invention of printing. The angel with the gospel has been flying through the world, and the nations have heard the voice. With all the boasting of unbelief there is less infidelity and more faith on the earth than there was when this century began its course.

There is no ground for apprehension that the truth is losing friends or gaining foes. This is the view that I took of the subject when reciting a brief summary of events that have marked the fifty years since my ordination. During nearly the whole of those years it has been my business to watch with constant attention the march of truth in the earth, and to take some small part in the conflicts of opinion that have shaken the moral and religious world of thought. There have been times when the enemy was so noisy and jubilant as to disturb the surface of society. But the great deep has been serene. The foundation stands sure. And I have a strong impression that when another half-century has completed its course, its history will be as brilliant and full of fruit to the praise of God as the one has been that is now sealed for eternity.

HOW TWO CENTS BUILT A CHURCH.

THIRTY years ago I told this story in one of my letters. A generation has passed by, and I repeat it, for the moral of it is quite as timely as it was then.

My first settlement was in Ballston Spa, N. Y., where a congregation had been recently organized, and was worshipping God in the County Court-house. When Presbytery met for my ordination, the Rev. Dr. Kirk, then of Albany, afterwards of Boston, preaching the sermon, it was commended to all its churches that they should take collections to assist this new congregation to build a church. I was furnished with a copy of this resolution, and was advised to make a pilgrimage from place to place, till I had presented the claims of the infant organization and received contributions. Our people then assembled, and first tried to see how much they could raise among themselves. There was not a *rich* man, as we count money now, among them. The richest man was an old bachelor farmer, and burdened with a

bodily infirmity. He subscribed three hundred dollars, and no one else gave more than two hundred dollars, but the donations were so many that one half the required sum was pledged on the spot.

Now was the time for me to go forth and raise the remainder by appealing to the neighboring churches. With great care I prepared a sermon, showing by undeniable facts and arguments that our cause was the most important that ever sought the aid of good people; that a church was imperatively demanded at this point; that other denominations were rapidly growing up in the village; that our people had done all they possibly could afford to do, and unless help came speedily from outside the thing would be a failure, disgraceful and disastrous. This was followed by an appeal that was meant to stir the heart under the ribs of the stingiest, and to make the gold and silver leap out of the pocket into the plate. Having armed myself with this "eloquent" discourse, I selected the church in Johnstown, Montgomery County, N. Y., as the largest and wealthiest rural congregation in our connection. It was some thirty miles away, and I had to drive the whole distance on Saturday across the country. Elder Mix entertained me with great kindness, and told me many pleasant things of old Dr. Mairs, the former pastor.

The congregation was large and solid-looking. They were chiefly farmers and their families, and the sight of them was refreshing. I preached my first sermon in view of a collection: I do not call it a begging sermon, for it was addressed to the judgment of the people, with a drive at their feelings in the end of it. When it was over I was very anxious for the result. The pulpit being of the old tub pattern, I could sit at the side, and, resting head on hand, look down and see the streams of benevolence flow into the plates as they were passed into the pews. In the slip in front of the pulpit sat a stout and well-conditioned father of a family with him, and, opening his hand over the plate, he dropped upon it a large copper cent, one of the old-time coins not yet wholly extinct. It fell like a lump of ice on my glowing heart. The

plate was passed to the next pew, where sat another well-to-do Christian citizen, looking as if he were rich, increased in goods and had need of nothing. He put forth his hand, and with painful reluctance, as if he hated to part with his earthly treasures, dropped into the plate a huge copper cent, which lay by the side of the first, both coppers staring up into my face in the pulpit. A cold chill smote me. I withdrew my gaze from things below, and felt certain that my cause was lost. Elder Mix told me at noon that the collection amounted to eleven dollars! Covered with mortification and confusion of face, I journeyed home the next day, piling up resolutions to keep my own vineyard as well as I could, and NEVER to go again to another place to ask money for our new church. A meeting of the congregation was speedily called. I made my report, stating the facts as they have here been related, and I closed by saying: "And now, brethren, if there is any more begging done, you will do it; my work is here, and my duty is to preach to you, not to the churches scattered abroad."

To my great gratification they said they would see what more they could do among themselves. Then he who had given three hundred sat down quickly and wrote one hundred and fifty more, and he who had given two hundred added one hundred to his subscription; and it came to pass that in this way, each one giving one half more, the third quarter of the required sum was raised. The house was built and dedicated, and when the seats were sold the fourth quarter was received, and the church was paid for! To my knowledge nothing was received from abroad. Some of the people may have had friends who sent them something, but I believe the whole was raised by the cheerful, self-denying offerings of the people themselves. It is not within my knowledge that one of them ever felt poorer for what he had done, or had a feeling of regret. The church stands on the hill in the village to-day,—Rev. A. R. Olney is the excellent and successful pastor,—and when you are going to Saratoga and the train stops at Ballston, look out of the window on the right hand and you will see a solid brick church with a tall

spire, very near the station. The large, square building opposite is the Court-house in which the infant enterprise was cradled, and in which I received ordination "by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

That is the story to show you how two cents built a church. It is quite probable that the congregation would have been encouraged to keep on begging abroad if I had raised a hundred dollars that day. And if they had kept on, they would have failed and have gone into debt or abandoned the work. Therefore I thank those good men who contributed a copper apiece. They gave according to their views of their duty. And in my humble judgment they were right. No obligation was on them to build a church in Ballston. And when the Ballston people saw that others would not help them they just helped themselves, and the Lord is the helper of all such, in all times and places. There is no better friend than He, and next to Him your best friend is yourself.

It is not unlikely that many of my readers are heartily tired of this reiteration on my part of the duty of self-help. Some remonstrate with me, and say that it discourages charity and shelters selfishness. It doth not appear so to me. The luxury of giving is not enjoyed until you give clear down to where you feel it. And when you do that you have usually given all that is needed. And there is exquisite delight in doing a good thing yourself, without being boosted by strangers. God loves to be admired by his saints, and there is no sin in that holy glow of joyful emotion the soul feels when useful results have followed our giving and doing. The chief end of man is in that glow. It is glorifying and enjoying God, who is in us, to will and do his pleasure. Blessed are they who do his will: giving themselves and their possessions to Him who died for us and rose again. To his name be praise.

BURNING UP OLD SERMONS.

THE Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston, was, a few years since, a very popular and greatly beloved pastor in this city, and then in Brooklyn. A few weeks ago he delivered a lecture before the Boston Ministers' Meeting on the relation of "self-culture" to the "sermon." It fills some six columns in the *Congregationalist*, and that paper well says the reader will wish there were more when he has read it. Having forcibly defined the ways and means by which the preacher will keep his faculties ever bright and active, so that he may bring fresh material into the pulpit, Dr. Duryea reaches the climax and conclusion of the whole matter in this the final passage of his eloquent discourse :

"I have often sat down beside the heroic majesty of old Dr. Prime, father of the senior Editors of the *New York Observer*. He took his barrel into the back-yard, made a bonfire, and slowly and deliberately put one sermon after another into the flames and watched them curl up, until he sang the doxology over the ashes!" (Laughter and applause.) "Depend upon it, brethren, the 'dead line' of fifty is the lazy line." (Applause.)

This fact in the private life of my honored father was always well known to his children, who heard him mention it often to his brethren in the ministry. But I had not supposed Dr. Duryea to be familiar with it. To have the fact thus improved as an example and illustration by such a preacher as Dr. Duryea, in such a city as Boston, and before Boston ministers, is personally exceedingly gratifying. It is also another proof that deeds live, though men die. My father little thought when, in a retired rural parish in the northern part of the State of New York, he, a young man, was burning up a lot of old sermons in the back-yard of his house, that the deed would point a moral in the climax of a *concio ad clerum* of Boston, twenty-five years after his decease. When I read Dr. Duryea's allusion, it occurred to me

that in my father's sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry he would probably have mentioned the circumstance. Turning to the manuscript, I find it written :

“ Being now settled in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., and twenty-eight years old, on a competent salary ” (it was six hundred dollars, and he had a wife and three children), “ and with a large charge extending six or seven miles in every direction, I felt the importance of setting myself down to study. And yet from the strong desire of the people to see their new minister, and my own wish to become acquainted with them, I was induced to spend much time in visiting. After pursuing this course for three or four months, relying on my old stock, I found I had economized time to write only two sermons. Under the deep conviction that this would not answer, I performed an act which, from the benefits resulting, I can recommend to every young minister upon changing his field of labor. Taking out all my old sermons,—now amounting to three hundred and fifty,—and selecting about a score as specimens of my early sermonizing, I made a bonfire of the residue. It was the noblest act on my own behalf I ever performed ; and, I presume, no loss to any one ; and the process of burning gave more light than the most of the material had ever done before. Young men may be slow to believe it, but one of the best ways to convert poor sermons into good ones is to commit the old ones to the flames. I am so fully convinced of the advantage that I have repeated the experiment several times since, and calculate to do it again. I thus placed myself under the necessity of spending three or four days each week in my study, as I had determined not to be a sluggard in the Lord's vineyard.”

The term *heroic*, which Dr. Duryea applies to the man who made this holocaust of his sermons, was well applied ; but even more was it fitting to that persevering life-work through which he never ceased from his labors, his mind kept fresh and vigorous by its genial exercise, and abreast of the age by large reading, polishing his intellect by the discipline of daily writing. He would write and rewrite a ser-

mon, and write it again. When he had no pastoral charge, and there was less need of his preparing a new discourse, it was his pleasure to take a text on which he had never written, and build on it a fresh discourse in no respect inferior to those of his early manhood. He brought forth fruit in his old age. He spoke and wrote with the same energy at seventy as at forty. And he kept up this practice to the day of his death. He was writing, in the evening, one more sermon: the theme was the Love of God. He had advanced into the middle of the discourse, and then quoting these words, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him," he laid down his pen and went to bed. The angels came for him, and when he fell asleep they bore his spirit to the bosom of Him whose love he celebrated with the last effort of his mind and pen.

Dr. Duryea has done nothing better fitted to be useful in the world of Christian work than by giving counsel to his brethren to be always moving on and up in the study and outgiving of God's truth. There is no such thing as perfection in any art or science: what is well done can be done better. And he who rests content with what he has done will soon find that he loses what he hath; the very ability of doing well will fail him unless he tries to do better. It is not so in the ministry only; it is the same in every profession and business.

Nearly forty years ago I stumbled upon this sentence by Ferguson: "The lustre which a man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only when his motion continues. The moments of rest and obscurity are the same." I copied the remark, committed it to memory, repeated it over and over again, and tried to get it into the warp and woof of the mind. "Shines only when in motion:" it was a spur and stimulus to ceaseless labor to do better. "Rest and obscurity" are twins. In this day, of all days, unceasing effort is the price of success. Never a day without some thing learned. Never a day without something done.

The lawyer or the physician who imagines himself perfect in the art and science of law or medicine soon sees, to

his dismay, the world going ahead and leaving him with abundant leisure and few clients. The professor in college or seminary who, having composed his formal lectures, thinks he is now able to take his ease, becomes prosy, tedious, intolerable; his resignation is ardently desired and his death not particularly lamented. Many pastors are amazed at the decline of interest evident in their preaching: they preach the same sermons they wrote thirty years ago, but the people do not enjoy them. They are crowded out of their pulpits by an "ungrateful" people who have itching ears and want a younger man. Often (not always) the fault is with the preacher himself. He did not grow old gracefully. If his heart is young, he should flourish in his old age like a green bay-tree: rejoicing in the Lord and his friends; mingling with the young and entering into their innocent pursuits as he himself did when a young man. Above all things he must keep his mind bright and burning by friction with the mind of the age. His piety mellowed in the declining sunlight; his intellect filled with the ripe, rich fruit of life's harvest; his vigor preserved by temperance and exercise, his bow abides in strength. Confidence, a plant of slow growth, has become his strong support in the hearts of his people. Their love has turned into veneration. The children "pluck his gown" and put their little hands into his. The pastor becomes the patriarch and prophet. "He points to heaven and leads the way."

Dr. Duryea's counsels, honestly followed, would make long pastorates, filled with usefulness and crowned with honor. My best wish for him (and it is a prophecy) is that his children may live to hear him spoken of, twenty-five years after his death, in such grand words as it has pleased him to speak of one who gave me the name of Irenæus.

ASSEMBLIES OF THE SAINTS;

OR, THE SONS OF GOD IN COUNCIL.*

NOT in the United States of America only, but in Protestant England, and in other lands where the Christian religion has made its power felt, this month of May, in every returning year, is marked by assemblies of the people of God, for the advancement of his kingdom. Other seasons of the year have similar meetings, but in no one month of the year are so many held, and with such effect. In London the May meetings are more in number than the days of the month, and sometimes there are five or six meetings in a day. They are more scattered in this country; religious anniversaries and protracted sessions of ecclesiastical bodies are held in widely different parts of the land. And the fact is exhilarating and impressive that the interests of Christ's kingdom in the earth are the theme of thoughtful deliberation in the assembled minds of uncounted multitudes at the same time, in many countries all over the globe.

They come together to recount the work of the past year, and to compare its progress with that of years gone by. And when we get the reports together, we shall have evidence of two great facts—the one that it has been a year of uncommon boasting on the part of the enemies of the gospel, and the other that the church of God has made uncommon progress. The two facts go together in beautiful connection. Never did we hear so much of the decay of faith, and of the progress of unbelief, as in the year past. And it is probable that in no previous year has the church made more substantial gain, never was Christianity so progressive and powerful in the world.

This gives special interest and imparts fresh vigor to the assemblies of the friends of religious truth. It sometimes

* This was written on the eve of a journey to Lexington, Ky., to visit the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (Southern). See next Letter.

seems to one looking on as if each one of these meetings had its thoughts turned too much to the one object of its thoughts and prayers, forgetful for the moment that it is part of one great scheme that combines the machinery of all departments of Christian work for the conversion of the world to God. This is the idea that should dominate the heart of every Christian, whatsoever his ecclesiastical connection. It is a common work, for a common purpose, and the same God is Lord over all. Well for this cause it is that each works as if everything depended on his faithfulness, and better still it is when all feel that they are parts of one whole.

In the days of Job, when the sons of God came together we are told that Satan came also among them. And it is not certain that he always stays away in our day when the good people gather to take counsel in the matters that concern the kingdom of Christ on earth. That the devil goes about as actively and wakefully now as ever, there is no manner of doubt. Modern improvements in travel may not be of any advantage to him, but he uses all the facilities of the press and the telegraph to make his power felt in every place where the friends of God are met. He is far more on the alert to employ these agencies than the church is. We make loud lamentations over the depravity of the newspapers and books that fill the public mind with evil; but we are not half awake to the importance of filling every house with the truth through the printed messages that our own papers and pages might convey.

So the devil gets into our religious meetings, and makes himself felt, if he is not seen, in the excitement of unhallowed ambitions, selfish or narrow prejudices, divisive and distracting measures, that hinder the work of the church. Some of the most painful, unseemly and unholy conflicts, bloodless indeed but fearfully fatal to the soul, have been fought on the floor of Christian assemblies, in the midst of meetings for the promotion of Christ's own work. The devil was there. This was his work. He took advantage of the weakness and folly of good men, and made them for the time foemen instead of friends. It is one hopeful sign of the times that no root of

bitterness is now springing up in any part of the garden of the Lord. All our religious gatherings are heavenly places, in which the spirit of peace is dwelling, while the grand design of giving the gospel to the whole world is the constraining and controlling element. When the sons of God come together for such a purpose, it does seem to be the height of impudence for Satan to come also. He would not dare to come except in some disguise by which he hopes to deceive even the elect. He sets men up to seek the pre-eminence, to carry their own points, to get ahead of their rivals, to glorify themselves. Some selfish scheme, some pet policy, some party or clique or school, is to be fostered, and the devil makes good men sometimes very mean and one-sided when they ought to be generous, magnanimous and noble. Even ministers of the gospel are not above the reach of Satan's influences, and some of these good ministers fall into the snares of the devil, and bring reproach on the name of the Master whom they serve.

Compared with the number, magnitude and power of the gatherings of Christian people to do good work, how few, far between and feeble are the assembled forces of the enemies of God and his truth! Think of that, and of what it means. Now and then you hear of one infidel convention. Its numbers are not great; its members are not men of power; and what they do and say amounts to nothing. They do not spread light and liberty among the nations. They do not support colleges and other seminaries of learning. They do not form combinations to prevent crime, relieve poverty and stay the tide of human misery. They are no more kind to their fellow-men than they are loving toward God. What would this country and the world be to-day if infidels were the philanthropists and the agents of moral reform? All the power for good worth speaking of springs from the heart of Christian benevolence, and the humanity that helps is divine. So the man Christ Jesus was the God-man; and in Him who took our nature was the source of that love that lives to redeem and save lost men.

Let the heathen rage; let the free-thinkers and the social

philosophers, the men of falsely called science and the friends of progress, take counsel together. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them." In these assemblies of the saints, in these sessions of the sons of God in council wherever met, in the promise that the Head of the Church is in the midst of them, is seen the sign of His coming who shall rule from sea to sea. He goeth before them, and "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him."

NORTHERN DELEGATES IN THE SOUTHERN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.*

WE have met the South, and we are theirs. They have captured our entire force, and we are at their mercy, unable to retreat and quite willing to stay.

The scene to-day in the First Presbyterian Church in this city will be historic. It had been rumored far and wide that Saturday had been designated as the day for the reception of the delegates from the Northern Church to the General Assembly now in session here. People from Frankfort, Louisville, and other places, and from all the surrounding country, had come to enjoy the occasion. The church was crowded. The morning was lovely. All faces seemed to shine with the gladness of an anticipated joy. They are as fine-looking people, men and women, these Kentuckians, as are made. And as they packed the house, with members of Assembly and their wives and daughters from all over the Southern States, all animated, earnest and expectant, it was a sight for angels to admire. But I must let a local artist describe the

* Written from Lexington, Ky., May 19, 1883.

scene, lest you suppose that my participation in it has colored the picture. The *Lexington Transcript* says:

“By nine o'clock the church was comfortably filled, and by ten it was jammed. Seats were placed in the outside aisles, and in front of the doors, out into the vestibule, was a jam of human beings. Some of the colored brethren had installed themselves in the gallery, but the ladies soon routed them out, and the organ was surrounded by a perfect bouquet of beauty. Since the day of Gen. John C. Breckinridge's funeral so many people have not been in the First Church. It was a remarkably fine-looking body of people, too. From the pulpit half-way back were the members of the Assembly, with here and there a handsome lady to soften down the solemn array of theological warriors. The back half of the church was chiefly filled with ladies, only here and there a man.”

This was literally true; and what followed would so tax my proverbial modesty to speak of, that I shall draw upon the graphic powers of the reporters of the *Lexington Press*. The hour appointed arrived:

“At this moment a venerable and highly intelligent-looking body of men appeared in the entrance to the centre aisle. The hum of voices ceased, and eager eyes turned to catch a first glimpse of the distinguished men who bore greetings of love from the great Northern Presbyterian Church. In advance of the others walked Hon. William Strong, of Philadelphia, the chairman of the delegation. A gentleman of national reputation, a distinguished jurist, of broad culture, and withal a devout Christian, no fitter person could have been chosen the chairman of a delegation with a mission of such moment to perform. Next came the venerable and learned editor of the *New York Observer*, Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D. Following him came the Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D.D., of St. Louis, Mo., the most fluent and eloquent speaker in the delegation. Next came Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D.D., of Louisville, Ky., with Hon. Samuel W. Moore, of Chicago, bringing up the rear. The delegation was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Bullock, D.D., of Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. B.

Stratton, D.D., of Natchez, Miss.; Rev. J. B. Fitzgerald, of Virginia; and Rev. D. O. Davies, of Henderson, Ky. As this distinguished body of men marched up the aisle the Assembly arose as a mark of respect to them. The delegation was introduced to the Moderator by Dr. Bullock, and the Moderator in behalf of the Assembly extended them a cordial welcome."

Judge Strong then presented each delegate, who was taken by the Stated Clerk, Rev. J. R. Wilson, D.D., and introduced to the Moderator, who, taking him by the hand, introduced him to the Assembly by name. The silence was profound; anxiety and animation were manifest as if all were on the eve of a great event.

Judge Moore, of Chicago, read an elaborate paper on the duty and blessedness of fraternal relations, giving historical and biographical reminiscences, and making an able argument and appeal. I followed Judge Strong with a few remarks. Then the Rev. Dr. Nicolls, of St. Louis, delivered a very eloquent and beautiful address, which was received with great delight. At its close the Assembly sang "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

The Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D.D., of Louisville, venerable and beloved, a man of great power, gave a glowing history of the rise and growth of Presbyterianism in Kentucky and the parts beyond, and made a strong impression on the Assembly.

The Hon. Judge Strong was then conducted to the platform, and his noble form, his striking, speaking and benevolent countenance, and his dignified presence commanded admiration before he said a word. He then presented the salutations of the Assembly North to the Assembly of the South, assuring this Assembly of the profound sympathy, sincere and unanimous affection of the Northern Church and people for those who had so kindly received that delegation, and closed with the prayer that they might be abundantly prospered in their work, and enjoy the spirit of God in all their churches.

The Moderator, Dr. Pryor, responded with prompt cor-

diality, and intense earnestness of manner, expressing the great pleasure the Assembly had in receiving the delegation and especially such a delegation. He deplored the past alterations and separations. He had seen the horrors of the battle-fields in our recent war, and his heart had been almost broken over the scenes. But far more distressing had been the alienations and strifes between brethren of the same faith, engaged in the same great work. He begged them to assure the Assembly which they represent of the hearty satisfaction and enjoyment with which their messages of peace and good-will had been received and reciprocated. He said: "We put our hearts in our hand, and extend it sincerely to you. We mean what we say when we tell you that we desire to co-operate heartily with you in the extension of the kingdom of Christ." After many other words of tender affection and strong emotion, he bade the delegation welcome. Two verses more of the same hymn were now sung, and one of the delegation was called upon by the Moderator to lead the Assembly in prayer. After this the Assembly adjourned until Monday morning. And now let the local papers describe what followed.

"The scene on adjournment was one that may never be witnessed again in a century. Assemblymen grasped each other's hands in mute or expressed emotion. The committee from Saratoga were surrounded, and such a hand-shaking as they received is beyond description. Old Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas 'rebs' vied with each other in reaching the 'Yanks' to shake hands. Numbers of ladies pressed through the jam of men and congratulated the leaders on both sides of the great drama. Dr. Prime started for the door, but was halted and surrounded at every step, so that he was fully half an hour getting out. As the committee emerged from the house they were again and again assaulted by the hand-shakers, and if they had any doubts as to the 'rebel' sincerity before they came to Lexington, they had all the doubts shaken out of them."

The speeches of the delegates and of the Moderator were frequently interrupted with applause, which I am told is not

permitted in the sessions of the Assembly. In vain the Moderator repeatedly rapped for order, but the good feeling of the members overcame their respect for authority and found expression in somewhat noisy demonstration. I was assured that such a scene of enthusiasm had never been known on the floor of the venerable body.

It is quite probable that this feeling was not unanimous, and subsequent discussion may show that there is still a minority averse to fraternal relations. But at present everything indicates the restoration of peace and good-will.

The personal kindness with which I have been received in this goodly city of Lexington is simply beyond description, and I do not know that I can more fittingly convey the emotions and recollections awakened by this second visit here than by repeating the words with which I closed my remarks to the Assembly on our reception :

“I am reminded that twenty-five years ago our undivided and blessed Assembly met in this lovely city of Lexington. I was in the pulpit with that profound theologian and eloquent preacher and beloved man, Dr. Thornwell. Dr. Plumer was here, and Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, men of power, men of God, who waxed valiant in fight for the truth and the church. You may build your walls about your Assembly as high as you please, but you cannot build them so high as to separate me from communion with them. I would mount up on wings as the eagle, and soar into the heaven of heavens, where they reign with Christ and the saints. I would find Thornwell with Paul, and Plumer with Isaiah, and Breckinridge with Peter, and all joining with the redeemed in the song of Moses and the Lamb. You might as well try to strike out the names of Washington and Henry Clay from the history of my country, and to say I have no part with them, as to deny me, by resolutions and proclamations, true sympathy and fraternal relations with these and other great and good men whose lives are my heritage and a part of the annals of my church. With them I held sweet communion while they lived, and to renew that communion it were sweet to die.”

DEATH OF PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHILE there is life there is hope, and this letter is written while General Grant is yet living. True, we are assured by his physicians that it is impossible for him to recover, and it is quite probable that before you read what I am now writing the General's last battle will be over.

LINCOLN AND GARFIELD.

What tragic interest invests their dying hours! No victory or defeat in the long and bloody war so stirred the nation's heart as the murder of Lincoln in the midst of his mighty task. And Garfield, on the threshold of his great work, falls by an assassin's hand. And now Grant, the great military chieftain, twice President of the United States, is yielding to disease, and dying in his bed. He never displayed more heroism on the battle-field than in his chamber of death. One who has been with him night and day tells me that he is the gentlest, most patient and pleasant sick person in the world; never complaining, never impatient, but more cheerful than any of those about him. He has a vein of humor in him which reveals itself even in his sufferings. And saying that reminds me of the only personal interview I ever had with him.

We were returning from the centennial celebration at Lexington, Mass. I showed him a pair of pistols which Pitcairn wore when making the attack at Lexington, and with one of which he fired the first shot in the war of the American Revolution. They were of the old flint-lock pattern, silver-mounted, and very clumsy. General Grant handled them, and then laughingly remarked, "If I were going to fight a duel I would like the other man to use one of these."

General Grant's long battle with death has led me to think of former Presidents. Washington's death was sudden; the nation did not hear of his illness and were astounded by the intelligence that the Father of his Country was dead. He

was out on his farm on Thursday, December 12, 1799, and came home in the midst of rain, hail and snow: his neck was wet and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He was out again on Friday. He caught a violent cold, but declined to take anything for it, saying, "Let it go as it came." On Saturday morning he awoke very early, so hoarse as scarcely to be able to speak. The usual simple remedies were used. Physicians and friends were summoned. He was soon convinced that a mortal illness was on him. He was calm and resigned; gave various directions about his affairs; and as the end was nigh he said: "I am just going: have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" And then he added, "It is well." He felt his own pulse, the hand dropped, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the same day, and that day the Fourth of July, a date which they had together helped to make the most memorable in the history of their country. This is one of the most remarkable coincidences in the world. They had been in correspondence by letter previously; both had a strong desire to see the return of that national anniversary; both were in feeble condition as it approached, and it was quite natural that the reaction on its arrival should be attended by the going out of the expiring taper. They died on the fiftieth anniversary of the day when both of them signed the Declaration of Independence. I remember perfectly the impression on the public mind when this double event was announced in newspapers and pulpits in the summer of 1826.

James Madison lived to be more than eighty years of age and was venerated for his wisdom and integrity, though he, did make a little jest at his own expense when he was very old and feeble. Some friends called in while he was sitting up in bed, and he lay down, saying, "I always talk more easily when I *lie*." With all his wisdom he had this little weakness of being fond of hearing or saying a good thing. He died at his own residence in Montpelier, Va., in 1836.

James Monroe, after the death of his wife, came from Virginia to the city of New York and resided here with his son-in-law, Samuel L. Gouverneur, at whose house he died July 4, 1831, being the third President of the United States who died on the nation's birthday.

John Quincy Adams, after having been President, was elected to the House of Representatives in Congress, and was stricken with mortal illness at his post in the House, February 21, 1848. He was carried to the Speaker's room, and saying, "This is the last of earth; I am content," he lay there until the 23d, and expired beneath the dome of the capitol.

General Jackson, a man of war, an iron man, died of dropsy at his home, The Hermitage, near Nashville, confessing Christ on his death-bed, and expiring in the hope of the gospel in 1845.

We have now come down to a period so recent that the several deaths of the Presidents are familiar to the present generation. Van Buren, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan died at their several homes. General Harrison was elected in 1840, entered upon office March 4, 1841, and died thirty-one days afterwards in the executive mansion. General Taylor was inaugurated March 4, 1849, and died in the White House July 9, 1850. Thus we see that out of seventeen elected Presidents, before the present incumbent, four have died while in office; and two of them by the hand of the assassin. And all this has been within the first century of the office; for if the life of the newly inaugurated President shall be continued till his term expires in 1889, the first hundred years will have then elapsed since the accession to the Presidency of him whom Congress by solemn resolution declared to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

I have said very little of the religious character of these distinguished citizens, having long observed that political attachments deeply color the opinions entertained of the religion of public men. It was once my pleasure to pass a week with one of the Presidents in the White House. Finding it to be his habit to pray daily with his assembled family,

I alluded to the fact in my Letter from Washington. One of my constant readers forbade the paper with my Letters to come into his house again, for he would not read the writings of one who said that "such a man as that ever prays"! But it is worthy of mention and memory that in this line of seventeen elected Presidents so many of them have been men of exalted moral character, so many of them were firm believers in the Christian religion, and that so many of them have died in the faith of the gospel. The office is entitled to the front rank among the political powers of the world. The population it represents, the resources of the country, the vast extent of its territory, the influx of people from other lands to become inhabitants of this, invest the chief magistracy of these United States with sublimity and grandeur not surpassed by any kingdom, empire or republic on the face of the earth. And there is no man so great but religion makes him greater. "A cross that raises me" is his support when in mortal weakness the greatest of statesmen or captains comes to die.

WAR AVERTED: A SCENE IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

"FIFTY-FOUR FORTY, OR FIGHT."

AN hour more critical than this (I am writing on the morning of April 25, 1885) was never in the history of nations. Great kingdoms are on the verge of an awful conflict, which I pray that God in his infinite mercy may avert. Before you read these lines, the crisis may be past, or the bloody drama opened. The situation, so sublime and terrible, reminds me of another in which our own country was more immediately involved.

The northwestern boundary-line between the United States and the British possessions was in dispute. Mr. Polk, the President, in his inaugural address had declared our title to the country of the Oregon "clear and unquestion-

able." The Democratic Party held that the dividing line was the latitude of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north. The popular sentiment was condensed into the war-cry, "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight." The excitement was intense, and the tide seemed irresistibly sweeping us into war with Great Britain. General Cass was a leader in the Senate, and his voice was for war. The subject was before the Senate while I was sitting in the gallery partaking largely of the excitement that raged on the floor below. Colonel Thomas H. Benton, the Nestor of the Senate, and its most distinguished Democratic member, was making a speech in reply to Mr. Cass, and against his own party, the President and the popular sentiment of the day. He had no notes, no books of reference, no maps, but with perfect self-command, without hesitation for a date or a fact, he went through a detail of history, diplomacy, statistical information, going back more than a hundred years, establishing the position that by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, between great Britain, France, Holland and other powers, the line between the French and British possessions had been settled much to the south of the one now claimed by the United States, and that it was impossible for us who had obtained title from France to make good our right to go up to 54.40. It was a wonderful exhibition of memory as well as intellectual force; and when he concluded, having made out his case triumphantly, General Cass said, "The Senator has evidently been refreshing himself in history, and I am not prepared at this moment to reply." Mr. Benton, holding a glass of water in his hand, remarked, "I have not looked at the subject in forty years."

Turning to a friend sitting by me I said, "There will be no war; the question is settled." History says, "The administration's views were opposed with so much force by Mr. Benton that Mr. Polk acquiesced and accepted 49 as the line." This was satisfactory to Great Britain, and the Northwestern Boundary Treaty of 1846 established that as the northern boundary of the United States and the southern line of the British possessions.

In the interests of peace and in the name of Christianity, the dominant influence in the civilized world, is not this item in history an illustration of the power of truth and human reason, that the nations of the earth may contemplate with advantage? The dispute between Russia and England is not so hard to compose as was ours with Great Britain in 1846. It is now nearly forty years since that war-cloud darkened our horizon, and most of those who were then on the stage have passed away. But I can recollect that the people clamored for war then just as British people are now hounding the government to immerse the world in blood.* It is the darkest phase of human nature that war is almost always popular. Kings and great generals dread it, but the outcry of the people bears them into the field of battle.

War is the crime of all crimes. One side or the other, oftentimes both sides, are criminal. One resolute man in England or in Russia, we would think, might stand up and in the name of Jesus Christ and humanity roll back the tide of war. Colonel Benton was not a statesman of the highest order of ability. But his will-power was prodigious. Probably it was greater than that of any statesman who has yet appeared in American history. When he put his foot down there was no human power that could make him take it up. Such men are great blessings to a nation when they are right. And they are generally right when they oppose a resort to arms to settle a dispute. For it is very nearly if not quite true that "there never was a good war or a bad peace."

I am writing in the name of that religion which we all profess to hold as the sovereign rule of life. This sentiment ought to pervade society, be taught to our children, preached in our pulpits, proclaimed in the press till it becomes the habit of our thinking and the controlling opinion of civilized mankind. We imagine in "piping times of peace" that the

* Written in April, 1885, when Great Britain and Russia were negotiating upon Afghan matters.

millennial reign of Jesus has come. War between Christian nations appears to be an event too awful for contemplation as a possibility. And the next moment there comes a message like lightning across the sea that a little spark has caused an explosion, and mighty nations are harnessing the engines of destruction to determine a question of far smaller importance than our Oregon boundary-line in 1846. We pray to God to avert the impending storm.

Perhaps there is not a statesman in England or Russia with the ability and opportunity to stand up as Benton did against his own party and the people, too, who are crying out for war. But the eyes of the world have been turned anxiously to the great German Chancellor, who might command the waves and they would obey. At least, he ought to try.

How sweet the thought, God reigns! He lifts up and he puts down, and when he will he maketh wars to cease. Civil liberty and the gospel of the Son of God have advanced in the wake of wars. The King of nations will overturn and overturn till Shiloh come. Unto him shall the gathering of the people be.

“Come, then, and added to thy many crowns
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy.”

THE ADMIRAL AND THE TURK.

A WONDERFUL CHAPTER IN MODERN ORIENTAL DIPLOMACY.

IN frequent conversations with the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., late President of Robert College, Constantinople, and now the President of Middlebury College, Vt., he has related to me the secret history of one of the most remarkable interventions of Providence in human affairs ever recorded outside of sacred history.

The establishment of Robert College, on the Bosphorus, by the Christian liberality of Christopher R. Robert, Esq., was an event destined to work an important influence on the moral and intellectual renovation of the Levant. Dr. Hamlin had long been known and honored as a wise and able leader in Christian education at Constantinople. So far back as in 1853 I wrote to you, from that city, of the great work he was doing, and of the wonder among the people excited by his extraordinary executive and inventive abilities. His energy and ingenuity were supplemented by the open purse of Mr. Robert, and the college was the result. But the story of the struggle which that conception passed through before it became an accomplished fact would make a book equal in interest to an Oriental romance.

Having purchased an eligible site for the college, Dr. Hamlin was making preparations for building, with the permission of the government. But he was soon informed that a pasha, of great influence, whose residence was near, was opposed to the college being located there, as it would interfere with his view and would be in his way generally! His mightiness raised such a commotion that it was deemed prudent to abandon the site. Another was found far more eligible, with a commanding view of the Bosphorus, a prospect of unrivalled beauty, taking in the European and Asiatic shores, cities, mosques, minarets and palaces, and distant mountains. This was purchased, and again the work was commenced. The first blow was scarcely struck before a message came that some informality in the title must be corrected and the work must be suspended.

Then and there began a series of vexatious delays that continued through *seven* long and tedious years! Perhaps it was strange that the Turkish Government gave authority for the establishment of a Christian college in the capital of the Mahometan Empire. But the permission had been given, and now the same power was interposing to prevent the progress of an institution that might enlighten and revolutionize the country.

In the mean time Dr. Hamlin had hired apartments for

the infant college, and was giving instructions to as many young men as he could make room for. They came from many nationalities represented in that curiously conglomerated empire. Seventy students filled the apartments; more were turned away: the college was an astonishing success before one stone was laid upon another. Its very success intensified the resolution of the government to restrain its growth. It was necessary to take energetic measures to induce the authorities to withdraw their opposition and to let the work go on under the original permission.

The British Government was powerful in Turkey, and to Sir Henry Bulwer, Dr. Hamlin applied for his kind offices in behalf of the college. He expressed his entire readiness to make solicitations to that effect, but nothing came of it. The Sublime Porte was silent.

Mr. Morris was the United States Minister, and exerted all the moral influence which he and our government might command, but all in vain. The Mahometan oracle was dumb. Mr. Robert, the founder of the college, went to Washington and personally interceded with Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, to interpose and demand the recognition of the rights of an American citizen to the use of property secured under the permit of the Turkish Government. It was of no effect whatever. Mr. Morgan, a banker of New York, visiting Constantinople, became deeply interested in the question, and returning home he waited on Mr. Seward and renewed the pressure. Mr. Seward was induced to lay the matter before the Turkish Minister in Washington, Blacque Bey. This was done with so much effect that the ambassador wrote to his master, the Sultan, advising him to adjust the matter of the college, as in the future complications it might prove a thorny question. Even this made no impression, and things went along as before.

By and by the insurrection in Crete arose, and there was imminent danger of war between the Greeks and Turks. It was rumored that the Greeks were expecting the arrival of an American monitor, an iron-clad, and fearful damage would be done if one of them should make its appearance in

front of Constantinople. It did not come. But an American steamer did arrive, with Admiral Farragut, whose fame filled the world! He was received with all the honors that Oriental hospitality could bestow on the great naval hero of the age. Dr. Hamlin called to pay his respects, and finding him for a few moments alone, in reply to the Admiral's inquiries, he told him the story of the college, and of the obstructions interposed by the Turkish authorities. In the midst of this conversation, Dr. Serapian, a gentleman who had received a thorough education in the theological and medical departments at Yale College and then returned and settled as a physician in Constantinople, entered the room and engaged in the conversation. When the Admiral asked if it were possible for him to be of any service in adjusting the question, Dr. Serapian said: "You are to dine with this officer of government, and another, and another; now be pleased to ask each one by whom you are entertained, 'Why is not the agreement with Dr. Hamlin, the American, carried out, that he may go on and build the college?'" And here Dr. Hamlin interposed, and said: "And whatever answer is given, will you be pleased, Admiral, to make no response, and no further inquiry?"

The gallant Admiral agreed to execute the mission in the way and manner suggested.

The same day, and on succeeding days, he was the guest of several high officials, and he took special care, on each occasion, to make the proposed inquiry of his host. He received various answers in the way of explanation, no one of the officers of government intimating that the delay was final and fatal. To all these intimations the cautious Admiral made no reply or explanation, leaving each one to draw his own inferences as to the object of the inquiry.

The Admiral at length took leave of the Ottoman Government and pursued his voyage from port to port until he was welcomed home again.

Not long afterwards, but so long as to forbid the supposition that the two things had any relation to each other, Dr. Hamlin received from Mr. Morris, the U. S. Minister, a let-

ter informing him that an official communication had been received from the Turkish Government, giving full permission to proceed with the erection of the college! Why the order was now issued, or why it was so long delayed, it was impossible to surmise. In a few days the imperial *Irade*, or supreme volition, an irrevocable permit, was in solemn form communicated. The work was again begun, pushed on with intense vigor to a grand completion: and the noble college now stands resplendent on the heights, the brightest lighthouse in all the waters of the Levant. Its doors were opened. The seventy students became two hundred; and the institution was recognized as a power and a benediction.

One day a Turkish gentleman, of elegant manners and distinguished bearing, called at the college and requested permission to survey its appointments and work. Dr. Hamlin conducted him into all the apartments and departments. He heard the exercises of the classes. He was full of admiration. Dr. Hamlin led him to the tower, from which he looked out on one of the most glorious panoramas of land and water the human eye will ever look on. The gentleman, in his enthusiasm extolling the magnificence of the view, exclaimed:

“We would never have permitted this college to be erected had it not been for that insurrection in Crete.”

Dr. Hamlin now perceived that his guest was an officer of the government, and at once asked:

“And why not? What had that to do with it?”

“Oh, we understood it. The Greeks wanted that Admiral *Farragoot* to help them, and when he was here he asked every one of the pashas with whom he dined what objections they had to the college being built. We saw what he was at—that your government was holding this college question over us; and it was better to have a hundred colleges built than to have one American monitor here; so we smoothed the matter all over by just issuing the permission. That is the way you got it.”

Dr. Hamlin saw, as every believer in divine Providence must see, the hand of God in this matter. The British and

the American governments had interposed in vain. Admiral Farragut, on a voyage of pleasure, is prompted to ask a simple question that rouses the apprehensions of the Mahometan oppressor. His sleep flies from him. Visions of American monitors in the Golden Horn disturb his dreams. He takes counsel of his chief men, and they advise him to restore to that Christian missionary what belongs to him and let him do as he will with his own. Thus he was without any human intervention or pressure or constraint impelled to do justly lest some great evil should come upon his kingdom. Admiral Farragut was the unconscious instrument in the accomplishment of a work which through seven long years had baffled the wisdom of the two greatest powers of the earth. And the Admiral had done it without knowing it.

The story reads like a chapter out of the chronicles of the Old Testament, and nothing more evidently providential is recorded in the history of Nineveh or Babylon.

THE BURIAL OF DR. ROGERS.

IN forty years and more of life in New York City, I have never seen so many clergymen assembled at the funeral of one of their number as were present Thursday (October 27, 1881), at the services in memory of the late Ebenezer Platt Rogers, D.D. They were held in the South Reformed Church, of which he was, through eighteen happy years, the honored and beloved pastor.

An hour before the public services his brethren of the clergy met in the chapel. The assembly was very remarkable for numbers and character, all the evangelical denominations being largely represented by many of the most distinguished ministers. The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, President of the Theological Seminary, was called to the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Armitage led in a tender and appropriate prayer. When a committee had been appointed to embody the sentiment of

the brethren in resolutions of respect and affection, they went on to speak freely of him, one after another, in terms of admiration and love. It was not surprising that all loved him, but it was strange to hear that all loved him so much. And their memories of him were the pleasantest. His warm, genial nature, his welcome to those who sought him in his home and in his study, his readiness to deny himself to do a favor, his deep personal piety impressing every one with a sense of his nearness to God, and longing for the souls of men—these features of his character were dwelt upon by several speakers with fondness. Others delighted to recur to his playful humor, his flashing wit, so bright and yet always so kind, never wounding, always pleasing, making him the life of every social circle, the light and joy of every house which enjoyed his presence.

At this point one of the ministers produced a letter received that day from a distant friend, relating an incident in the city life of Dr. Rogers which was recognized as exceedingly characteristic.

“Through a delightful social intercourse of many years, I have had occasion again and again to mark his generous nature, as well as his genial soul. With a sparkling wit, accompanied always with the most benevolent purpose, and a desire both to amuse and instruct, his conversation delighted every circle in which he moved. One day he had an amusing interview with a friend whom he met in one of the public conveyances of the city. Dr. R. said to him :

“‘My friend, I am glad to meet you ; I want to ask you to give three hundred dollars to an object in which I am much interested, and in which I hope you will be.’

“The Doctor then stated to his friend the object for which he was soliciting contributions. After first a refusal, and then a reconsideration of the sudden appeal, the gentleman replied :

“‘Dr. Rogers, I will give you the sum you ask on one condition, that you will allow me to put upon your tombstone this inscription : “And it came to pass that the beggar died.”’

“ The Doctor, with his characteristic quickness in repartee, said at once : ‘ Certainly I will, if you will add the remainder of the verse, “ *and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.* ” ’ ”

The speakers went back to their recollections of him when he was a boy at the village school, and freely said that many of the fine and beautiful traits of character that adorned his ministerial walk and conversation were visible in the days of his early youth. One venerable man said, “ I have been in the ministry near him in every place but one in which he has been settled, and he has everywhere and always been the same delightful, charming friend, the same devout man of God, winning all hearts to himself and leading souls to Christ.” The words love, lovely, loving, were more frequently than any others on the lips of the speakers. No other words seemed to meet the heart-wants of those who were trying to express their feelings now that he was gone.

There was no time to pursue these remarks, which followed one another in rapid succession, for the hour had come when we must take up the precious body of our brother and bear it into the house of God, where the great congregation were waiting. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and a more goodly company than ours seldom, if ever, attended a saint on his way to the grave. The elders of his church, who had stood by him so long and so lovingly, and his people and friends from other churches, and men of business, senators and secretaries, learned and eloquent professors and presidents, pastors and authors of wide fame, and men of business and wealth, and the poor whom he had befriended, joined in the procession as we walked with the remains of our friend and laid them reverently in front of the pulpit which had been the throne and seat of his power. The house was heavily draped with the symbols of mourning, but there was no need of them, for sorrow sat on every face and pressed on every heart. We listened to the triumphant words of Paul, and rejoiced in the hope of that day when this mortal shall put on immortality. We sang hymns that the dead while yet living had been fond of

singing; for to all his other gifts he added yet this also—that he could lead the songs of the saints in the sanctuary, and often did, to the praise of Christ and the joy of his people. Then we prayed for the stricken household and the smitten church, and tried to put our hands into those of Him whom we call our elder brother, one born for adversity, and who wept with them who mourned a brother dead.

The three addresses which were made were full of precious memories of the departed, warm eulogies that must have seemed extravagant to those (if any such were in the house) who did not know him of whom they were spoken. But when Dr. Taylor and Dr. Chambers declared there was no pastor in the city more nearly perfect as a model of all that is to be desired in a pastor, they were free to challenge denial and to assert it in the hearing of that great throng of men who held the same high office. I thought it the finest eulogy by one pastor of another when Dr. Chambers said: "I have often thought, if I were a layman coming into the city with a family of children, Dr. Rogers would be my choice for a pastor before all others." And when we had laid these honest words upon his memory, and shed warmer tears, the great assembly came forward and looked in sadness and silence upon the face of the dead. What a procession of mourners! It was a long procession of friends sorrowing that they should see his placid face no more.

Next morning we went with the remains to Fairfield, Conn., and laid him by the side of his parents in the rural cemetery there. His father was an old resident of New York. His mother was a daughter of Ebenezer Platt, of Huntington, Long Island. They lived in this city until the year 1830, when they removed with their five children to Fairfield; and there they were buried. It was a cool, cloudy October day when we went out of town into the country to find a grave for our friend. Autumn leaves were falling all about us. "The melancholy days, the saddest of the year," have come. But beyond the autumn and the winter, beyond the coldness and the darkness of the tomb, the light of a brighter morn than this was breaking on our weeping eyes. And I heard

a voice from heaven, saying, "Thy brother shall rise again."

And so another of my loves in life is quenched in death. Good-by, dear, blessed, sainted Rogers, good-by! "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love was wonderful." And where thou art now, with Christ, God grant we may be also.

THE SONGS OF LONGFELLOW ARE ENDED.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE Psalm of Life is ended, was probably the first expression of many when they heard of the death of Mr. Longfellow. His life has been so like a psalm. Full of poetry and purity, majesty and beauty, calm and strong, it has risen and rolled on in solemn and stately numbers to its fitting close.

When great and good men leave the stage of life, and we are compelled to feel that they will be seen no more on earth, it is very pleasant to have known their faces and forms, and to preserve distinct memories of them as they were in the flesh. This is one of my secret and very great enjoyments, as the living pass by and are gone: to keep in the mind images of the departed, converse with them in spirit, recall the words they said, the smiles that lighted up their eyes, and the pressure of their hands when we parted for the last time. I have the names written down in a book of remembrance of hundreds: names the world is familiar with; names many of them that "the world will not let die," with whom it has been my happiness to have been in company. In this list of names is that of the great poet who has just now taken leave of us. I dined with him nearly forty years ago, and the recollections of his appearance at that period in his life are as fresh as the memory of the last portrait that I saw

of the venerable bard, with his gray beard covering the face that was then ruddy and fair. And all the way on, since that memorable occasion, his growth has been in the eye of the world.

I observe our English friends are pleased to say that the poems of Longfellow are more widely read in England than any of their poets, except Tennyson. That exception would not be made on our side of the sea. Doubtless hundreds read Longfellow to one who knows anything of the poet laureate of England. Yet it is fit that they should be spoken of together. They have the common and noble praise of being the friends of truth and virtue, and whatsoever is lovely and of good report. The secret of Longfellow's universal acceptance, alike among the lowly and the lofty of this world's people, is that he touches the universal heart, and only to give it comfort and joy. He is not sad. In company he was very cheerful, and his conversation revealed a heart in tune with the pleasant words of his fellow-men. To call him gay would not convey a true thought of him, though I have been told that he was more so than he appeared to be. The most prosaic line of his I remember is

“And things are not what they seem.”

I would not think it incredible that a mind so full of things of beauty, and a heart so full of love for all mankind, should be in perpetual sunshine. That he was often sad, the sweetest, tenderest and most read of his poems give painful evidence. Yet what a loss to the world it would have been had he not written just those verses which have fallen upon and sunk into the deep waters of human sorrow, and yielded that strange comfort one finds in having his grief put into words! It is as if the writer had been in the wine-press where the reader is bleeding, and had survived; had come out of great tribulation himself with garments made white in the trial, and therefore was able to minister to them who are mourning still. Christ Jesus has wrought the same idea in his work and revealed it unto us, and we know through him there is a knowledge gained by experience that even Infinite

wisdom would not otherwise enjoy. Thus Jesus knows how to sympathize with those who have loved and lost. Longfellow, in the "Footsteps of the Angels," sings to us of those

" Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more !"

And when we are thus reminded of our bereavements, and of them who have gone before us into the world of spirits all at once we are taken out of our own experience, into sympathy with the poet who writes :

" And with them the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven ;

" With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

" And she sits and gazes at me," etc.

We read, and the story seems to be a bit of personal experience ; it is so real or, as we say, life-like, even when conversing with the dead. The same sensation is awakened by the first stanza of the most familiar of Longfellow's hymns, " Resignation :"

" There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

How many homes are in those four lines ! The death of little children is as common as the flock and the fireside : he states the fact only, and it brings a sort of comfort to the smitten household that their sorrow is like the sorrow of millions—of Rachel " for her children crying." But the poet has more precious balm than this, even the name of Christ

whose sweet perfume soon fills the house; and when he has left "the one whom he called dead" in heaven,

"Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,"

he then bids the mourner weep: he knows that tears are healing;

"By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

It is very likely that this poem has been read in more households than any other of Longfellow's, and there are very few in the language that are more familiar to the ear and heart of suffering humanity. Some years ago a very plain, elderly man, apparently a farmer quite away from home, came into my office, and produced a sheet of paper. He said his daughter had written a piece of poetry; he had read it, but was no judge of poetry, and for that matter he knew nothing about it, and had no opinion as to its being fit to print, but he liked this very much, and if I liked it as well as he did, he thought I would put it into the paper. "Are you sure your daughter wrote this *out of her own head?*" I inquired, and the old man said she did. It was Longfellow's "Resignation." She had learned it undoubtedly, and it had sung in her heart and soul and mind, until it seemed to be her own, and, without a thought of taking what was another's, she had put all those lines upon paper. Her father, full of admiration at the wonderful gifts of his daughter, had brought them to me. In the same way, but not with like results, I trust, thousands of young men have taken Longfellow's EXCELSIOR into their very being: its aspiring thought has to them become an inspiration, and made them conquerors. They have excelled because their motto was, and their song, EXCELSIOR.

"Lives of great men all remind us,"

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

"To suffer and be strong,"

are lines, with scores of others, that have been assimilated with the moral and mental food of the people, till they are

in the thought of men, with the power of proverbs, the experience of thousands condensed into the word of one.

What a gift, to be able to sing for the world! To put into the form, and to give the power of wings to pure, holy, uplifting thought, so that it shall fly over the land and sea, lighting on the cot of the sick one in the lowly valley, and then flying into the palace window, where the smitten queen mourns her beloved dead; cheering the wearied laborer when his day's work is over, and rousing the nation's heart with stirring song:

"Sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

The best gifts of God are by some most basely abused. But when a nation, yes, a race, the human race, wherever English speech is known, is silently sad in hearing of Longfellow's death, mourning that a friend to whom they are in debt for comfort and aid, is gone, I think how good and how blessed it is to have filled the world with music without one false note; with pictures and not a canvas on which an eye can look with pain; with thoughts all and only pure, and purifying; making rich and adding no sorrow; songs to be sung in all time to exalt, console and bless. Happy the poet who sleeps under wreaths from all lands! happy the poet whose songs have made the whole world kin!

EMERSON AND THE CHILDREN.

It was not my pleasure to spend more than one evening in company with Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Then he made but one remark which left a memorable impression on my mind. Two children of the gentleman at whose house we met were playing in the room, when their father remarked:

“Just the interesting age.”

“And at what age,” asked Mr. Emerson, “are children *not* interesting?” He regarded them with the eye of a philosopher and a poet, and doubtless saw the possibilities that surround their very being with infinite interest.

With the added view of a Christian believer, considerations of eternity as well as of time invest the child with a sentiment in the highest degree sublime.

So much of play and prattle is associated with infancy and childhood, that it requires a little thought to get hold of the serious and wonderful that surround and pervade an existence suddenly merged in our own, and to be associated with ours through the life that now is, perhaps always. Mr. Emerson would apprehend all this, and in the child playing on the floor would see a future hero, perhaps an angel.

To me there is nothing in social life more disagreeable than a child assuming to be a man. It is better for a child, when a child, to be a child. To think as a child and to speak as a child was what one of the greatest men said he did when he was one. Old heads on young shoulders are out of place. To be natural is far more pleasing than affectation, however smart the child may be. The *interesting* is not to be found in what the child is taught to do and say, beyond its years, out of the line of easy development, but in the spontaneous outcome of the child-soul that animates its little body, and gives signs of the budding genius and the swelling heart. The speeches of little children are often garnered, and repeated to admiring friends, but they are not so much admired for their evidence of smartness beyond their years, as they are for those strange associations of ideas that give them the semblance of inspiration. They are so odd and unexpected, they excite wonder, and fond parents imagine there never were such children before.

I have often tried to imagine what children are thinking about as they lie in the cradle, long before they have learned a word. They *do* think, and words are not needful to thoughts. It is well to bear this in mind when playing with them. Impressions for good or evil may be made on an in-

fant's mind, in the first months of its life, and continued to old age. We do not sufficiently appreciate this susceptibility. We notice its words and ways, without thinking that what we are saying and doing will have much to do with its future health of body and soul. It has often surprised me to be assured by parents that their children read these letters of mine in the *Observer* from week to week. Some have told me that their children read them all, and make them the subject of conversation. And that fact wakes me up to the thought that very little can be done for the young after they have ceased to be children. At any age in childhood they are interesting, from an infant of a week old to the time when they pass out of their teens, and they are children all that time, infants in the eye of the law, though the word *infant* means *unspeaking* only. It was this thought that commended the children, little children, to the Great Teacher, and led him to say of *such* is the kingdom. Few of the older people are brought in. Therefore he would have *little* children come unto him. There is no point of time in the child's life when it may not be made the subject of the grace that saves. And if the child has lived to be old enough to read, and has not learned the way of life through Jesus Christ, just so much time has been lost already, and so much greater the need of diligence in seeking after God. Get the heart set on him and his service, and all the rest of life's work will be safe, easy, and will finally end in glory.

There is great difference among men in the interest they take in children. Mr. Emerson was ardently and always interested in them. I have known very great men who found pleasure in playing with children, even in the most childish games. One of my friends being shown into the palace of the king of France, found him on his hands and knees romping with his children, as he told me, "just like any private father." I should think so. Why not? Being king he did not cease to be a man, and as a man he loved the children. They interested him as they did the Concord philosopher. And there is a great difference in children, which explains the lack of interest which people take in

them. Mr. Jerrold said he was always glad to have children cry in company, because they were then carried out. Such a man would make a child cry any time. It keeps the old man young, and it makes the child wise betimes to have the old and young mingle in domestic and social life. There are sports that the old may enjoy without loss of dignity, and the young always delight in them fourfold if the elder people join them heartily. But the stiff, formal, dignified style of living is good neither for the parents nor the children. Cheerful familiarity does not lead to disrespect, but it does inspire love and confidence, it does encourage obedience, and fills the house with sunshine which is good for the body as well as for the soul.

Mr. Canning was Prime Minister of England, and being one morning at the house of a nobleman, was urged by his friend to step into the nursery and speak to the children. He begged to be excused, and assured his friend he could not say anything if he should go in. But the nobleman would not let him off. "Come in; the children will remember it all their lives that the Prime Minister came into the nursery and spoke to them."

Over-persuaded, Mr. Canning went in with his friend, looked at the children to whom he was introduced, and for the life of him could not think of a word to say! He turned about, and retired in confusion. He who could sway senates with his eloquence, and keep the dinner-table in a roar with his wit, could not say a word to children. Mr. Emerson was more interested in children than Mr. Canning. Few men have a gift for interesting children in conversation or public speech. Some talk to them as if they were babes, I wish baby-talk could be abolished altogether. Some talk to them as if they were a class in metaphysics. "I will now give you," said a grave and reverend divine of this city to a Sabbath-school, "a summary of this lesson. But perhaps you do not know what a summary is; it is a compendium, an epitome, a synopsis." And so he piled the big words upon them till they were nearly smothered.

One who loves little children finds them interesting al-

ways, and has no great trouble in making himself interesting to them. When I was younger than I am now I met with the lines, being the reflections of an old man who has found a flock of children sporting in the hay :

“ I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and ceaseless play,
And persuade myself I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray.”

And it does one good ; it is good for his health and his work, good for his friends, that the old should keep himself fresh by intercourse with the young. Old age will come soon enough, with all its infirmities of mind, body, and spirit, when the strong men bow themselves, and a grasshopper is a burden. Happy is he who, like Mr. Emerson, is always interested in children. It was a beautiful tribute the children paid him when, on his return from Europe, they assembled and formed a double line through which he walked into his own door.

HOURS WITH GEORGE RIPLEY.

It was my purpose, when Mr. Ripley passed away, to have the enjoyment of an hour in writing of that remarkable and interesting man.

The perusal of his *Life* by Mr. Frothingham has revived the purpose, and at the same time has furnished me with many features of his character which were not familiar to me before. Many will see these lines who never heard of George Ripley, except as one of the editors of the *New York Tribune* and of “*Appletons' Encyclopædia*.” They do not know that in early life he was a minister in the Unitarian connection, and the founder of the Brook Farm community, a socialistic association that had a short life near Boston some forty years ago. Those who knew Mr. Ripley as an elegant man of society and letters, courtly in manners and

scholarly, will be amused as they read of the life that he and his associates enjoyed at Brook Farm, where they went, as Carlyle said, "to reform the world by raising onions."

"There was always enough to do. Mr. Ripley liked to milk cows, saying that such occupation was eminently favorable to contemplation, particularly when the cow's tail was looped up behind. He would also go out in the early morning, and help clean the stable, a foul and severe task, which it may be presumed he undertook by way of illustrating the principle of self-sacrifice, which was at the basis of the experiment. When convenient, the men did women's work; the General [Mr. Ripley?], for example, made all the bread and cake and some of the pastry." Margaret Fuller was at first disgusted by the boorishness of the people. While she was talking they yawned, threw themselves on the floor, and went out when they had heard enough. But moral refinement is a higher type of civilization. There was wit, joy, good will; they sought to bear one another's burdens, and for a time they had a sort of happiness. It was probably the best experiment ever made in trying to accomplish the impracticable. Mr. Ripley went from the pulpit to put into actual living the theory he had formed of the meaning of the gospel. That it was a total failure, after faithful trial under the most favorable circumstances for the experiment, is part of the history of modern reform. But Mr. Frothingham assures us, and we have no doubt of it, that, through all the embarrassments of the situation, "Mr. Ripley kept his serenity undisturbed. More than that, he was cheerful and even gay. No cloud was seen on his face. He had pleasant words for all. His voice was musical, his manner bright. Thinking, working with hand, head and heart, advising, directing, talking philosophy with Theodore Parker, talking farming with Minot Pratt, writing diplomatic letters, milking cows, carrying vegetables to market, cleaning the stable, he was still the same sunny-tempered man, true to his ideal, and true to himself. His devoted wife toiled and served at his side unmurmuringly. For ten hours at a time she has been known to labor in the muslin-room. With her hands in the

wash-tub, or, on her knees, scrubbing the floor, she would still entertain her fellow-workers by her smiling wit."

It was long after this almost incredible episode in the life of Mr. Ripley, and while he was in the successful pursuit of letters in New York, that I met him and became deeply interested in him. This devoted wife of his was dying. A lady in the vicinity, hearing of her situation, sent a cross of beautiful camellias to the dying woman, who was a Roman Catholic. The cross was suspended where her eyes could tenderly rest upon it. When Mr. Ripley returned from his office, he saw the cross and asked whence it came. When he was told that the wife of a Protestant clergyman, with whose name he was familiar, had sent it to Mrs. Ripley, he was much affected. He had not thought there could be such sympathy. It was soon after this that we became acquainted. I was surprised to find him so gentle, loving and childlike. I had supposed him to be an unbeliever in the Christian religion. His leaving the pulpit to go into a Fourier association I had thought an abandonment of faith in the gospel. But I soon found that the early thoughts of his heart had hold of him still. His wife had accepted, as a solution of the problem of life, the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, but he knew too much for that. The only severe remark I ever heard of his making was an expression of profound contempt for the religion his wife had embraced. Nor was he satisfied with the rationalism of Theodore Parker, or the agnosticism of Mr. Frothingham. His mind was at sea, tossed with the winds of speculation. He said to me one day:

"I never look at you without envy."

When I expressed my surprise that he should make such a remark, he added:

"Your mind seems to be at rest, while I am constantly inquiring."

Comparing the views of two preachers, the one a rationalist, the other an evangelical man, Mr. Ripley said of the latter: "If I were dying I would like to have him come and talk to me."

His biographer says; "After he abandoned the religious

beliefs of his youth, he never returned to them, never deplored their absence, though a copy of the hymns of Dr. Watts lay on his study-table for use." I doubt the accuracy of this statement. Perhaps we do not quite understand what is meant by the "religious beliefs of his youth." His father was Unitarian, his mother Orthodox. He wanted to go to Andover to study theology rather than to Cambridge, where he went, and thence into the Unitarian ministry. When he was forty years old he wrote in a letter to a theological student: "Let your mind be filled and consecrated with the heavenly spirit of Christ; let your youthful energy be blended with the meekness and gentleness and wisdom of your Divine Master." I have good reason to believe that his "early belief" was that of his mother; that the views into which he afterward drifted did not afford satisfaction in his old age. Two of my friends, evangelical ministers and men of the highest standing, called upon him on learning that he had expressed a desire to see them. Mr. Ripley impressed those gentlemen, as he did me, with the thought that he found in the theology of Watts's songs the faith on which alone his soul had rest.

In reciting these recollections of a great and excellent man whose friendship I enjoyed for many years, I have no other object than to pay a late but cheerful tribute to his pleasant memory, and to intimate that the dreams of philosophy and the deeds of philanthropy afford no solid and sufficient ground for peace of spirit when weary feet approach the border-land. My belief is that Mr. Ripley saw his "Divine Master" and bowed in reverent faith at his feet. That his soul was not at rest in the long years of toil through which his teeming brain wrought for bread, it is certainly known. And to me there is intense sadness in the thought that a life so well spent as his did not have, in the midst of its labors and its sorrows, the constant blessedness of that peace which passeth knowledge. Perhaps he had as much of it as any true man has who loses faith in his mother's theology. For after all has been learned, the old man is a boy again and turns to the songs and prayers that he heard when the nursery was his

divinity school, and his mother the senior professor. Out of that seminary he may go to groves of philosophy and halls of ethical culture; sit at the feet of wise men and become himself an interpreter of thought; a founder of schools and sects, and fill the world with the records of his inner life and his experience in learning how to live. But at last he must come back to the simple faith that his first teacher taught him. The little child gets the kingdom.

And so, if I am asked, "Is life worth living?" I answer, "Yes, with peace of mind; without it, no." A religion of doubt is worse than the worst that is positive and clear. An he who accepts the gospel as he learned it at his mother's knee, and in Watts's Divine Songs for Children, may be at peace, though the heavens and the earth pass away.

WHAT IS A GREAT MAN?*

WHAT is greatness and how to attain it; what is a great man, and how to become one, are problems of commanding interest to young men pursuing a liberal education. There are great men who have not had such an education. But we do not err when we say that every young man, as he resolves to conquer the realms of knowledge and make himself master and king in the empire of thought, has before him an ideal of greatness which is his goal, his throne and kingdom.

It is a laudable ambition. In these sacred seats and halls of sanctified learning, where men come in the dawn of their being to train their immortal intellects for high service, it were treason to the traditions of Williams College to put dishonor on that holy ambition which aspires to the highest attainable, and seeks nothing less than the first and best.

* An address delivered at the Commencement of Williams College, July, 1883, on the late Rev. Paul A. Chadbourne, D.D., LL.D., ex-president of the College.

What else led young Garfield from an obscure and distant hamlet to this sublime spot among the mountains of New England? He knew that eagles have their nests among these rocks. They are born and reared amid storms and crags and perils. And he came to plume the wings that bore him on and upward to the summit of American ambition.

Greatness is not, however, to be measured by position, place, or even by the power which the man obtains. This country never had in its chief magistrate so great a man as it passed by and left to die a private citizen. And Mr. Webster, greatest of American statesmen, wrought more mightily in shaping the thought of the government, and thus the destiny of the nation, than any one man who was called to be its President.

Just thirty years ago, in the British House of Commons, I heard a young man, unknown to fame, though then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presenting the annual budget, or, as we would say, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. He spoke about two hours: pounds, shillings and pence were the warp and woof of his address; *without a note before him* he unfolded the expected resources and expenses of the government for the coming year; every department to the minutest detail was mastered as the simplest sum in arithmetic. And when he finished that wonderful exhibition I said, "There is the coming man of England." And from that day onward his footsteps have been felt and seen on sea and land, until the world has no greater statesman than Mr. Gladstone.

These words have been spoken in view of the subject in hand, as they lead me to the remark that the elements of true greatness were combined in rare proportions and degree in Dr. Chadbourne, the late President of Williams College. His biography has been condensed in the necrology of the past year, a year so memorable for the death of distinguished alumni and friends of the college. Were we required to define the elements and means of greatness, we would make a prescription within the reach of nearly every educated man: and we would also find its illustration and proof in the

career of Dr. Chadbourne. What men call genius is not a miraculous conception. Given a sound mind, with energy and perseverance, and the highest attainable eminence is a possibility for any man. What makes the greatest difference in men is energy, or the want of it. Energy is the *ergos* ~~en~~, ~~en~~ *ergos*, the working power within: the engine inside; ~~the~~ propelling force by which the machinery is set in motion ~~and~~ kept going; in season and out of season, pushing, and ~~a~~ ways pushing, onward and onward; overcoming every ~~res~~istance; thrusting aside obstacles; despising temptations ~~and~~ climbing one round of the ladder after another, and the ~~is~~ taking the shining stairway that leads to the stars, where ~~is~~ those who, overcome, sit down on the right hand of God.

This was the career of President Chadbourne, with no ~~ad-~~ventitious aids of fortune or association. Relying on those ~~intellectual~~ intellectual endowments which a bountiful God gives abundantly to his creatures, he laid the foundation of his ~~vast~~ attainments in Williams College. What he learned here ~~every~~ every young man who comes here may learn. What ambitions stirred his young heart there are now no means of finding out. Every upward step in life gave proof that his was an aspiring soul. Professor Henry, the late illustrious Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, has left on record his opinion—and he was a master in science, a king among men—that moral excellence is the highest human attainment. Dr. Chadbourne, when as yet in the dew of his youth, began to build on virtue as the basis of true greatness. To know everything, to do everything, and to be whatever man could be, seem to have been in the range of his young ambition. It is not given of God to any man to attain all this, and often aiming at too much leads to failure in everything. Not so in his experience. Had he fastened his immense force of intellect upon one and only one department of knowledge, he would easily have surpassed all his contemporaries, and the greatness he achieved in many realms of learning would have been so condensed in his chosen pursuit that he would have stood forth a giant, head and shoulders above his fellows. Our own Dr. Mark

Hopkins said of him : " Doing many things, he did them all well. What he has done in each position and relation has been a decided success." This is the striking figure he makes in the history of our college.

In what science or branch of learning he excelled I do not know, but it is fitting to say of him, now that he is dead and gone, that as a student in college, as tutor, professor and president, here and elsewhere, he was *facile princeps*—easily chief—doing his whole duty with soul, body and spirit ; resolved to do with his might what he had to do, and never to admit the possibility of failure. He had physical difficulties to contend with that his best friends did not fully understand. With these he was weighted in the race and battle of life. Many would have found in them an excuse for declining to enter the arena. To him they were incentives to higher purpose and more zealous action, knowing how short the contest must be, how suddenly it might be finished. But with these embarrassments he conquered. To whatever subject he applied his acute, penetrating and powerful intellect, he went into it and through it, knowing it thoroughly, was able to teach it to others, and so became its master and dispenser. His executive force was marvellous. He was so willing to *do* that he could easily do too much. No burdens seemed too great, no duties too many.

It was an error of judgment—perhaps it should be called an error of genius—that he was never able to say with Paul, whose name he bore, " This one thing I do." He did too many things. The measure of success he attained in them all seems to contradict the criticism. But there is no reason to doubt that if his life had been devoted to the pursuit of business affairs he would have been distinguished among great men of wealth. Had he entered civil life he would have taken rank among the great leaders of men. He touched both these spheres, and made demonstrations of his powers. But we know and honor him to-day for his success as a teacher of science and the arts ; a sagacious and skilful officer of the college whose name adds lustre to the roll of great men who have left the stamp of their intellectual and

moral characteristics upon this institution. And when we contemplate the attainments which a few of the great students of our own and former times have made, we are compelled to adopt the thought of another and say, "We seem to be asleep at the base of these monuments of study, and scarcely awoken to admire." The ceaseless activity of Dr. Chadbourne always reminds me of the remark of Ferguson: "The lustre which man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only while his motion continues; the moments of rest and obscurity are the same."

Admirably that illustration presents the career of our departed friend. He was never at rest. His motion was perpetual, and hence the lustre of his character was always shining.

And so on the wing the arrow of Death, the unerring archer, pierced his side. He fell in the midst of his work; fell suddenly. Stricken down away from home in the midst of a journey, lying in a place of business in the midst of a great city, yet there when the mortal agony seized him he pursued the work that he came to do. It was so like him.

And then the bed of death was changed into a triumphal car; angels came down to escort him upward on his shining way; visions of celestial glory appeared, and he talked with God as friend to friend. His vigorous intellect, illumined with a light that "never was on land or sea," solved mighty problems that aforesaid had been to him great mysteries; and the infinite verities of eternity became palpable to his senses, as he lay like Jacob beneath the stars, beholding the gates of heaven open to his mortal eyes.

Nobody dies till his work is done. And then it is well to die.

The tenderness of wedded and filial love ministered to him in those hours when flesh and heart were failing; wiped the death-sweat from his noble brow, kissed his breath away, and wafted his ransomed spirit to the bosom of his Lord and Redeemer.

It was a grand, good life. His was a blessed and happy dying. Let my last end be like his!

DR. EDWIN F. HATFIELD.

THE HIDING-PLACE OF HIS GREAT POWER.

IN this city are several circles, societies or coteries of ministers who meet at stated times for social improvement and enjoyment. When death comes into the company, it is common in the one to which I belong to spend the time of the next meeting in talking about the deceased, reciting pleasant memories, making a study of him that we may get all the good we can from him, now that he is dead.

In this way we studied Dr. E. F. Hatfield when we were last together, and a very profitable time it was: very pleasant also. That is one of the charms of our intercourse. Christian friendship, when the delights of learning, wit and good-fellowship are added, is one of the highest pleasures that earth affords, and is about as "near to that above" as we shall get till we sit down in the Father's house on high. I have been reciting since I came in from the meeting the many pleasant reminiscences to which I have listened, and the pleasure will be lengthened if I write you briefly of them before I go to sleep.

You perhaps have heard of Harlan Page. He was a wonderfully useful layman in New York fifty years ago. He was the father, it might almost be said, of them who work for individual souls; that is, he made a business of winning men to the Saviour, one by one, and very hard must be the heart that would not yield to the prayers and tears and sweet persuasions of that lovely man of God. He fell in with young Hatfield, and fastened himself unto him with cords of love, so that to escape was impossible and he yielded himself a "captive willing to be bound." Then he was easily persuaded to the holy ministry, through college and seminary, laying a deep foundation for usefulness. He was not half fledged, but was thoroughly furnished for his high calling.

Now I am about to say something that will to some appear extravagant. New York never had a pastor in it whose ministry was more fruitful and permanently useful than that of Dr. Hatfield.

There are bright and glorious traditions of his success in the pulpit, that to those who receive them only as traditions seem incredible, so utterly unknown now in the churches are such scenes as were common in his pastorate. There was fervor and logic in his preaching, and it is sadly true that logic does not often get afire. When it does, the best kind of preaching comes. Some of the brethren while speaking of Dr. Hatfield referred to one of his contemporaries who reasoned mightily out of the Scriptures and was a giant in intellect, but had few souls for seals of his ministry. But they wisely said we must not measure a man's usefulness by the numbers whom he counts as converts. One soweth and another reapeth. Dr. Hatfield did both, and there are few who reach the understanding and the heart also with so much effect. That is the great lesson to be learned from his life and labors. Being a man of cool, calm judgment, strong, good sense, without fanaticism, a walking encyclopedia of facts and statistics, a sort of multiplication-table on foot, an antiquarian in taste, fond of old books and pamphlets and manuscripts, delving in lore as dry as dust, he nevertheless was full of juice, the marrow of the Scripture, the love of the gospel and the desire of saving souls. This is a rare combination. Few men ever saw such a blending of attributes and such a result when the man came forth from the crucible melted and moulded for the Master's use.

We have not yet hit upon the hiding of his power. For I do not fear to use the word power as applied to this wise winner of souls. He was a devout man. Very holy he was. No one could be led by him in prayer without feeling himself led very near to the throne of grace. Thus he had with him always the power of the Holy Spirit. Not by might, not with the excellency of man's wisdom, not by the will of

man, but by the Spirit of God, was this man made mighty to the pulling down of strongholds of sin and of building up the church.

There is no pastor in this city now whose aisles are habitually crowded, year in and year out, with sinners asking what they must do to be saved. His were. And not only in the prime and vigor of his life, but even down to old age. When he went to the west from the east side of the town, at a time of life when his enthusiasm, if not his natural force, might be abated, the signs from heaven were as on the corner of Broome and Ridge streets, when the fire of youth burned in his glowing breast. Every year a hundred or more enlisted under his banner, and endured to the end.

What he was, every well-educated, pious preacher may be. His success did not depend on adventitious circumstances which justify others in despair. He took hold of his work with both hands, and compelled success. This is genius. Why was he prince among clerks, the chief clerk, the ablest and best man for figures of arithmetic that the church has discovered in our day? Why was he an accomplished ecclesiastic, master of the minutest details of canon law and order? Why so familiar with the dates and facts of history, so that it was dangerous to differ with him and fatal to assail his positions? Because he gave his whole mind to everything he put his hand to. Sincere, honest, without guile, pertinacious and of strong will, he knew that everything was possible that God would direct him to do.

Now, take such a man as that and put him in the pulpit in such a city as this, and what will come of it? God with him, inspiring him with energy, zeal, love, warmth, already full of truth, sound learning, vast reading, and strong sense, he throws himself at and into the people, and they hear as for their lives. I believe in the supernatural. Every new birth is a new creation. The age of miraculous conversion is not passed. It did not close when the modern prophets of our Israel went up to their glory. God is with his ministers, in his church, and the people will see wonders and

signs when the Lord shall come to Zion with the outpouring of his Spirit.

And thus he wrought by and through this remarkable man, and made him a burning and shining light in his day, and a rich blessing to the church.

His last days and years were full of peace. To know him best and love him most, you should have seen him in the midst of his well-appointed, well-ordered, beautiful house and home. I love to see a good man comfortable. It is pleasant to see a man of letters, culture, taste and piety surrounded as Dr. Hatfield was with all the good things of this life; in his magnificent library with its luxurious furniture—his wife, ere she went to her Lord and his, enjoying it with him, and sons and daughters grown up to be his pride and joy: in such a delightful atmosphere he was at his best, always busy with his pen, abounding in useful and pleasing labor, gentle, smiling, loving, and seeking most of all the welfare of Zion which he prized. And so his life was rounded and complete. The church that he loved called him to its chief seat, and he ruled well as he had long well served, and then he came back loaded with honors, to the bosom of his family so dearly loved, to lie down and die. It was a good, grand, full life. No suspicion of wrong in deed or word makes dim the brightness of his spotless name. When his funeral was over, and his family and friends and his brother-ministers had returned from the church, a few old, long-time-ago parishioners remained by his coffin: they were some of those whom he had turned to righteousness in their youth, and now, while his crown was waiting for his stars, they lingered to print the tokens of their undying love on his serene and marble brow. Love survives the grave. It is immortal.

Blessed is he who lives such a life: lives in the hearts of them whom he has saved: lives in the everlasting light of God: as one who has converted souls, and has won many sons and daughters unto glory.

Friend of my life, companion of my age, my elder brother, on your good name be peace!

A MODEL RURAL PASTOR.

THE REV. JOSEPH M. OGDEN, D.D.*

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.”

WHEN the good George Herbert, two hundred and fifty-two years ago, would write “the Country Parson, his character and rule of holy life,” he said: “I have resolved to set down the form and character of a true pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at, which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon than he that aims at a tree.”

Were I set to do the work which Herbert did, it were a help to me to have a model, that when he was drawn and finished it could be said that is a man, a minister, a pastor; not an angel, not perfect, but such a man as every pastor might be and ought to be. George Herbert, it is written of him, made himself the model of his “Country Parson.” God forbid that such a thought should ever cross my mind. But when I was a country parson among the Highlands of the Hudson, in a region of ideal beauty, where the loveliest of rivers washes the foot of lofty mountains, in the midst of a people who would have plucked out their eyes for me, there came one day a stranger, a young minister from New Jersey, taking a brief vacation from his pastoral duties and visiting friends who were my friends also. We spent the day in climbing the mountains that look down upon the Newburg bay and the West Point scenery, unrivalled for mingled grandeur and beauty; and when we parted we knew that we were no more strangers, but brothers and friends. This is a world of change, and not very long after this pleasant visit my lot was changed and my tent was pitched a short day's march from his. And the friendship begun in that mountain ramble

* Died February 13, 1884.

rolled right on like the river by which it was born, never interrupted by a breath of doubt or fear, until now, after half a century, he has ceased from his labors and has gone to be with his Lord and mine.

His parish was wholly rural: the most of his flock were intelligent, prosperous farmers; solid, substantial people who read their Bibles, prayed with their families, were faithful and constant in their attendance on the preaching of the word, and gave their pastor a very moderate support and no more. When he first came to me, he was only half furnished and fitted for the charge of a country congregation. Though the college and the seminary at Princeton had given him all the intellectual finish and furniture required for the life he was to lead, yet I could truthfully say to him, and did say to him: "One thing thou lackest." Among the lady-teachers in the Sabbath-school under my care he found what was lacking. The people built a neat parsonage for their pastor and his bride, and they were soon settled in it with the work and the care, the joys and the trials of pastoral life before them.

His first great duty was to preach the gospel; and in order to preach well he studied well. His sermons cost him great labor. He often told me that he could not write fluently. But the want of facility was made up by that diligence which maketh rich. Therefore he never took a half-baked cake and crude oil to feed his flock with. Every sermon, if indeed a work of art, was wrought out with thought and prayer. His books were not many, but were well read. Keeping abreast of the age, alert to discover new phases of thought, and able to discern between the true and the new, he was prepared to teach his people the doctrine of God, and to lead them to fountains of living waters. Nor would it be just to say that he was a better pastor than preacher. When he was instructing his people in the knowledge of divine things and they were reverently listening to the word, it seemed that his mission was to teach and preach, to point to heaven and lead the way; for he was an example to the flock. But take a seat with him in the parson's chaise, and go among the homes of the congregation, and the power of the pastor appeared.

That smile was reflected in the faces of the household. The children climbed on his knees. His voice was soft and tender, and his manners so simple and cordial that the humblest knew they had in him a brother and a friend. He made each visit a pastoral visit. He counselled and encouraged them. He prayed with them. Cheerful and devout, religion on his lips was lovely and of good repute. They knew how thoroughly sincere and godly was his life, and that his conversation was in heaven as well as in their homes.

And so flowed on his life and theirs, pastor and people. Neither sought any change while health and strength for duty were granted to him, their father, comforter, instructor and guide. He ministered to them in their sorrows. He baptized their children. Young lovers received his blessing in marriage. The dying bed and the grave witnessed his ministries of peace. When the infirmities of age began to burden him he begged to be relieved from the care of the flock, and they gave him help. But he dwelt among them, his gray head a crown of glory, and his unbent form a power and blessing. His life was a constant sermon.

And that sweet home which so often opened its doors to me when, wearied with city toil, I sought it as a Bethany—how was it there? Five precious children crowded the snug parsonage, and grew up in loveliness, purity, virtue, knowledge and usefulness. All lived to be the joy of their parents, the darlings of the people, the delight and stay of those who cared for them in their infancy. Death never crossed the threshold of that happy home till last week.

Eighty years had this blessed man of God lived on the earth. Fifty-six of those eighty years he had lived in the hearts of his one only congregation. He rose in the morning as usual, and having broken bread with his family, led them as was his wont to the altar and offered the morning sacrifice, as the prophet and priest of the household. And then he was not, for God took him. He passed away into the light of a brighter morning, into the company of patriarchs and apostles and prophets, and of Him who redeemed them all with his most precious blood.

The church in which he had so often preached Christ crucified was filled to overflowing with a great congregation, assembled to mingle their tears and praises at his funeral. From the whole country-side they came. Everybody knew him, honored him, loved him, blessed God for him, and wept that they should see him no more.

Twenty-six ministers of the gospel were among the mourners. Six of them testified to his noble life, and commended his family and people to God in prayer.

His four sons—O holy service, so fitting and so beautiful!—his four sons bore the body of their father from the church to the grave; their mother and only sister following.

Among the people he served so long and so well, he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

Joseph M. Ogden, D.D., my friend of many a year; sweet be thy sleep till the morning of the resurrection! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, and we will not be long divided.

HONORABLE AND HONEST JOHN HILL.

FROM the church and the multitude in and around it at the funeral of the Hon. John Hill,† I went to the railroad station. A lad ten or a dozen years old was standing on the platform, to whom I said:

“Have you been to the funeral?”

“Yes, sir,” he answered; “Mr. Hill was a friend of mine.”

There was something odd in a boy so young speaking so of an elderly man and a member of Congress, and the lad continued his remarks as though he thought I might doubt the fact he had stated: “He used to send me papers and things from Washington;” and now I understood the force of the eulogies which had been pronounced upon him a few

† The Hon. John Hill, of New Jersey, died July 24, 1884.

minutes before in the crowded sanctuary whence they were even then bearing his body to the grave. But some explanation is needful for those who do not know the story of John Hill.

In the year 1821 he was born in Catskill, N. Y., and on coming of age he went to Boonton, N. J., where he engaged in business. He had no other education than the ordinary schools of the country afford. But his mind was vigorous, clear and rapid in its decisions. He was immediately received into the church on his coming to Boonton; within a month was made an elder, and soon took the superintendence of the Sunday-school, which he retained with ardent attachment and zeal until he died. His fellow-citizens early saw the material of a statesman in the man, and they thrust him into local offices one after another, then into the Legislature, where he was Speaker of the House, and at length they sent him to Congress, and again and again they returned him till he had served three terms of two years each. This is the briefest outline of his public career, but it is only an outline. If we were to fill up the sketch, we would see a humble, modest, God-fearing and man-loving man, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving God, the church and the country with singleness of heart, intent only on the good of his fellow-men. It is said of Washington that Providence made him childless that he might be the father of his country. Mr. Hill had no children, but his whole life was consecrated to the welfare of the young, in whom everywhere and always he took a fatherly interest. His devotion to the Sunday-school work at home and abroad was extraordinary. Associations for the improvement of young men were earnestly promoted by his eloquence. He was an ardent advocate of temperance. And it may in truth be said that no good work failed to receive his strong support. And the people loved, honored and trusted him. They knew him. His career as a citizen proves that the wiles of the politician are not essential to success, even in these days falsely called degenerate. Mr. Hill's greatness lay in his goodness. His constituents believed in him and were never disappointed.

True, there are in all political parties those who prefer for their leaders men of pliable morals and easy virtue. In England the greatest of modern statesmen is so true to his convictions of what is right, that some of his own party are afraid lest he will stand too firmly to his principles when they would like to sell out. But in England and in this country, especially in the rural districts, in the long-run the honest and upright man will win the support of the people. Not always, as very modern history proves. Mr. Hill won the prefix of HONEST to his name, and the title of HONORABLE which is given to everybody who gets into a Legislature was not so descriptive and distinguishing as the other. And I have chosen to give him both titles, and to call him "Honorable and Honest John Hill."

An eagle soaring to his nest in the crags near the summit of a lofty mountain found a worm in the nest—a worm that belonged in the soil of the valley far below. "How came you here?" said the eagle. "I crawled here," answered the worm. That is one way to get up in the world. Sometimes a crawling, dirty politician makes his way up the steeps of office, leaving the slime along the path to mark the course by which he made his way to the height of place and power. There is another way—the way the eagle knows. With his eye on the sun, and a heart of fire, he beats the air with his wings and rises in the clear, bright light of heaven. Tempests do not dismay him. Opposition stimulates to nobler daring. His course is right onward and upward till he plants his feet on the battlements of the everlasting hills. So rose to political eminence the Honorable and Honest John Hill. No enemy ever hinted that he won his ends by trick or stratagem, by bribery or fraud. The sun in heaven could have been turned from his course as soon as he. Firm as a rock, yet gentle as a child, he rose on his own inherent power, the power of goodness. No storm depressed him or deterred his upward progress, and he was still ascending when the Master of Assemblies called him to come up higher.

He was sent to London to the great International Conven-

tion of Christian young men. It became known to the meeting and in the city that an ex-member of Congress, a plain man of the people, but very eloquent, was there from America, a genuine son of the soil, and when he was called out to speak it is reported that such an ovation was given him as no other member received. The enthusiastic applause of a vast assembly must have sent strange thrills of emotion through this simple-minded man as he thought of the way by which he had come from his youth at the foot of the Catskill Mountains to this proud pre-eminence in the chief city of the Christian world.

There is not in the annals of our country a more beautiful model for the young man. It is not an unapproachable and inimitable example like Washington. We do not see him gifted with extraordinary powers of intellect, polished and enriched by the higher education of the university. He was a plain, simple man. What he was seems to be within the easy attainment of any one. Therefore he is a beautiful model. Therefore young men whom he loved may rejoice in the light of his life and tread readily in his footsteps if they will. In Congress he sought only to be useful. And every one who uses a postal-card or puts a two-cent stamp on a letter may thank *John Hill*, as the English people thank *Rowland Hill*, for his successful efforts to reduce the postage throughout the land.

What a loss is such a man in such a time as this! To wade through the mire of politics without soiling one's shoes is as impossible as it was for Shadrach and his friends to walk in the furnace without the smell of fire on their garments. And if we could see the invisible, we would have seen by the side of John Hill One like unto the Son of man! Therefore his hands and his raiment in the heat and moil of political life were as spotless as the white robes in which he was dressed for the grave.

THE SHEPHERD OF NEWBURG.

ON Thursday, November 13, 1884, at the celebration of the one hundredth birthday of the First Presbyterian Church, Newburg, N. Y., the remarks below were made when a tablet was unveiled in memory of the late Rev. John Johnston, D.D.

He was born in 1778, six years before the birth of this church. His father was an intelligent farmer, who had been a school-teacher. He lived in Montgomery, in Ulster (now Orange) County, New York. The lad worked on the farm, and when he was fourteen years old, and had been employed awhile in a store, he decided with his father's approbation to get an education. He was prepared to enter college when his father died. This sad event crushed his hopes; but his mother was equal to the occasion, and resolved to accomplish the work. From the herd on the farm she selected some cattle, and the student-boy, with a drover to aid him, set off through the country to sell them for money to support him in college. They came to Newburg, crossed the river, and going down into Westchester County disposed of the cattle.

He lodged at Yorktown, and waking early he heard two boys in a bed near him discussing the great question, "Can God see us in the dark?" That conversation led him to serious reflections that shaped his course in life, and his eternal destiny.*

Returning home with his money, he was soon on his way to Princeton and an education. This was in October of the year 1799.

George Washington died December 13, 1799, only a few

* Many long years afterwards Dr. Johnston, attending Synod in New York City, dined with the Rev. Dr. Potts and a large party of ministers and elders. At table Dr. J. related this incident, and one of the elders said, "I was one of those boys."

weeks after this farmer's boy entered college. The president of the college delivered a funeral oration at Trenton : and the young man walked ten miles to hear it, stood up in the crowd three hours, and walked ten miles back, having had nothing to eat during the day. Yet it was no small part of a young man's education to hear a funeral oration on the death of George Washington. Heaven send us another Washington, and to God shall be the glory !

He completed his course with honor, and was afterwards elected tutor in the college, performing the duties of that office so as to secure the respect of the officers and students also.

The voice of God which he heard by the boys in Yorktown continued to call him, and he desired to preach the everlasting gospel. Beyond the Alleghany Mountains was a great divine whose fame as a teacher of divinity had come over the hills to the college at Princeton. There was no school of theology there at the time, nor until ten years after. Coming back to Montgomery to the home of his mother, the question of the ministry was discussed in the councils of the family. A young lady in the neighborhood joined the council, for she was deeply interested in its decision. She had already promised to be the wife of this ardent young man, and the question intimately concerned their future. Should he go away for a term of years, complete his studies and then return to claim his bride, and with her begin life's great work as a minister of the gospel? Many elements of doubt and fear entered into that discussion. There were no public conveyances then like our steamboats and railroads. Pittsburg was farther off than London is now. Poverty, illness, change of purpose, were all possible. Would time work no change in man or maiden? If they parted now for three years, would they ever be united to share the burdens and joys of wedded life? They voted unanimously that he should go. Mounted on a little horse, his whole wardrobe in the saddle-bags under him, he rode down into New Jersey, through it to Pennsylvania ; passing Philadelphia, Lancaster, Columbia, Chambersburg, Bedford

and Somerset, he crossed the mountains, a solitary traveller. Charmed with the magnificent views of the hills and the Juniata Valley, he received impressions of grandeur and loveliness that were fresh in his memory fifty years afterwards. At Canonsburg he found Dr. McMillan, the apostle of the West, at whose feet he was to sit. But his course was more of practice than of study. His teacher was a great revival preacher, and was continually called off to scenes of high religious interest, into which he plunged, taking all his students with him. At the end of a year and a half his money was exhausted, and he crossed the mountains again on horseback, found employment as a teacher in Maryland, replenished his purse, went home after an absence of three years, found all right there and in the neighborhood, studied one year more at Princeton, and was licensed to preach the gospel in October, 1805.

The church in Newburg was at that time connected with one at New Windsor. He was called to the united charge. Having been married to the woman he loved, he entered on his labors, and was ordained on the 5th of August, 1807. That ministry continued without interruption during the full term of his long and useful life.

To pursue the history of his ministry in the city of Newburg (after New Windsor set up for itself) would be to rehearse the record of a pure, godly man whose walk and conversation were without spot and blameless, and whose life was one long testimony to the power of simple goodness. He was the most like a good child of any educated man I ever saw. It was a blessedness of his that he found that patient girl in Montgomery waiting for him after so many years. She was a mother to him as well as a wife. He has said playfully at my table when pressed to take this or that, "My wife does not allow it." It was her prudence and energy that caused the barrel of meal and the cruet of oil to hold out, when but for her a miracle would have been required to feed him.

Oliver Goldsmith had him to sit for his portrait when he drew the picture of the village pastor who "watched and

wept, who pray'd and felt for all." He rarely preached a sermon without weeping. But he was sincere. He felt all that he said, and when pleading with sinners to be reconciled to God, and with saints to be more like the Saviour, tears would flow and his voice would break so that he could scarcely proceed with his discourse.

This was not weakness, for he was not a weak man; he had immense energy, industry and endurance; he went about doing good, with vitality and perseverance rarely equalled in the ministry. I have seen and heard him when he was greatly excited. It was in his own church when the great disruption took place at Synod in the year 1838. It was agreed that the Synod must be broken asunder, but how should it be done? "I go," exclaimed Dr. Johnston, "with the men who are known as of my school; I cast my lot in with them: and let my right arm drop from my shoulder if I do not stand by them in this hour of peril!"

There was in Newburg in old times an association of men who cherished the infidel sentiments of the French Revolution, and sought to propagate them on American soil. Dr. Johnston had their names in his note-book, and he kept a record of their lives and deaths. Both were miserable. Intemperance, suicide, violence of some kind for the most part sent them out of the world; few of them died in peace, in their beds. He did not repeat their names, for, thank God, it is not respectable to have infidel ancestors, and to perpetuate the memory of the dead would pain the living. But he was wise in dealing with the worst of them, and the unbeliever, as truly as the Christian, had a place in his heart.

To have walked forty-seven years in one community, identified with every public movement, standing up bravely against iniquity in high places and low, his counsel sought for continually and his opinion and advice being freely and honestly given, and to have borne himself under all circumstances, religious and secular, above reproach or suspicion, is an achievement which the grace of God and his own good sense enabled him to accomplish. He could say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight;" and there was never a man in

Newburg or elsewhere who could take away his crown of a good name.

He was a friend of my youth and my father's friend, and I count it no light privilege, after both of them have been dead, lo, these many years, to take a part in this expression of esteem for the memory of him who being dead yet speaketh. Long ago, when he first entered within the veil, a white stone was given to him with a new name written thereon. To-day we set up in this holy place a white stone with his name inscribed upon it. Long ago he expressed astonishment that he who once kept his father's sheep was raised up to be a shepherd of the flock of God, to rank with illustrious men in the government of the church and its institutions of learning. Now he sits with the greatest and the best of all past ages, and with Jesus, the Mediator, whose church he loved and served so long and well. We set up this stone to tell the generations who come after us what a noble, blessed, faithful pastor fed this flock through the first half of the nineteenth century, that they may hold in honor perpetual the name of Dr. John Johnston.

A GREAT AND GOOD SURGEON.

IN the city of Paris, when I was about to set off on a journey to the north of Europe, Dr. J. Marion Sims gave me his visiting-card, writing on it the name of a young physician in Stockholm. When I presented the card to the young doctor in the north he welcomed me with exuberant expressions, and affirmed that to be a friend of Dr. Sims was the highest commendation one could enjoy. And this led me to a knowledge of the fame and usefulness of Dr. Sims in countries he had never seen, and in cities where it was enough to make the success of any practitioner to be known as a pupil of Dr. Sims, one who had been to Paris and learned personally the science and art of that peculiar line of surgery which made

Dr. Sims the great benefactor of woman. In other northern cities I found that the new method of ministering to the afflicted and curing disease that had hitherto baffled human skill was now in rapidly growing demand, and I heard the name of Marion Sims pronounced with grateful admiration in various strange tongues and with such curious accentuations as would have been wholly unintelligible had I not known who was talked about.

I was much with Dr. Sims in Paris, having known him while in New York and labored with him in his herculean efforts to found the Woman's Hospital of this city, of which he was the inventor. Mrs. Doremus, of blessed memory, told me the story of the hospital, all of which she saw and a great part of which she was; and Dr. Sims, of whom the same should be said, only adding, the greatest part of which he was, told me the same story. I was familiar with the facts as they transpired at the time of the hospital's conception and birth. The *odium theologicum* is a vice with which a clergyman ought to be familiar from his abundant opportunities to see it, even if he escapes the effects of it in his own experience. But it is no more abundant, malignant and injurious than the same evil in the ranks of any other profession or calling in life and society. It is human nature. And there is human nature, in a very unsanctified form, in all the walks of men. As I rode with Dr. Sims in his carriage while he was pursuing his rounds in the pursuit of a practice which was then and there yielding him fifty thousand dollars for only a part of the year, he gave me the story of his boyhood and youth in Alabama, his struggles, his studies, his discoveries, and triumphs, all of which are now recorded in a memoir written by his own hand, and left when he died last year. It is just now published by the Appletons, and his troops of friends in the South and the North, in England and France, will read it as the true romance of life, more strange than the wildest fiction, coming home to the warmest place in the heart, and stirring the blood in the loftiest chambers of the imagination. He had the heart of a woman and the head of a man. If the love of wife and chil-

dren is weakness, he was one of the weakest men in the world. At his own table he always sat by the side of his wife, as if he were a young lover who could not bear to sit at arm's length or at the other end of the table. Returning home from a wearisome day or night of professional anxious toil, he found refreshment and solace where the purest and highest joy abides, in the only bliss that escaped the fall. It was something wonderful to see a man who was at that very time the minister of mercy in the families of the high and mighty, the rich and titled, of royalty itself, all showering favors upon him enough to turn the brain of only common clay, but with the playfulness of a boy and the loveliness of a girl sunning himself in the smiles and caresses of those dearer to him than wealth or fame. As I intimated before, the professional *odium* was a burden that weighed upon him when he broke out in a fresh field and wrought marvels of scientific skill which astonished the world. His entrance into the practice of surgery in Paris is more brilliant than that of the great tragedian who takes a play-going city by storm. Dr. Sims's fame had preceded him, and he was invited by the most renowned surgeons in the world to perform the most delicate and difficult operations in their critical presence. He could not speak a word of French. Nelaton, Huguier, Denonvilliers and others attended to look on while this foreign surgeon for the first time took the knife in hand in Paris. It proved a dark day, and the light was very bad. He had never worn spectacles in an operation. Dr. Nelaton was so anxious to see all he could that he would sometimes thrust his head between the operator and the patient. Dr. Sims put on his spectacles, did his work faithfully, bravely, triumphantly. The patient lived, and was well in a week. Dr. Nelaton's name is familiar to all men of the medical and surgical profession. He was the Emperor's physician, and if I remember correctly he became insane and died in a retreat. He was so delighted with Dr. Sims's astonishing skill, that he went off to the south of France and returned with "a young, beautiful, rich and accomplished lady" who required a surgical operation of exceeding delicacy; without it she

must die, with it there was scarcely a chance that she could live. Dr. Sims gave his opinion that she was in the reach of aid. Dr. Nelaton asked him to take the case. The tragic scene that followed must be described in scientific terms, and this is no place for such a description. Several of the most illustrious of the faculty were present, all ready to assist if required. One of them administered chloroform to the patient, and the work was begun. It proceeded forty minutes, when it was evident the patient was dead! Dr. Nelaton with perfect composure ordered the head to be lowered so that it would hang down while the feet were raised. It was a long time before any signs of returning life were visible. Dr. Sims said to Dr. Nelaton, "Our patient is dead you may as well give it up." Dr. Nelaton never lost hope, but persevered for twenty minutes: three times was this process made necessary by the stopping of the heart's action, which was again continued. "The life of this lovely woman," said Dr. Sims, "was saved." The surgical operation was then completed and the patient was cured.

These cases were repeated again and again. The great surgeon was summoned from distant cities. His fees were often very large, but never exorbitant; he told me of one instance where he named a sum that to a layman sounded quite sufficient, but the nobleman for whose family he had gone from Paris to England was not satisfied and added one thousand dollars to the sum. Like others of his profession he performed an immense amount of gratuitous service to the poor. No profession is more lavish of its bounty to the poor, none are greater benefactors to their fellow-men, than physicians. May God reward them for what they do in secret, and the blessings of many ready to perish come on their heads!

In the Woman's Hospital in this city stands a beautiful bust of Dr. Sims, in white marble, given by Mrs. Russell Sage, a fit memorial of the remarkable man whose greatest and best monument is the hospital itself. No figures of arithmetic will ever compute the sum of comfort and relief to woman of which that house has been and will be the

source. Toward it the eyes of suffering women in all parts of this wide country turn; for there men skilled in surgery wait to minister to them, and noble women foster it with their gifts of gold and healing balms. I wish that a pure white marble statue of Mrs. Doremus, stooping under the weight of holy labors and many years, yet radiant with immortal youth and heavenly love,—an image of charity born of God,—stood just within its door.

THE LATE REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D.D.*

A MINGLED sense of sorrow and of triumph is the strange emotion of the hour, when earth and heaven meet to yield and take a precious trust. Earth loses: heaven gains.

The right hand lies listless on the breast. The eloquent tongue is speechless. The warm, loving heart is cold and still.

But this is only to our mortal seeing. In the infinite beyond, the right hand waves a palm-branch and casts a crown at the foot of the throne. The tongue sings the song of songs and shouts HALLELUJAH! The heart swells with rapture ineffable; its joy is full and immortal.

A widow and two sons weep that he is no more to be the object of their tender solicitude and loving care. The church mourns that a prince has fallen in Israel. The city sorrows at the loss of one of her eldest sons, who has walked her streets with spotless garments for eighty years, to bless and

* In copying Dr. Prime's address as here given, the Vermont Chronicle said: "Dr. William R. Williams, who died last month in New York City, was as great a Christian and as great a minister as this generation has beheld. His life at many points contains a sermon which is more eloquent than any word. At his funeral, distinguished men essayed to voice these great appeals. Nothing that has come under our eyes equals the words with which Dr. Prime sought to gather up the really splendid lessons of this man's life. We cannot do better service to our ministerial brethren than to present them here."

adorn the place that gave him birth and out of which he has never lived. Learning comes with measured steps and slow, to muse in sadness at the bier of one who had garnered her vast stores in his capacious mind and had them always at his command. Scholarship, the handmaid of learning, approaches and with gracefulness and beauty lays a chaplet on the marble brow of the dead scholar. All graces that adorn humanity, illumined and glorified by the spirit of our divine religion, come to his funeral. Genius, taste, eloquence, art, poetry, philosophy, history, modesty, meekness, humility, whatever the human intellect, exalted by the grace of God, can be and do, each and all take on the form of mourners, and stand with bowed and reverent heads around the coffin of the man who taught them what to be by what he was.

In the year 1832, in this city, a Christian church assembled in a public hall. They had as yet no house of worship of their own, being a colony or company from the church of which the distinguished Dr. Cone was pastor. And now they had met to call some one to be their minister, teacher and leader. One of the eldest of the congregation, after various names had been discussed, arose and said: "Why should we go abroad for a pastor when there is one of our own number who has all the gifts that qualify a man for such a service?" A young man named William R. Williams here rose and said: "If we have such a man among us, let us lay hands upon him." The people knew to whom the speaker referred, and with one voice they called him to forsake the law and preach to them the gospel. He saw the heavenly vision, obeyed the divine summons, became the pastor of that flock, and fed them with the finest of wheat, and gave them the richest wine to drink, for the space of fifty-two years, till the Master called him four days ago to join "the song of them that triumph and the shout of them that feast."

Born in this city, October 14, 1804, son of the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, he was taught in childhood in an academy on Chatham Square, hard by his father's house of worship. The venerable Dr. Hague, who survives his school-fellow, relates that the little shy lad

surpassed all his companions in the studies of the school, as he did in Columbia College, from which he was graduated with the highest honors in 1823. Choosing the law as his profession, he studied with the Hon. Peter A. Jay, and practised with him five years. After his conversion he joined the church of which his father was pastor, who was followed in the ministry by the Rev. Dr. Cone. Mr. Williams was active in Christian work, displaying those rare endowments that attracted the attention of his brethren, and led to his being called to lead them into green pastures by the side of still waters. His congregation built a house for God in Amity Street, near Broadway, where the gospel was proclaimed for more than one generation, with simplicity, fidelity, richness and power that no pulpit in the city has ever surpassed. There sinners were converted and souls trained for heaven; there the missionary spirit was fostered and prevailed; there the Redeemer's praise was sung by multitudes now singing with the spirits of the just made perfect. And when the voice of this great preacher failed him and his audience seemed to be small because he could not be heard by many, it was said that the angels were wont to come down and listen. I cannot say how true that is; but this I know, they would have heard only what was worth their hearing, and they would have been glad to take his sermons and go into all the earth with them to preach the everlasting gospel to every creature.

Some of those sermons have been printed and widely read. His addresses on special occasions at seats of learning and elsewhere growing into volumes have wrought themselves into the mind of the church and have become potent moral forces in the lives of those who know not whence their impulses came. The Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., now president, says that when Dr. Williams's essay on "The Conservative Principle in Literature" was published in Glasgow, he read it, and it gave a fresh color and influence to his whole life-work which he feels to this day. He regards that as one of the great religious discourses in the language.

That is doubtless the greatest of Dr. Williams's productions,

Though written forty years ago, it is fresh to-day and will be for all time. It makes the Cross of Christ the grand conserving force in the world's literature. He draws illustrations from history, sacred and profane, he rifles the realms of science and art, searches the profoundest depths of philosophy, adorns it with the charms of poetry and song, infuses the blood of Christ into the whole stupendous argument till it glows and burns with the heat of the gospel, while the trumpet and thunder of eternal law shake earth and heaven as the dread artillery of God is seen marching on to the destruction of error and the establishment of everlasting truth.

He was a mighty reader of books in youth, manhood and old age. He read them in many languages. He bought them most abundantly, and gathered a library larger, richer, and more varied and valuable than any other minister among us is known to possess. He knew more about books in all departments of knowledge than almost any other man. He was a bibliophile indeed. He lived among his books. He died among them, as we shall see.

Those who never heard Dr. Williams and never read his magnificent productions will suspect me of exaggeration in speaking thus of his knowledge, breadth, and power. But why should I fear to speak in the most exalted strains of Christian eulogy of this illustrious man when I heard the late Dr. William Adams (easily the most accomplished divine in the denomination which he dignified and adorned) say: "I am thankful that we have such a man among us, an honor to the ministry, and who in sound learning and varied accomplishments is unsurpassed in this wide land."

And the successor of Dr. Adams in the presidency of Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, said of Dr. Williams: "It is seldom we meet with a man so difficult to praise adequately, one in whom we find combined masterly intellect, sound scholarship and genuine breadth. He is the man I have revered and do revere beyond all others in our city."

And Dr. John Hall, one of my hearers now, confesses: "I

have no language at command to express my admiration and respect for one whose clearness of thought, justness of discrimination, deep learning, catholic views and affluence of imagination are recognized so widely."

With all his intellectual force and vast accumulations of knowledge, Dr. Williams was as simple-hearted as a child and tender as a woman. He seemed more like an inspired child than a great man, so modest, so humble, so gentle were all his words and ways. Therefore he was a beloved pastor as well as a grand preacher. A son of consolation in the chamber of grief, he ministered tenderly to the sick and afflicted in the loving spirit of his Master. Rare is such a combination of graces in one of the saints of God. Absorbed in books, the great scholar seldom has sympathies with the world about him. He comes to live among the past and to lose his interest in the present. Not always is a great preacher a good shepherd. But it was the glory of this good man that his heart was never chilled by the blood going to the head: he knew much and loved more. He became very wise and very learned, but he kept near the Cross of Christ, the central theme of his studies and the radiant point in every sermon. Had not his voice failed him he would have been mighty in the pulpit and on the platform, a leader in the religious world, and of world-wide fame.

For many years past he has been dwelling among us, but dwelling apart, yet in living sympathy with the church, with her institutions of learning and religion, and with the great movements of the age. Many of the younger race of ministers scarcely knew that this Master in Israel was still here. But his near friends knew it and cherished him tenderly. A loving home circle held him back from heaven. He preached his last sermon March 22. A fatal illness laid its hand upon him. The patriarch of fourscore knew the Master's call. And as the end drew nigh he said: "Take me out of this bed and carry me into the library among the books that I love." In tender arms they bore him, as he wished. The faithful, loving wife of his youth, two noble sons and a few dear friends were around him. More than all, the Author of

his faith, Jesus the Saviour whom he had preached and loved with undying love, was with him. He cast a languid, dying eye upon the friends and books he loved, and then upon his Saviour's breast "he leaned his head, and breathed his life out sweetly there."

DAVID M. STONE.

REMARKABLE FIDELITY AND SUCCESS.

INTERVIEWING is no part of my duty or pleasure. As it is pursued in many instances it is a gross impertinence, but that is no reason why it is not entertaining. Therefore it will be popular until civilization reforms or kills it. But without anything in the way of interviewing I have found a very remarkable example of steady industry, patience, perseverance and success in the case of David M. Stone, Esq., editor of the *Journal of Commerce* in this city. His career is full of interest to Christian men of business and to religious readers.

The *Journal of Commerce* was founded by religious men with a high moral purpose in view, and it has never ceased to be controlled by men who fear God and keep his commandments, particularly that commandment which enjoins rest from labor on the Lord's day. Nearly all the prominent morning newspapers in this city are published on Sunday. And as it is often said that the work on a Monday-morning paper is largely done on Sunday, it should be understood that this great newspaper, the leading commercial paper in the United States, is published early on Monday morning without a moment's work being done upon it on Sunday. The office is closed late on Saturday, and is not opened until after the Sabbath is ended.

David M. Stone left home to look out for himself before he was quite fourteen years old, and from that time to this

has made his own way without pecuniary assistance from any one. After his day's work was done he studied Latin and Greek by the light of a tallow dip, and thus laid the foundation for a thorough course of self-education. Early smitten with a love of letters, he obtained a local reputation as a writer of prose and poetry, and was earning money as a writer before he was out of his teens. In the year 1849, and not long after the death of David Hale, Esq., of Hale & Hallock, proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Stone was employed on that paper, and has been there without interruption ever since. He had already made himself familiar with financial matters, and now took charge of the market, stock and dry-goods reports, and the general editorial care of the paper.

Thirty-six years have passed away, during which time he has not taken one week's vacation. He has not been absent twenty-four consecutive hours, except Sundays, in the last twenty years. This is the most remarkable instance of assiduity, perseverance and health that I have ever recorded. In the midst of his labors on the *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Stone for several years contributed a financial article weekly to the *New York Observer*, edited as a pastime the *Ladies' Wreath*, and conducted the financial department of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

Mr. Stone resides in Brooklyn, and is a member of the Congregational church of which Dr. Behrends is now, and Dr. Scudder was, the pastor. His devotion to religious work is in harmony with his diligence in business, and his example is as commendable in the church as in the world. Dr. Scudder preached more than one thousand sermons during the eleven years of his pastorate in Brooklyn, of which Mr. Stone heard all but three, and then he was holding a service of his own elsewhere. For this indefatigable man is a diligent student of the Bible, and gives lectures on it, expounding Book after Book of the Holy Scriptures, going through the life of Christ, the Book of Revelation, etc., to the great edification of the people. Dr. Behrends has been settled in Brooklyn for just two years, and Mr.

Stone has heard every sermon that he has preached, and is always on hand at the weekly prayer-meeting and ready to assist if desired.

Thus we see—and that is the point of this Letter—that diligence in business has not prevented him from the enjoyment of the highest Christian activity and usefulness, while unusual attention to religious duties and privileges has not interfered with the most unexampled fidelity to the business department of life. It is not often that we see these two activities united. It is the sad fact that the cares of business too often choke the religious life out of the soul. As riches increase even Christians set their hearts upon them. I have never yet met a man who was so much absorbed with religion as to neglect his business, but I have seen several, say ten or fifteen thousand, so absorbed in business that they had little time or heart for Christian work and pleasure. Mr. Stone attends to both in their season, carrying his religion into his business, and doing his religious work with the same earnest devotion that he gives to his newspaper.

He is a man of great intellectual ability, and of varied, profound and useful knowledge. His department of Questions and Answers requires immense labor and research, but he gives so much attention to it that it has become an acknowledged authority. Many lawsuits have been avoided, disputes settled, and a vast amount of information gratuitously given by those answers. At the De Lesseps dinner in New York Mr. Stone made a speech which for breadth of view, extent of knowledge and practical forecast would do honor to any statesman.

He enjoys his well-earned wealth in a rational way. His spacious house on Franklin Avenue has handsome grounds about it, in the midst of which he may be often seen sitting, surrounded by young people to whom he is expounding a beautiful plant or flower. His conservatories yield the finest fruit. His library and galleries are stored with choice treasures. He is fond of good horses, and they are better than medicines to keep him in robust health and excellent spirits,

without which he could not, as he does, work ten or twelve hours out of every twenty-four and never take a vacation. He is comparatively a young man yet; only sixty-seven years years of age, which I do not consider old by any manner of means. But if the years of a man's life are to be measured by the amount of good work he has done for God and his fellow-creatures, in that case my friend has already completed quite a century. He has shown us that "it is not all of life to live." We are put here to do something. And I count that man happy who can show such a record as his.

ENGLEWOOD: ITS PASTOR AND ITS PATRIARCH.

BEHIND the Palisades and on the slope reaching to the summit of those munitions of rocks that excite the wonder and admiration of the voyager on the Hudson River, lies the village of Englewood, in New Jersey. Within a few minutes by rail of the great city, it is yet so secluded that it might well be considered out of the world, though in it. Here several presidents of banks in New York have taken up their abode for summer and winter. One of them, an old-time friend of mine, comes into town every morning, bringing on his back the burden of eighty years. It agrees with them. The residences of these and others of wealth, position and usefulness are in the midst of ample lawns and groves, and being built with the handsomest architectural taste, the whole region presents the beauties of nature, with the added attractions of artistic culture.

The church of which the Rev. Henry M. Booth, D.D., is the successful pastor is an edifice of rare elegance. It was built in 1870 at a cost of \$50,000. Dr. Booth came to this charge in 1867, when he was twenty-four years old. He is a native of New York City, a graduate of Williams College and of N. Y. Union Theological Seminary. He has often been *called* away from this delightful spot, but eighteen years of

labor have not wearied him, and he does well to stay where he is greatly useful and is appreciated by an intelligent people. Another of my friends, Col. Washington R. Vermilye, a banker, and one of the well-known Vermilye family, resided here, and after his death and that of his wife, their daughter, Mrs. Emily V. Brinkerhoff, caused to be erected a chapel in memory of her beloved parents. It fills my eye as a thing of beauty more completely than anything of the kind I have seen in many a year. It is more than a *gem* of architecture. In the stillness and sweetness of early summer it seems to be speaking softly of the virtues of the departed and pointing to the skies where they have gone. The Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D.D., formerly pastor at Newburyport and Schenectady, is now a resident of Englewood, and I had the pleasure of meeting him and Dr. Booth at the house of a friend, whose invitation drew me out here on this charming day.

You know him—much of him; and I will tell you a little more about him, for he deserves to be had in memory. When you were quite young you read about him in the newspapers, and you have seen his name, a thousand times, as one of the great champions of temperance, liberty and justice. Probably you never knew that B in the name of GEORGE B. CHEEVER stands for Barrell, but it does, and it is he whom I came to visit and of whom I am now writing. He was born in Hallowell, Maine, in the year 1807, the same year in which Drs. William Adams and Edwin F. Hatfield were born. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1830. He was a pastor at Salem, Mass., in 1832, and very soon made his mark as a writer for the quarterly reviews and other periodicals. In 1835 he had distinction thrust upon him suddenly and very forcibly. Being an ardent advocate of the temperance cause, in the warm zeal of a youth of twenty-five years he wrote and published a tract under the title of "Deacon Giles's Distillery." It was a terrible exposure of the gross inconsistency of a Christian engaged in the manufacture of ardent spirits. The devil was pictured as squatting behind the still where the deacon was at work, while from the devil's mouth came the words, "You

are the deacon for me." This publication stirred Salem to its lowest stone. The author was assailed in the public streets. He was indicted for a libel, as the graphic picture was applied to a veritable live deacon who was engaged in the bad business so severely satirized by the young preacher. He was tried, convicted and imprisoned in the common jail for thirty days. But the sentence was no dishonor to him, however much it disgraced the court and the city. Bunyan in prison, Paul and Silas in prison, suffered no sense of shame; for it is not the prison, but the crime, that covers with disgrace, and there was no fault to be found with any of these men. And the wickedness of the sentence blazed to the heavens. A storm of righteous indignation covered the court with obloquy, while it made the name of George B. Cheever famous the land over. Not long after this forced retirement from public life he resigned his pastoral charge and travelled in Europe, a correspondent of the *New York Observer*. His papers on Spanish Proverbs attracted marked attention. His genius was acknowledged. He wrote several works on his return which had a wide popularity. His poetry is of a high order. His selections of prose and poetry were in frequent use. "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress," "Powers of the World to Come," etc., had large reading, and his name stands high in the ranks of American authors. He became pastor of the Allen Street church, in New York, and then of the Church of the Puritans, whose marble edifice stood by Union Square, where Tiffany's store is now. In this church he became the Boanerges of the antislavery crusade. In the spirit of an Old Testament prophet he poured forth the torrents of his denunciations, while crowds filled the aisles and seats of the church. Many listened as though he were a prophet sent here from God to utter his judgment upon a sinful people. And when there was a weakening of the public sense of justice, and many were demanding the abolition of capital punishment, he woke the thunders of the divine law, and by his pen and voice maintained the justice and duty of punishing the murderer with death.

Fifteen years ago Dr. Cheever retired from the conflicts of

public life, and with his beloved wife sought a peaceful evening in the shades of Englewood. They chose a wooded and well-watered terrace on the slope of the Palisades, overlooking a wide expanse of rural and beautiful scenery; forest, rich farms, groves and streams are before them, and the whole western horizon glows in the soft and many-hued glories of the setting sun. This was the gorgeous panorama spread before us and the patriarch, our host, a poet as well as a philosopher, with a flow of strong and picturesque words which Coleridge might have been proud to command. He rises to a high pitch of indignant eloquence when the newologies in criticism or creed are the theme of conversation. And as an old warrior who has put off the harness, he dons his visor, sets his lance, tilts valiantly as if the church and the country should still feel the might of his red right hand. It was good to see him and to hear him. And when I came down from the mount, it was as if I had been with Moses or Elijah.

Peace be with my dear friends Dr. and Mrs. Cheever. They are in the light of God, and from their sweet rural home they can see the land that is afar off. The sun goes down before their eyes daily, but they know that he shines with new lustre on other lands. And so their evening-time is light, and before them is light everlasting.

SOME OF MY METHODIST FRIENDS.*

ABOUT four miles east of the Old White Meeting-house in Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., is the hamlet of Ashgrove. In my boyhood I heard it said that a Methodist minister was buried there who was the first preacher of that denomination in the United States. And he was the first Methodist minister I ever heard of. To my young mind there was something very impressive in the fact that the grave of this lone pioneer of the great Methodist Church

* From the New York Christian Advocate.

should be made in Ashgrove, one of the most obscure neighborhoods in a region then very sparsely inhabited.

Philip Embury came from Ireland to the city of New York in the year 1760, followed his trade as a carpenter six years, until Barbara Heck laid hands on him and made him a preacher. In 1769 he went north preaching the Word, and came to Salem, twelve miles beyond Cambridge. In this region he wrought for souls six years. When he was on one of his preaching tours he tarried awhile at Ashgrove, and was there accidentally wounded by a scythe. He died and was buried there one year before the American Declaration of Independence was made. In that grave his dust reposed till the cemetery at Cambridge was opened, whither his remains were removed and a monument erected to his memory.

Since coming to the city of New York in 1840, and pursuing here what has proved to be my life-work, I have had the great happiness to know many excellent and distinguished men, both laymen and preachers, of the Methodist family. Some of them have been among the most valued and beloved of my friends. To write of them, and thus revive the charm of their friendship and the pleasure of their society, will refresh the spirit and people my library and fireside with familiar forms. I shall hear their voices again and return their genial words and smiles, albeit they are now in the banquet-house on high, under the banner of celestial love.

REV. DAVID TERRY, SECRETARY.

One of the humblest and holiest of my personal friends among the Methodists was a man quite unknown to fame, but, like Apelles, approved of Christ and greatly loved in the communion of saints to which he belonged. He was an office secretary in the mission rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having been a local and travelling preacher until the failure of his health and voice compelled him to pursue a path of usefulness that did not require him to speak in public. He became personally interested in the missionaries, who looked to him as their best friend, and be-

fore they left this port to go to the ends of the world they loved to make a visit at his house; and if any of them returned, his hospitable door was the first they wished to enter on arriving. He was in the habit of writing to me and making warm expressions of personal attachment before I had met him face to face. When I came to know him the attachment was mutual, and continued to increase so long as he lived. I met him at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at the close of an evening service, and he said to me, "I want you to preach my funeral sermon." When I told him that I hoped there was no need of thinking about that at present, he informed me of the delicate state of his health and the probability that his life would not be long. He never spoke to me on the subject again; and as I was not invited to perform the service after his death, it was evident that he did not intimate his wishes to any one else.

When I learned that he was very ill—this was not his last sickness—I went to his bedside. He took my hand, kissed it tenderly, and said: "I was almost over the river; I thought I was crossing it; but it was not *His* will." By and by his mortal sickness came and he was full of peace. The heavens opened to his eye of sublime and simple faith, and angels seemed to be about us as I knelt in prayer by the big easy-chair in which he was slowly dying. A purer, humbler, better man than David Terry it has not been my lot to meet, and I do not expect to see another just like him among the saints on earth.

HARPER BROTHERS.

The four brothers—John, James, Wesley and Fletcher Harper—were my warm personal friends during a long term of years. That friendship began in business matters. On my return in 1854 from Europe and the East they applied to me for a book of travels, and while they were bringing it out I had occasion to be often with them. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy with some of them that continued through their lives. They were in many respects a remarkable quartet, the like of which has probably never been

known in this city. Their lives would reflect credit upon any body of Christians to which they belonged. Intelligently attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church, they were fond of its ministers and its ordinances. They had their several and distinct departments, and the harmony with which they wrought and the efficiency of their united but divided labor was wonderful. If *E pluribus unum* had been the motto on their coat of arms it would have expressed the nature and result of their partnership. The four were one. James Harper was the only one of them given to humor. He was joking or making pleasantry the most of the time. And indeed when I first knew the brothers he was not confined to any specific bureau, but, circulating generally, he imparted life and sunlight to the whole establishment. John Harper managed the finances with masterly skill. It was marvellous to see him with head buried in account-books, plodding silently through them until two o'clock in the afternoon, and then quietly leaving the office to drive a fast horse beyond the Park until sunset. Wesley was a devout man, with a temper like that of John in the gospel, so sweet and gentle. To know him was to love him. Fletcher was the youngest of the four. He dealt with authors and decided on books to be published. For twenty years he was my confidential adviser, and I sometimes thought I was his. I mention these traits and our relations for the purpose of saying that in all the years of my intercourse with these men there was never an incident or word or omission that was not in perfect keeping with the highest type of Christian integrity. They had the reputation of being shrewd at bargains. I do not know whether they were or not; but they were always on the square, keeping to every engagement, paying one hundred cents on a dollar and doing wrong to no man.

These four brothers were men of business, and they were all praying men. They were not impulsive people. I do not believe that they were given to shouting. Probably there are many in the Methodist Church who had more zeal and far less knowledge than the Harper Brothers. But the

church never had four brothers, no, nor four laymen, whether brothers or not, of whom she might more justly be proud. I knew them many long years while they were in active life, and I was present at the funerals, I believe, of all of them; but I never heard of the slightest thing to cast suspicion upon the integrity and fidelity to every trust of any one of the four. That is high praise of a large manufacturing house, employing hundreds of men and women and expending millions of dollars.

The youngest of the four, Mr. Fletcher Harper, was addicted to the very agreeable habit of giving frequent dinner-parties in his own house, where he gathered at his hospitable table literary men, clergymen and others. It came to this, that he made every Monday memorable by one of these delightful dinners. He had a few friends whom he distinguished by inviting them every week. They were the stock company. If a literary celebrity was in town, he was apt to be found on these occasions. There was no great ceremony about the dinner; rarely any ladies but those of the family—Mrs. Harper and her two daughters-in-law. The invited guests numbered generally from twelve to fifteen. These are among the pleasantest social incidents of my life. Among the ministers often there were Dr. M'Clintock, an accomplished scholar and gentleman; the historian of Methodism, Dr. Abel Stevens; Dr. Crooks, now the distinguished professor in Drew Theological Seminary; Dr. Hagenay, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church; and Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, one of the most entertaining of them all. The Methodist clergy were the most numerous of the guests, and I believe I was the only member of the stock company who was not also of the Wesleyan family. It was natural that the conversation should turn largely upon the moral and religious questions of the day, on new books and literary events, and the mingling of amusing anecdote was sufficiently frequent to make the feast eminently enjoyable. No party is ever more social and lively than a party of ministers, and of them the Methodist ministers easily bear the palm. It was at this table that I became acquainted with

DR. DURBIN.

He was one of the burning and shining lights of the Methodist denomination. Tradition invests his name with a halo as one of the most brilliant and eloquent preachers which the American church has ever heard. I can readily believe it, as I heard him once when he was well on in years, and was considered then as in the decay of his powers. We were having a series of religious services every Sabbath evening in the Academy of Music. Preachers of several denominations were invited in turn to preach. There was a strong desire on the part of some of the denominations that their favorite and most effective speakers should be selected; and Dr. Durbin was invited. The Academy was thronged to excess. Every spot in which a person could sit or stand was occupied. The entire platform, in front of the chairs, was covered with people sitting on the floor. It was obvious that the Methodists had come in force to honor and to enjoy their great preacher, and he filled them with all the fullness of the richest and loftiest religious eloquence. His theme was the dying love of Christ, and it furnished an opportunity for his most characteristic manner. After stating his plan and purpose with a simplicity and gentleness that gave no high promise of the good things to come, he advanced by degrees to the height of his great argument. Then it was a flow of soul, of melting tones and tears, caught up by the vast assembly in deepest sympathy, while he swayed them, roused, subdued, and thrilled them with wonderful effect. We were in a vale of tears. That indefinable rhetorical gift called *unction* was his' in uncommon measure. Pathos was his forte, and when he had concluded it seemed to us all as if we were in the midst of a revival, and it was good to be there with Moses, Elias, and the Christ whose love and blood were now so precious.

THE REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D.,

took the platform on another Sabbath evening. His reputation as a pulpit orator was justly very high, perhaps above that of any Methodist preacher of that day. He was a fine scholar,

more finished and artificial than Dr. Durbin, more intellectual and polished, and he was very popular. An immense audience filled the theatre, which held a thousand people more than can get into the present Academy, taking the place of the old one that was burned. Dr. M'Clintock was a handsome man, dressed well, and made a fine appearance in public as well as in the social circle, which he charmed by his learning, wisdom and wit. He was a man of the world in the sense of being familiar with its ways and the usages of society, and had a happy faculty of adapting himself to the people into whose company he was thrown. This sermon of his in the Academy was the only one I ever heard from him, and its majestic tones are ringing in my ear this moment as I recall the graceful, impassioned and impetuous manner of the speaker. He had perfect self-command, and at no moment in his delivery did he lose it and exhibit that *abandon* which is said to be essential to the most effective eloquence. Edward Everett certainly had none of it, yet he could thrill an audience with periods as chaste as snow. Dr. M'Clintock strode through some of his sentences with grandeur of diction and gesture, enchaining the attention, while the clearness of the argument easily carried conviction to the understanding, and the splendor of the rhetorical appeal stirred the emotions and captured the heart. I would not draw a comparison between Drs. Durbin and M'Clintock, for they were too unlike to be compared. But it is truth to say that they were both consummate masters of pulpit eloquence, and shining lights in the church they served and adorned.

It is not becoming to speak of living men in the Methodist communion whose friendship I prize, and who are widely known in this and other lands. Our several ways and means of glorifying Christ in winning souls to his kingdom are such as God has given us, and in the great field of the world there are places for us all to fill. Christ's friends are mine always and everywhere; and the only contention I want with any of them is to see who will do the most for the Master and live nearest to his heart. The friends whom I have named in this sketch have been dear to me on earth,

and among the joys of heaven I anticipate the blessedness of meeting my brethren, the Harper Brothers, and Terry, Durbin, and M'Clintock, glorified spirits, at the supper-table of Moses and the Lamb.

EXPLAINING AWAY THE GOSPEL.

MRS. PARTINGTON being asked where she went to church replied, "To any church where the gospel is dispensed with."

The late Rev. Dr. Cox, of wonderful memory, was remarkable as an expounder of the Scriptures. In his Owego congregation—and speaking of Owego reminds me of the speech he made in the Synod of New York when he took leave of it to go to his new charge; he said, "Owego must not be confounded with Oswego or Otsego or any other of the many names having O initial and terminal."

His facility for using large words was remarkable. It was attributed to a slight impediment in his speech, which led him to take a word that he could utter without difficulty in preference to a smaller one on which he was inclined to stumble. But that was not the reason: in writing he had the same habit, and if possible he made use of longer words than he did in public speech. Nor was there any affectation or pedantry in his style. He was as natural as he was brilliant. And he was the most brilliant clergyman of his generation. As flashes of lightning vanish in an instant, so the coruscations of his splendid genius were transient, beautiful, magnificent for the moment, but gone as suddenly as they came. There is melancholy in the thought that the best and brightest things he ever said are not on record, and with his contemporaries will pass forever from the memory of man. They passed from his own memory, most of them, as soon as they were spoken.

An instance of this occurs to me. He was opening the General Assembly with prayer when he was Moderator, and

he introduced ascriptions of praise in three Latin phrases, familiar quotations. I was reporting the meeting, and jotted down those words just as he used them. But when he came to see them in print many years after they were uttered, he had forgotten that he ever made use of them, and thought they were the fruit of the reporter's too lively imagination. Yet Dr. Duffield, who was present, wrote down the words from the Doctor's lips, and Dr. Hatfield, a year or two before he joined Dr. Cox in the General Assembly above, assured me that he heard the words, which were as just and true as they were extraordinary in a public prayer.

He was always ready, or, as he would say, *semper paratus*, and was never taken at a disadvantage. The best illustration of his readiness is his famous address before the Bible Society in London, which I will not repeat, it is so familiar. But it is hardly probable that a more splendid example of brilliant extempore rhetoric can be found in the whole range of English literature. In the later years of his life, when his powers were not at their best and brightest, he went into St. Paul's Methodist Church in this city to worship there as a stranger. He was recognized by a gentleman, who went to the pulpit and informed the preacher that Dr. Cox was in the congregation. He was invited to preach, and taking a text, which he gave in two or three languages, he preached two hours with such variety of learning, copiousness of illustration and felicity of diction as to entertain, delight, instruct and move the assembly. This habit of preaching long sermons grew upon him, and he became tedious in his old age. Many others do likewise. It is the last infirmity of great preachers. Especially is it true of those who, like Dr. Cox, are fond of preaching expository sermons. There is no convenient stopping-place for a man who takes a chapter and attempts a little sermon on each clause or word. Dr. Cox rarely approved of the translation in the Bible before him. His Greek Testament was always at hand, and after a severe, sometimes a fierce denunciation of the text in the received version he would give his own rendering, and enforce that with the ardor of genius and the power of Christian eloquence. As

long ago as when he was pastor in Laight Street one of his parishioners, a prominent and wealthy merchant, tired of hearing his sermons, went over to Brooklyn to spend the Sabbath with a friend. They attended church, and lo! Dr. Cox had exchanged pulpits with the pastor, and now the parishioner was compelled to hear the preacher from whom he was running away. I have been told that the gentleman was converted by this discourse which he heard against his will, and he lived to be one of the most useful and distinguished among the merchant-princes of New York. But I am wandering.

I began this letter with the intent of telling you another Mrs. Partington remark which the Rev. Dr. S. H. Hall mentioned to me this summer when I met him in the Catskill Mountains. Dr. Hall was pastor of the church in Owego after Dr. Cox—whether his immediate successor or not I am unable to say. In his congregation was a venerable lady who was never tired of sounding the praises of her former pastor, whose explanatory preaching had been her spiritual food for many years. "Oh," said she to Dr. Hall, "you should have heard him explain away the gospel!"

This was just what Dr. Cox did not. It was his forte to get the gist of the true meaning of the word, the mind of the Spirit, to explain the gospel; and the modern Mrs. Partington, like the more ancient dame, had the ill-luck to twist her own words so as to make them convey a sense quite the reverse of what she meant. But it is very certain that the remarks of the two ladies have a very decided application to the preaching in which some of our modern teachers indulge, to the confusion of their hearers. The Bible is a much simpler book than many preachers would have the people believe. There are some things in it hard to be understood, undoubtedly. But these are not the things they attempt to explain or explain away. They find the words of the inspired penman in the way of their *views*, and they go at the words, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs, and manage to give an interpretation to them which will bolster or at least not oppose their favorite theories. The Bible is the simplest book

in the world, and there is no work of its size treating so great a variety of subjects which is more intelligible to the common mind. Errors, heresies and corruptions in doctrine and practice do not arise from the misconceptions which the "common people" get from reading the Bible, with the Spirit of God alone to guide them. The fundamental truths which all evangelical Christians love to believe are on the surface as well as in the depths of holy scripture. He who runs may read. The Bible is a revelation. The author did not employ language to conceal his thoughts. The entrance of his words gives light. They make wise the simple. And that preacher is the best who is the most scriptural, bringing the truth as therein *revealed* directly to the conscience and the heart.

IN PRISON WITH THE CHOLERA.

IN the year 1832 the Asiatic cholera made its first invasion of the American continent. Its march from the East had been watched with fearful apprehension, and the hordes of the north descending upon Italy had not inspired so much terror as the approach of the cholera whose tramp made the world tremble.

I was at that time residing in the village of Sing Sing, on the Hudson. The State prison there had nearly a thousand convicts, and they were justly thought to be the material in which the cholera would spread like fire in stubble if it once broke out. And when I saw large bales of wool from Smyrna lying on the wharf in hot summer, it seemed quite likely that the cholera had come along with them.

The apprehension amounted to a panic. A public fast was proclaimed. The churches were thronged by frightened multitudes, many of whom were not wont to pray. The scourge struck Canada. It came along down to the great metropolis. The morning newspapers announced two cases of cholera in Cherry Street. Then began a flight from the city as if a hostile army was at its gates. I met a carriage in the

country with an old gentleman and lady and bags, bandboxes and bundles in it; they stopped to make an inquiry about the road, and when asked, "Where do you wish to go?" the man exclaimed, "Any place where the newspapers don't come."

They had seen the terrible report of the morning, and, hastily gathering up what they could, were now thirty miles away, and still pushing on.

Dr. A. K. Hoffman, father of ex-Governor Hoffman, was then the physician in charge of the prison, but not residing in it, and my oldest brother, now deceased, was a student of medicine in Dr. Hoffman's office. The long-dreaded pestilence burst upon the prison with unexpected fury. The panic made the prisoners an easy prey. It was so everywhere. Thousands perished who would not have suffered at all had they kept their minds in peace, trusting in God. The prison chapel was converted into a hospital, the seats into cots. Every hour of the day and night men would be attacked, taken out of their cells and carried to the chapel for what help could be had. It was now desirable that some one or more should be in the hospital through the night to give immediate care to the men as they were brought in. This fearful duty devolved on my brother with two other young men just entering upon practice. At that time we were all believers in the theory that cholera was specially an infectious disease. The thought of his being locked up in a prison hospital with scores of cholera patients in all stages of the dreadful disease was terrible to his friends, who could not suppose he would escape with his life. But there was no discussion of the subject. The path was plain, and he did not hesitate. Night after night for some weeks he spent in the midst of the sick and dying. When he came out in the day for air and refreshment, he would come up to the house, and standing at a safe distance would tell us over the fence how he was getting on. We often thought of Daniel in the lions' den, and the three children in the furnace, and our constant prayer was made that God would be with them as he was with them of old. I know that parental anxiety on his behalf was intense even to agony. But there was never a word

of remonstrance or entreaty to interfere with his calm, heroic discharge of the trust committed to his unpractised hands. We all wished it were otherwise and could have made it so, but we submitted to it as a part of the debt due to our fellow-men.

We count him a hero who faces death on the battle-field or in the deadly breach. And he is. The trumpet that sounds the call to arms, and the voice of fame that celebrates the deeds of the soldier, may make a hero out of a man who naturally shrinks from exposing himself to fire and sword. But in the half-century of history since that first invasion of cholera, I have reviewed all the fields of bloody valor and brave endeavor that have fixed the eyes of the world with wonder and made the skies ring with shouts of applause. And in all these fifty years no deed of heroism, even at Delhi, or Balaklava, or Gettysburg, has required more nerve, more devotion, more grit and self-sacrifice than the post of danger and the field of labor held by those three young men through those successive hot, awful, long and ghastly nights in prison with the cholera in the summer of 1832.

In the midst of one of those nights of terror, a young man was brought from his cell, smitten suddenly and fiercely with the cholera, and laid upon a cot in the chapel. The young doctor was over him in a moment, when the frightened prisoner burst into tears and said :

“Do you know me, doctor?”

“No, I do not. Have I ever seen you before?”

“Yes, you have; we were boys together at the Old White Meeting-house where your father preached. My name is John Peterson.”

“No, John, and *here!*”

“Yes, here, in prison. Doctor, can you save me?”

“I will do what I can for you; but you need to be calm and quiet. Don't talk to me now; we will talk it all over by and by.” Then the young doctor with the aid of his assistant prisoners administered the usual remedies, vigorously treated him with every known appliance, and in the course of the day following assured the patient that he was doing

well and would probably get up. While lying there the young man told the story of his leaving the old home in the country for employment in the city, where he fell into bad company, and then into crime which landed him in prison. After the cholera had spent itself in the prison, a pardon was procured for the young man, and we had him up at our house, hoping that the good work the doctor of medicine had done might be continued, "as well for the body as for the soul."

The life of a physician and surgeon abounds in scenes of interest, painful, sometimes pleasant. Each one of these lives would furnish material for a volume. It was emphatically true in the case of this brother of mine, who closed his practice and his life in the year 1864 at the age of fifty-three. His practice and his life, I say, because they ran together until the very end. He made his daily rounds until Thursday, though suffering with a dreadful cold. On Friday he saw patients at home, and called in a physician for himself. On Saturday this doctor took me aside and asked if I knew the condition of the patient.

"He is dying, I believe," was my answer. "He is," replied the doctor, "and I am astonished: this morning I had no thought that he was in danger."

I watched the action of his heart: feebly it went on with its work for a few moments and then stopped; went on again and stopped again; and then went on. We fought the inevitable steadily, knowing too well that defeat was sure. His aged mother, under more than eighty years' burden, wiped the death-damp from his brow, and with tenderness unspeakable moaned plaintively:

"My son, my first-born son!"

I said to him: "Brother, is your soul in peace?" And he answered: "My hope is in the Lord Jesus Christ and in him only."

And so he died. He saved others, even convicts in prison with cholera, but himself he could not save. Death destroyed the body; Jesus, the conqueror of death, was the Saviour of his soul.

If you think it not becoming that I should relate this story of a brave brother's heroism in pestilence and prison, I would plead in excuse that more than half a century has passed since he fought this good fight: he has been sleeping in his grave more than twenty years, and this story is but a weak tribute of fraternal love.

FIVE MARTYRS OF ERROMANGA.

LAST Saturday evening I had great satisfaction in meeting with the Rev. W. H. Robertson, a missionary from Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group of islands. This island was made conspicuous in religious history more than forty years ago by the murder of an illustrious missionary, John Williams, and an English gentleman, Mr. Harris, his companion.

Just forty years ago I made an abridgment of the Life of John Williams, which was published by the American Sunday-school Union, and called "The Martyr Missionary of Erromanga, who was murdered and eaten by the savages in one of the South Sea Islands." It was therefore with peculiar interest that I now met a successor of that noble martyr, and learned from him the subsequent history of the island and its missionary work.

John Williams was sent out from England as early as the year 1816. Robert Moffat was set apart with several others at the same time. Such eminent English ministers as John Angell James, George Burder and Dr. Waugh participated in the services. Moffat went to Africa, Williams to the South Sea. One of them afterwards saw Ethiopia stretching forth her hands unto God, and the other heard the islands of the sea rejoicing in his law. After long years of wonderfully successful labor, Mr. Williams was making a missionary voyage among the islands and seeking to plant mission-stations on some not yet occupied, and where the language

of the natives was unknown to him. With four or five others, he went ashore on the island of Erromanga, and in half an hour was set upon by the savages and cruelly beaten to death, with Mr. Harris, a friend who was with him. Others escaped to the boat and were saved. This awful event filled the religious world with horror, and served to fasten attention upon the dark places of the earth filled with habitations of cruelty.

Years passed on and the island that had drunk the blood of these martyrs remained in the darkness of paganism, with only feeble attempts by teachers from other islands to arrest the cannibalism that prevailed, and to give to those pagans a knowledge of a higher life. At length the Rev. G. Nichols Gordon and wife went out from Canada, in 1857, under the care of the Canadian Missionary Society. They succeeded in winning the favor of the natives so far as to be allowed to settle among them and to begin to do something for their good. An epidemic broke out after Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been there four years, and the superstitious natives attributed the evil to the coming of these missionaries. And so *they murdered them both.*

Again the island was left desolate. It richly deserved the wrath of God; and had he forever cut it off from the light of the gospel, the sentence would have been just. Who would now think of venturing into this den of wild beasts to subdue and convert them? Would it not be madness to try another experiment? And who would be responsible for the blood of another martyr, poured out upon the shore of that inhospitable isle?

But when was God ever without a witness, a martyr?

At length in the fulness of time a younger brother of the murdered Gordon said to his Canadian brethren, "Here am I: send me." And they sent him in 1864. In the zeal of young love for Christ, he took his life in his hands and went with his widowed mother's blessing over wide and trackless seas, and found this isle of blood where four precious lives had been sacrificed and no good done! Was it right to go? Does God call for such sacrifice? He went alone, save that

one like unto the Son of man was with him. He lived among the natives. He learned their language, translated portions of the Bible into their tongue, and made known the gospel. And they rose up and slew him. Mr. Robertson tells me they hated the gospel that he taught, and they killed him because they hated the truths that he spake unto them. Another martyr, the fifth in doleful succession, and the island is still not sunk in the sea. Surely the Lord is long-suffering and very gracious or he would not bear with these cruel and wicked men.

Three months after the younger Gordon was slain the Rev. Mr. Robertson arrived at the island with his wife, and took up the work that had been so often drowned in blood. The population of the island is about 2600 in number, and they had settled on the shore in two divisions about twenty miles apart. One of these divisions, a thousand people, were disposed to receive instruction and to tolerate teachers. They sowed the seed, precious seed, weeping. Perhaps the ground was more fertile because it had been made rich by the blood of the saints who had given their lives for Christ. And after years of fruitless toil the blessing came. The windows of heaven opened and the rain descended. These cannibals learned the way of life. They cast away their awful rites and ceremonies with which they had sought to propitiate their gods as cruel as themselves. One thousand of them have partially turned away from paganism and are learning to know there is one living and true God. Thirty schools are in successful progress. Christian churches are organized. Two hundred and fifty have received the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. And the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified there, as it is here. Some of those islands are as thoroughly Christian as any country on the face of the earth. On some of the islands the horrid customs that formerly were practised, making life itself a terror and perpetual crime, have been abandoned. In their place the arts and industries of civilization, with all the blessings of peace and order and domestic and social virtue, prevail. These are the triumphs of Christianity. These

uttermost parts of the earth are now given to Jesus Christ for his inheritance.

Is the gain worth the cost? Yes, a thousand times, yes! Nothing truly great and good was ever bought for less than blood. The Son of God laid down his life for us. Deliverers of nations have had to march through seas of blood to establish liberty. All great discoveries have cost human lives. And it always will be so. Perhaps no victories of the Cross have been achieved with less sacrifice of human life than those which have given the Pacific Islands to be set as stars in the Redeemer's crown. And no annals of the gospel are richer in heroic deeds than the story of the Sandwich Islands, the Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides, indeed all Polynesia, whose records are now so familiar that they have lost the halo of romance with which they were invested forty years ago.

The age of martyrs has not gone by. The Spirit of Christ, who counted not his own life dear unto him, is just as living and burning to-day as when the Eternal Son exclaimed in the councils of eternity: "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" And if the wilds of Africa, Corea, or the frozen North demand volunteers, they are just as ready and as many as when they went forth two and two, everywhere preaching the Word.

And it is something to have met and to have taken by the hand a living man who has been baptized for the dead, one who has gone into the field and to the spot where his five forerunners suffered martyrdom in swift succession. Williams and Harris, George Gordon and his wife, and Douglas Gordon, his brother—five martyrs of Erromanga! I see them now before the throne in bright array; having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they are kings and priests before God.

THE MISSIONARY LADY IN THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

THE word lady is used in this Letter as the holy saint John used it in his Letters. She of whom I am to write was a woman of exalted worth and character, and was also adorned with those gifts and graces of person and intellect which are the peculiar marks of a lady.

In college my classmate, and for a time my room-mate, was Lowell Smith. He went home toward the end of our course to spend a vacation, and then and there in the town of Heath, Mass., he found a beautiful girl of nineteen teaching the village school. She was a native of Barre, Mass., but the family had removed to Brandon, Vt., where her father was a teacher. She had been thoroughly taught by her father in all the elements of a solid education, and her fine mind was further disciplined by teaching, in which profession the teacher often learns more than the scholar. It is not in my recollection that my classmate told me that he had fallen in love with a pretty teacher while he was at home. But he did, and about the same time he saw his way across the ocean to some distant mission field, and to that work he had given his heart and soul before this young lady crossed his path. He was full of the spirit of the young men who, behind the haystack, prayed American missions into being, and gave themselves personally to the work long before the power came into Dr. Porter's study at Andover. Those young men, of whom the world was not worthy, carried the spirit with them to Andover Hill, and on it kindled a fire whose warmth and light went out into all the earth and their words unto the ends of the world. If Lowell Smith had been a few years earlier in college he would have been one more of that holy band who set their faces steadfastly to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

Miss Abigail Willis Tenney was very young when this call came to her heart and soul: not yet twenty years old: but her mind was already largely cultivated, and her desires

strong for influence and usefulness. She was quite in advance of her years. It was not a long struggle that she had to make. Rather the proposal rose before the soul as a vision of heaven revealing to her the crown of a noble life, the prize of her high calling, and she accepted it not with the martyr spirit, but as the brightest gift that would be among her jewels when she became my room-mate's bride. He finished his college course in 1829, and went to Auburn Theological Seminary to pursue his studies. She went to Ipswich, Mass., where Miss Lyon and Miss Grant had recently founded a female seminary. Afterward they founded the Mount Holyoke Institution. Miss Tenney was already competent to be a teacher; she was soon called on to assist in the school, and then displayed the abilities and accomplishments which by and by made her such a power for good in the far-off islands of the sea.

Thus three years after they had met and loved passed away, and when they had given those years to faithful study, preparing themselves for the work of their lives, they were married in October and sailed on a whale-ship from New London, November 23, 1832. It is not likely that a sorrier wedding-journey ever was than these young people had in the one hundred and fifty-nine days during which they were buffeted about the ocean around Cape Horn. They finally made the Sandwich Islands their destination. The mission there was in its youth, but the way had been prepared for the advent of Christian missionaries by a series of providential events unequalled in wonder and power since the Acts of the Apostles were written for our instruction, on whom these ends of the world have come.

Mrs. Smith suffered long and much with feeble health, and at the beginning very inadequate provision could be made for her comfort. She endured hardship in a native straw hut, a model of which was sent to me. For a long time it was one of the curiosities of Barnum's Museum. Then Mr. Smith built a small house of stones, mostly with his own hands, and the natives crowned it with a thatched roof. When at length, after removing from one station to another,

they settled in Honolulu, and the work so grew and multiplied that they resolved to build a church of vast size to hold immense assemblies, Mr. and Mrs. Smith undertook the task that seemed, to human sight, impracticable. Faith in God could lay the top-stone. Mrs. Smith was an invalid in bed, with native women about her whom she was teaching household arts. Now she taught them to make hats, mats and bags, to sell to whalers, sugar-planters and natives, and thus material was bought for the new church. On and on it went. Mr. Smith made moulds for the adobe brick : each parishioner made as many brick as he could, and in two years was complete : one hundred and twenty-five feet long and sixty feet wide, with seats for twenty-five hundred, and three thousand could get into it. It was often crowded with penitent, believing hearers, and great multitudes were added to the church of such as shall be saved.

Some years ago I asked the trustees of his Alma Mater to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and they said, "Why, what hath he done?" I answered, "He has so preached the gospel that under it three thousand have believed. If any other of your students has been more blessed, give to him the honor." They gave my friend the degree, though I did not think his divinity needed doctoring. It was *well* as it was.

In the lovely Nuanu valley, out of the summer heat of town, they built a neat, attractive house, a sweet retreat, where Mrs. Smith's health was greatly improved. To her there came parents of good families asking her to help their children in acquiring an education. She consented, and from little to great it grew until her house became an Ipswich or Holyoke on a much smaller scale. All nations frequenting the islands sought its privileges for their sons and daughters. It was a power in the land. Men of position and influence, now in office, sat at her feet. She had eighty pupils at one time. What her husband was as a pastor, she was as a teacher. Then a government school was set up in the present royal premises, and Mrs. Smith was invited to take the charge of it ; but she declined, and pursued her work, her

life-work, faithful to the end. A leader in every society and enterprise for the improvement of the people, she lived for the dear islanders and literally died for them.

In the past fifty years we, in my family, have kept up a correspondence with missionary men and women, whose letters have been a blessing and joy to us and ours. Levi Parsons was of the first mission to the Holy Land, and we read a chapter in the Bible daily with him, while he was afar off in the East. One letter of his did not reach us until he had been dead a year. I could write a long list of missionaries whose faces are familiar at our fireside, and their names are household words. Those large shells are tokens of love from Mr. and Mrs. Smith at the Sandwich Islands. That model of the mill at which two women are grinding is from Mrs. Graves in Ceylon. And so on.

But of all these noble sons and daughters of the Lord, there was never one whose letters were so intellectual, spiritual, exalted, so full of common-sense, practical religion and self-denying consecration to the work she had gone to do. Her tastes were so refined that there must have been much in her life among the lowly that her nature would have had otherwise, but the grace that adorned her soul made the work heavenly, and she moved in the midst as an angel would cheerfully leave heaven to do God's will in the slums of a city and among the lowest of the children of men. Her service ennobled the work. It was great and good because her hands and spirit made it so. She touched nothing she did not adorn. And now she "has drawn the drapery of her couch" around her and sleeps peacefully in the far-off coral isles. Five of her children lie by her side. A son and a daughter survive.

And her husband, my brother, my college chum! In thy solitude and sorrow, dear old man, I hail thee across the mountains and the sea with words of comfort and cheer. Thy wife shall live again! She liveth now, and walks in white raiment among the saved. The abundance of the isles has been given unto her and to thee, and thou shalt lay trophies of immortal souls at the feet of Him who redeemed

them for his everlasting praise. It seems a long time since you and I parted and went our several ways to do for God and our fellow-men: often as the half-century has worn away we have given the hailing sign half around the world, and now once more I cry to the winds and waves, and ask them to bear my heart's tender sighs to your lonely home: a home no more. Be not afraid. The morning cometh. The bride of thy youth, adorned for her husband, waits at the gate.

Coming, Lord, coming!

A WORSE THAN WASTED LIFE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It is now just about forty years since I came in contact for the first and only time with Edgar Allan Poe, who is a star in the firmament of American letters, and is destined undoubtedly to hold a conspicuous place among the writers of this country. Then residing in this city, he was one of a committee to examine essays of the young ladies in the Rutgers Institute. I was on the committee also. We made our reports at the Commencement, which was held in the church on Rutgers Street. Although the platform on which we stood was filled with invited guests, the face of no one of them, except Poe's, remains an image in my memory. His figure, his stature, the expression on his lip, his eyes, hair, even his dress, are distinct impressions, while I could not now certify to the presence of the elegant President, Dr. Ferris, or any other individual. The portrait of Poe in his *Life* just published* is very accurate, and brings him before me as if forty days only, and not forty years, had run away since I saw him. And what a lesson of warning and reproof this faithful record must prove! Sad as is the story, with its scenes of

* "Edgar Allan Poe," by George E. Woodberry. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

wrestlings with poverty, vice and misery, the author has dared to be just, and thus has been compelled to leave on record the failings and faults of a splendid genius, blighted and blasted in the morning. The author of "The Raven and other Poems" will never lack admirers, and those who fail—I am one of them—to find in them evidence of the highest order of genius will yet cheerfully admit his claim to distinction. His prose writings are more remarkable than his verse, though he claimed to be a poet of the first magnitude. The tales that came in such abundance from his pen were often of a weird, grotesque, ghastly, horrible type, and it is strange that the average mind can find enjoyment in their perusal. Poe was a critic, but his standard was false, his conception of the nature and value of beauty was wrong, and his analysis often far from being clear. And after these deductions have been made, and his faults fairly weighed, it still remains that he was one of the most brilliant, fascinating and remarkable writers of his generation. Yet he writes of himself, "Nothing cheers or comforts me. My life seems wasted." It was worse than wasted.

Born in Boston, of parents who were wandering players on the stage, he was left an orphan when three years old, adopted into a family of wealth where he was petted, was sent to school in England, then to the University of Virginia, which he soon quits and enlists in the army, obtains his discharge and gets a cadetship at West Point, is dismissed at the end of six months, seeks his fortune by writing for magazines and newspapers, and fights with poverty and wretchedness to the end of his miserable days, which were indeed few and evil, for he died a worn-out old man at the age of forty! Wherein then is his life a lesson and warning? In this mainly, that all this waste and failure and ruin came from his want of *moral* character. Had he been good he would have been great, very great, perhaps one of the greatest writers of the age. But he was bad from the beginning. Mr. Woodberry says at the outset of his memoir: "It may as well be confessed at once that any unsupported assertion by Poe regarding himself is to be received with great caution." This habit of un-

veracity is repeatedly illustrated by examples in his life. And the love of truth, which God desires in the inward parts, is absolutely essential to a firm, sound character. The gentleman who adopted him and sent him to college heard that he was not doing well there, went to him and found that he was deeply in debt, and twenty-five hundred dollars were gambling debts. He was already given to drink; and if not then, he was soon so ravenous for liquor that he did not mingle it with water, but poured the raw and fiery liquid down his throat undiluted. Opium was his craze. He married his cousin before she was fourteen years old, getting a too easy friend to make oath before the magistrate that she was twenty-one. His protestations of love for this child-wife are as strong as his great command of vigorous speech can produce; he works into it tales and poems, raves about it in every form and figure of rhetoric, but he never cared enough for her to spend his pittance for bread when she was starving for want of it and he wanted whiskey. His affections were creatures of his inflamed imagination. His devotion was lip-service. It is not known that he ever loved anybody, except on paper. His biographer says:

“Except the wife who idolized him and the (her) mother who cared for him, no one touched his heart in the years of his manhood, and at no time was love so strong in him as to rule his life; as he was self-indulgent, he was self-absorbed, and outside of his family no kind act, no noble affection, no generous sacrifice is recorded of him.”

May God forbid that such a sentence shall ever be written down against you or me! Let genius perish ere it soars, let fame die out in its infancy and poverty be your lot and mine, but in great mercy let it not be said of us, “he never loved any one!”

And as a sure result nobody loved him. He had hosts of admirers, and some would even call themselves his friends. They lent him money, and would have been glad to see it again. They would have stood by him had he been true, But they did not love him, and were only too happy to have him look out for himself. And this man who found ten

dollars a week a large sum to earn and a thousand dollars a year a princely income, so straitened were his affairs and so constant were the visits of the wolf at his door, was as proud as Lucifer, and prouder too. For the devil believed in God and trembled in his presence, while poor, proud Poe exclaimed: "My whole nature utterly revolts at the idea that there is any being in the universe superior to myself." Is there any reason to wonder that such a man was the wretched victim of opium, alcohol, and the gaming-table?

How could such a man stand up under temptation of any kind? When at one time he was pledging his word to a friend that he would not drink again, the friend told him he could not keep his word unless he sought and found help from his Maker. Alas! he knew no such person.

THE LESSON.

Let every young man who is fired with ambition to excel in a literary career remember that several authors of great renown are credited with the remark that "literature is very well for a cane, but not for a crutch." It is not to be depended on for one's whole support. It will do for a help-live. Have some honest and useful calling by which daily bread may be earned, and to your gettings add the charm of letters if you can. Genius, learning, taste or talent will assert itself if you have that peace of mind and calm content which come only when one's bread and water are reasonably assured.

A literary man will do his best work when his nerves are quiet, in the morning, after sound sleep and without artificial stimulus. Every element of success in writing is more lively and abundant in those conditions than in any other. There are diversities of gifts and various constitutions of mind and body. But the right man is at his best when his faculties are in their normal state, or as nearly so as he can get them. Wine is a mocker, strong drink a plague, and opium ruin to all who would do good brain-work.

I know that bad men have been great men, that very mean, selfish, and vicious men have achieved wealth and fame.

But that fact does not weaken the grand truth that virtue is the only basis of good character, and he who would stand up high in the world should be rooted and grounded in truth. The paths of literature are white with the bones of young men who have perished by the way, victims of their own follies: men whose names might have been inscribed among the world's benefactors, lights and guides but for their self-indulgence. And of this there is not a more melancholy example than is left in the life of Edgar Allan Poe.

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TO AND ABOUT NANTUCKET.

NO. I.

MY journey from Plymouth to Nantucket was tedious, but not without interest. It was necessary to go back nearly to Boston to get upon the track, and the morning ride was enlivened by the pleasant society of the Rev. Mr. Sanderson, Episcopal minister of Plymouth, who gave me much information of the region we traversed. He went on to Boston, while I had to waste two hours at South Braintree. One hundred trains stop there every day, but it has no inn, nor restaurant, nor refreshment-room. At length the train from Boston arrived—an immense train so crowded that I supposed it to be a great “excursion.” It was only the Saturday exodus from Boston to the seaside. With gentle speed we crept along to Wood’s Holl—formerly Hole, now improved into Holl. Here we waited for the steamboat from New Bedford. Having fasted at South Braintree, I was a-hungred, and seeking the humble apartment in which chowder and doughnuts were dispensed, with coffee and tea, I recruited the inner man, and asked the master of the feast:

“What shall I pay you, sir?” “Waal, I guess it’s wuth about ten cents.”

We did not differ on that point, and by this time the boat was in. She had a large company on board, and our crowd swarmed over it like bees, covering cabin deck, upper deck,

fore and aft—a living freight that made me think of danger at sea. We were soon off, and on an even keel struck across to Martha's Vineyard. Then the occasion of this flying crowd appeared.

The island has become a favorite resort of Methodists, Baptists, and some others, who have here laid out and improved extensive and beautiful grounds for camp-meetings, literary, scientific and philosophical—I mean philanthropic assemblies: tents, cottages, boarding-houses, hotels and all kinds of houses being provided by companies or individuals, so that men, women and children may be lodged, fed, taught and blessed according to their several wants as superiors, inferiors or equals. Our boat-load was a fair specimen of the mighty multitude of visitors to Martha's Vineyard. They came together without distinction of age, sex, color or previous condition, with the assurance that every one would be cared for as his taste or purse required. We first touched at the Baptist Landing. A vast procession marched off the boat, carrying baskets, bundles, bags and babes. Then we steamed a mile farther on to Oak Bluffs, and another host disembarked.

Martha's Vineyard is a very attractive summer refuge, and it is not strange that its Cottage City and all the island have become exceedingly popular. The conventions, schools, conferences and meetings of many kinds held there in the season are too numerous to be mentioned.

The company remaining on the ship were now to make a voyage of thirty miles at sea. It was not rough, yet there was motion enough to disturb some of the weaker. Two hours and a half saw us safely in port, and we landed with the comforting intelligence that every bed in Nantucket was already full. But we all found quarters.

The hotels are not built on the bluffs so as to command a view of the ocean. They are in the town, on dull and uninviting streets. The air is delightful: always fresh, pure, bracing, full of healing for the languid and weary. It is a very restful place: no manufactures, no commerce—just the place for worn-out brain-workers with upset nerves and that

larger class of people who find more work can be done in ten months with two months' rest at the seaside than in twelve without vacation. Bishop Starkey, of New Jersey, whom I was happy to meet, comes every year, and *rests*. Lawyers are in large force. Artists are attracted to these coasts.

The island has a history. Many people have an idea that the Pilgrims, whom I celebrated last week, were the original invaders of these parts. But long before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth, white men visited Nantucket. The Norsemen were here in the eleventh century, and eighteen years before the Mayflower put into Provincetown Bay Gosnold landed on Nantucket. Two years after his visit Champlain came ashore with his company. Indians were then numerous; they fought one another, and vanished as the white men increased in numbers. The Quakers early made a settlement. In 1672 a whale was captured. Then the isle struck oil. It became the headquarters of the whaling business. Four hundred ships once sailed from this port to foreign seas in chase of whales. All the men were thus employed. The houses were built with a platform on the roofs, to which the women resorted to look out to sea for the return of the ships. The affairs of the town were largely left in the hands of the women. The Quaker element predominated. Quietism was the spirit of the place. Women took the lead in many matters. They do yet. Last year five pulpits were occupied on one Sabbath day by women-preachers. The orthodox Congregational church, the oldest on the island, is now ministered unto every Sabbath day by a woman.

In the day of its great commercial prosperity Nantucket had 12,000 inhabitants. But when, on the advent of petroleum, the whales retired, business declined, and like Tyre the city became almost a solitude. Two thirds of the population sought their fortunes elsewhere. Houses stood empty. Some were sold for a trifle and carried off to be put up elsewhere. Many of the streets are narrow lanes, and on them are ancient houses, some unpainted, only one story high, very small, and in them live quiet, respectable and intelligent people who love God and their fellow-men.

It was my good fortune to meet a gentleman and his wife from New York, with whom I explored the place. She was a native of Nantucket, has relatives living here, and had now returned, after several years' residence abroad, to see the homes and haunts of her childhood. With these friends I visited the oldest house on the island, built in 1686. The only curious thing about it is a large horseshoe form built of brick into one side of the chimney, probably as a superstitious charm. On one of the narrow lanes up which we rode into a large courtyard we found the house said to be next to the oldest, one story in height, the ceiling very low. The lady of the house had been a sufferer for two years past from an accident, and only with difficulty, on two crutches, could she get about. The house was as neat as wax—kept so by her own hands; the queer rooms were decorated with spoils of the sea and of foreign shores, from which the whalers returned with other treasures than oil. I was permitted to wander over the house and up into the attic where herbs and tools and curious dilapidated articles found asylum. Returning from this exploring tour, we conversed with the cheerful invalid, and left with a pleasant invitation to come again.

My friends invited me to spend the evening with one of their friends, a lady whose father was a sea-captain many long years ago in the China trade. It was his pride to bring home with him, to adorn his house and please his wife, gems of Chinese art, which have been carefully preserved in the family, and are now of great value. Nantucket has large quantities of such treasures. It has been ravaged by collectors, who are not often successful in obtaining spoil: for these Nantucketers, especially the women, are proud of their seafaring ancestors, and hoard these evidences of their success as if they had been vikings. As we *knocked* at the door of the large mansion, we heard the music of the piano within. It ceased, and the lady herself, the sole occupant of the house, her husband being absent on business elsewhere, opened the door and bade us welcome. In the course of the evening she showed to us the works of art which her father had left her: exquisite paintings on glass of scenes in the Trojan war,

Priam begging from Achilles the dead body of Hector, etc.; a large China vase and a pitcher, both of them of elegant design and workmanship, with cups and saucers, and numberless specimens of Chinese genius and industry, which, though made a hundred and fifty years ago, are more valued now than when they were first produced. The lady told me she had been offered ten dollars apiece for the tea-cups, but she loved them more than money, and preferred to keep her China closet for herself and friends.

There was a charming simplicity and naturalness about the people, and this is only the beginning of my social intercourse with them. You will have to endure another letter or two before you will know half that may be told of a place of which you have heard all your life, but is only recently taking its place among the great watering-places of the country.

IN AND ABOUT NANTUCKET.

NO. II.

JUDGE FOLGER, the distinguished Secretary of the United States Treasury,* is a native of Nantucket. The name is very abundant. The mother of Benjamin Franklin was a Folger of Nantucket, and the present Secretary is said to resemble her son. Deacon Folger has a remarkable clock, which he was kind enough to show me, made by his father, in 1787 and '88. It is an astronomical clock, showing the movements of the sun, moon and earth, with dates of days, months, years and *centuries*, with a great variety of motions, that I cannot recollect: an extraordinary piece of mechanism, the invention of the maker, and quite unique.

Miss Mitchell, the most eminent female astronomer, is a native of this island, and the telescope with which her early observations were made is preserved. The Athenæum has a small but interesting collection of curiosities, the most val-

* This Letter was written in September, 1880.

uable being the jaw-bone of a whale with all the teeth in place. This draws many visitors, who are disposed to institute a comparison between the Athenæum and a private museum in another part of the town. This is Mrs. McCleave's, in a modest, modern house, near the Soldiers' Monument. She does not advertise it, nor hang out a sign. The small fee that she receives is applied to a special charity in which she is interested, and she does not seek to make money for herself by the exhibition. She is a character, and more an object of interest to one who hears her than anything she has to show. With my friends, who had introduced me to so many pleasant places, I called at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the lady, with some hesitation, permitted us to enter the house. Her little parlor was adorned with the portraits of her lamented partner, a famous sea-captain, and also of several of her posterity. To these she called our attention, mentioning casually the diseases that took them off, and the date of their several departures. She was deeply afflicted in the death, by measles, of a grandson, who was to inherit the entire museum, having given remarkable promise of being worthy to enter upon such a possession. After a brief eulogy on each of the departed, she led us upstairs to the room in which her treasures were garnered. Other visitors came in and filled the benches. She produced some remarkable specimens of carving on whales' teeth, saying, "These were done by a young man on my husband's ship; he was an uncommon man, would not associate with sailors, but when off duty spent all his time in cutting and carving." We saw great numbers of shells, some very peculiar and pretty, eyestones, snakes and their skins, in alcohol and dried; things odd from every quarter of the globe, some interesting only because of the place from which they came, some were presents sent to her by visitors who had seen her things and wished to give her more: strange little animals preserved, which she exhibited with entertaining anecdotes of their habits and performances. "This great shell-comb," she said, "was my twin-sister's: it cost seven dollars: she hadn't only four dollars

but set her heart on having this comb and saved up her money to get the other three dollars, and was so long about it that when she got it, the comb was out of fashion and she had lost all her hair. But she bought it, and here it is." Next, the lady treated us to a poem of her own composition, describing the remarkable performance of one of her relatives, who laid aside his frock-coat and sawed off the top of a cedar post at the old homestead, which top she now exhibited, together with boxes made out of the wood of ships wrecked on Nantucket shoals, and a thousand and one knick-knacks of no possible interest to any one but the owner. Then she pointed to a picture saying, "That is my grandmother sitting in her chair as she was when ninety years old: she lived to be ninety-one, and then went away with a full head of long black hair."

We had now listened two hours and a half, and being sufficiently instructed for one day, retired with thanks.

Nantucket has a supply of churches quite in advance of the present demand, as they were built for three times as many people as now dwell on the island. Two of them would easily hold all that attend when summer visitors are not here. Two of the meeting-houses are Quaker, as they are here called. The Congregationalists built in 1711, and moved their house down town in 1765 to its present site. Afterwards they built a large edifice, and the old one directly in its rear is still in good order and is constantly in use for a lecture and a Sunday-school room. It is now one hundred and seventy years old, and the timbers are as sound as ever.

BEDRIDDEN TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS.

I was asked to visit a member of this church who had long been a helpless invalid. She had a fall and injured her spine, and paralysis of her left side ensued. I found her lying in bed as she had been, for *twenty-eight* years! In all that time she had never been able to sit up or be moved, **Excruciating** pain has been her portion, and often she has been on the rack for long hours. She was cheerful, patient, **resigned**, anxious to be restored if it were the will of God

submissive if otherwise; she was lying in his hands as an infant on its mother's knees. Able to use one hand only, she manages to sew and even to do fancy work, by which she earns a little something toward the great expenses of such a life as hers. The consolations of religion she knew and enjoyed. In this school of bitter experience she had learned far more than books can teach. It was good to sit at her bedside and lead her on to repeat the lessons of nearly thirty years in the furnace of affliction.

This quiet old town would furnish many chapters of interest if we should open the doors and make the acquaintance of the people. A blind lady teaches a mission-school, and her life of darkness and usefulness is full of pathos. Stories of the sea are traditions in many families. As the shoals of Nantucket extend nearly forty miles from the island, the navigation in the vicinity is perilous, and wrecks are numerous. Frightful stories of such disasters are frequent traditions. The old burial-grounds are rich in reminiscences: one of them has only a single grave marked in it, and that has the ashes of one of the first settlers of the place. The headstone has survived the frosts and storms of one hundred and eighty years, and still bears the legible record, "Here lies the body of John Gardner, who was born in ye year 1624, and died A.D. 1706, aged 82."

SIASCONSETT OR SCONSETT.

About seven miles from Nantucket town is one of the most eccentric villages on the islands or coasts of New England. It has lately figured in romance and history, and merits a brief mention. On a bluff, overlooking the open sea, seventy or eighty fishermen put up very small but comfortable cottages for their families, and houses also in which to cure the codfish that are caught in great quantities here. This settlement was an object of curiosity to visitors, and at length some of them got into the way of staying among the fishermen, enjoying the novelty and the sea. By degrees they induced the fishermen and their families to give up their houses for a few months in the summer. Finding it

more profitable to rent their little homes and go to Nantucket for work in warm weather, and visitors increasing, the owners have nearly all deserted, and families from distant parts of the land—the chief cities—have come in, and taken possession. Some have built neat cottages of their own. Two or three small hotels have risen up to supply those with board who do not wish to “keep house.” A hundred families—four or five hundred people—are now quartered here. The cottages are like baby-houses for size, but being on the edge of the sea they are cool, and the occupants prove that man *needs* but little here below. I found my friend, Mr. William Ballantyne, of Washington City, residing here for the summer, and he said it was very healthful and enjoyable. It is as still as the desert, except for the ceaseless moan of the ocean. The hundred families have just now combined and raised money to erect a house for public worship. The good people here and in Nantucket are greatly desirous that the visitors shall respect their ancient and time-honored custom of keeping the Sabbath as a day of rest. It is a hardship which the inhabitants ought not to endure to be invaded by *polite* people who have not regard for the laws of God or man.

A KENTUCKY HORSE-SALE

It was a sudden transition from the church to a horse-sale.

But very near the door of the church in Lexington where the South and the North had been shaking hands in the warmest of fraternal relationship stood my friend Mr. Ephraim Sayre and his carriage in waiting, and without any delay we were being driven six miles into the country to attend a horse-sale. It should not be called a fair, for the horses to be sold belong to one man only, who has raised them and pursues it as his business. There are many in this part of Kentucky who follow it successfully. Each one

has his annual sale, and months in advance he publishes a catalogue, giving the name, age and pedigree of each horse that he offers for sale. Buyers come from all parts of the country, especially from New York City. The scene is to us novel and interesting.

A circular range of stables incloses a large area: a roof projecting into the circle all around makes a shelter from the sun, and seats are filled with ladies and gentlemen. The round inclosure of green grass is perhaps two hundred feet in diameter. The stables open on the outside of the ring, and a small window opening in enables the horses to put their heads out and observe the sale as it proceeds, and to hear the prices which their companions bring. The auctioneer stands on a raised platform, surrounded by reporters and correspondents of newspapers from far and near, who are taking down the price at which each horse goes, and this is rapidly sent off by mail and telegraph to distant cities. Mr. Sweigert is the owner of the stock now to be disposed of. They are all yearlings. He prefers to sell them at that age rather than to run the risk of keeping them till they are older, though the price of a colt of promise rises rapidly. It is difficult to effect insurance on horses: they are a precarious property, and I was told that it is hard to ascertain with certainty whether the horse that dies is the one insured or another. But of that I know nothing. The gentlemen who are interested in this raising and sale of horses are as honorable and trustworthy men as any in this community, and some of them never engage in racing or any speculation with the stock, confining themselves to the legitimate business of raising horses for sale.

We reached the grounds in the midst of the sale. Seats were immediately provided for the ladies. We were introduced to several gentlemen of distinction in Kentucky, who were deeply interested in the horses and the prices, and while the sale was going on we had time and opportunity for making pleasant acquaintances.

A yearling colt has not developed into "a thing of beauty." He is not filled out, but has more good "points"

about him than he will have when he has more flesh with a year or two more of age. Yet there was a great variety of form, color and action. The printed catalogue told us of each one, who was his father and grandfather and so on, and as a negro boy led him in and trotted him around the circle on the grass, leading him, not riding him, he was under the fire of critical eyes, and eyes of good judges of horse-flesh. The buyer must form his opinion of what the colt will be one, two or three years hence: and he will make up his mind from the family to which the colt belongs, and the peculiarity of limb and muscle which he sees in the embryo trotter and racer before him. To me there was no great difference in their build and action, and it is quite likely that what to me was a beautiful animal had no attraction for a man who cared nothing for "looks" but knew very well what was the sign of future speed. And when the sale was going on of these little and unhandsome creatures my surprise was great when three hundred, five hundred, a thousand, two, three, four, and in one case five thousand dollars and over were bid for one, and not the best-looking one at that. Great applause greeted this sale, and it was felt that all former horse-sales were now outdone. And so it proved. For when the forty-five colts were sold at prices varying from \$200 to \$5100, it was found that the sales amounted to \$50,000, or more on an average than \$1000 for each yearling! Other sales had recently taken place in the vicinity, and others were held a few days afterwards, notably at the Alexander farm and stables, but at no sale this season did the prices range so high as at Mr. Sweigert's.

After the sale was over, instead of a barbecue, such as I attended at the Alexander sale, twenty-five years ago, and of which you read, and of course remember the account I gave at the time, we were invited now to a repast of a savory and, I am told, a delicious character. It was not convenient for us to remain, as other hospitalities awaited us. I forget the name of the great dish of this feast. It is composed of a stew that takes in all nice vegetables and all kinds of game—squirrels, rabbits, birds, and doubtless lamb

and beef—all boiled together and suitably seasoned, making a dainty dish, fit to set before a king. And I have no doubt that for those who like that kind of thing this would be the very kind of thing they like. But we were called away, and retired from the grounds greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Sweigert for their kind attentions, and to the other ladies and gentlemen who made our visit to the horse-sale so agreeable and instructive.

THE HENRY CLAY MANSION.

Ashland, the residence of Henry Clay, is sacred ground. After his death it was for some time occupied by one of his sons. Then it was sold to a religious society, that used it for an agricultural and manual-labor college. Recently it was bought by Mr. McDowell, whose wife is a granddaughter of Henry Clay, and it is now in the family again. The proprietor is of the Governor McDowell family of Virginia, and therefore, on his side and that of Mrs. McDowell, the race is historic. The mansion, rebuilt some thirty years ago, precisely as it was in the days of Mr. Clay, is now the seat of generous Kentucky hospitality, and visitors on pilgrimage or by invitation are daily entertained.

It was at this elegant mansion that we had the honor, on Saturday evening, of assisting at what is here called a "High Tea." The "first families" of Lexington and vicinity, in full evening dress, were assembled for a social party; the halls and library and salons of the manor-house were thrown open, and the guests circulated freely and pleasantly; tea was served, with abundant refreshments besides; music enlivened the scene; the young people enjoyed themselves greatly; and it is very rare indeed, in any city or in any country, that so much beauty, gracefulness, ease of manner, with real refinement and courtesy are to be seen. As Ashland is some four or five miles from town, the company was assembled before sunset, and Mr. McDowell was kind enough to take me to his stables and show me some of his horses. Several of them are magnificent creatures, easily bringing,

when he sells, \$10,000 each. Not long ago he sold one at that price, which soon after brought \$25,000.

The principal market for these horses, for the raising of which this part of Kentucky is very famous, is the city of New York. The quality of speed is most in demand. Not for racing chiefly, and I wish it were not at all for racing. I do not believe it can be shown that horse-racing has ever helped to improve the breed of horses, while it is true, beyond all doubt, that it misimproves the breed of men. But the increase of wealth and the desire for fine horses for the road and the park creates a boundless market for the very best animals. And this is true also of other cities, and all parts of this wonderfully advancing country.

Every day at Lexington brought to us invitations to entertainments far beyond our capacity to accept and enjoy. But we left it with grateful hearts and abiding memories of delightful friends.

THE HORSE-RACE.

It is impossible for us who have no taste for such things to understand the enthusiasm of horse-lovers in the performances of their favorite animals. There is no more harm in a man's indulging his fancy in horses than in yachts or pictures. If he can afford the money, he may as well spend it in one of these fancies as another.

The English people make as much of Derby Day as many Christians do of Christmas or Easter. And it is quite credible that they were as sorry that an American horse won at the last race as their fathers were rejoiced when Wellington conquered at Waterloo. Indeed, when a French horse won the Derby a few years ago, the Frenchmen said: "Waterloo is avenged!"

I was visiting a great planter in Kentucky, near Lexington, while attending the Presbyterian Assembly. He wanted me to see a couple of colts six weeks old, and when they were brought out I said, "Morgan colts."

"Why," he exclaimed, "do you know a Morgan colt when you see it?"

"Certainly," said I; "or an Eclipse colt."

"Well done!" said he; "I never saw a minister before that knew a Morgan horse, or any other, at sight. Why, sir, you can have a call to any church in Kentucky."

My fame spread rapidly. A gentleman some twenty miles away had recently imported or bought a couple of Arab steeds, and sent word to me that he would be pleased to have my opinion of their quality, as he understood I was a judge of horses and had studied the Arab stock in their native country. I was very happy to "view" them. He came up with them,—a splendid team,—and he had great satisfaction in the judgment passed upon them. He asked me if the General Assembly would like to come out of the church and see them. I said they would hardly adjourn for that purpose; but if he would be there with them when the morning session closed, I would call the attention of the members to the horses, which I did, greatly to the pleasure of the gentleman and the animals.

The improvement of the breed of horses is one of the most useful of out-of-door pursuits, so largely are we dependent on this noble animal. But—and there is a serious *but* in the case—the horse-race is not in the line of improving the race of horses for any of the useful purposes of life. On the contrary, useful horses are not the result of raising horses for speed, and the moral influence on the men who make raising and racing their pursuit is bad. This has been said so often that it goes now without saying: which nobody can deny.

That there is a vastly increasing tendency of late toward horse-racing there is no doubt. It has now the countenance and favor of a class of men who looked upon the practice with positive condemnation a few years ago. The farmers at the county fairs regard the horse-races and trotting-matches as far more entertaining than a ploughing-match or a show of splendid bulls. But all the horse-races in the world never helped a farmer toward better horses for draught.

And the moral or the immoral of "the turf" is now as well understood as its usefulness. It is a species of gambling, and therefore in itself evil. It is full of cheating and trickery and bribery, and the wonder is that honorable men can give it their sanction. The best English races are often determined by *hiring* the rider of a favorite horse to lose the race. Sir John Astley (a noted sportsman) publishes a letter he received from the owner of a horse he was betting on, in which the scamp of an owner says: "The bookmakers will not respond fairly to me. Could you manage to send me one thousand not to start, or get me twelve thousand to one thousand to win? Reply to mutual advantage."

Just such owners and riders and *betters* are to be found *in* every race, but not always nor often found *out*. And this is the reason why dealing in horses leads to jockeying, which is a name for cheating and also for riding a race-horse. It is queer that a jockey should come to mean a cheat or a rider in races.

If I had the means I would indulge in the luxury of fine horses: not to the extent that Mr. Bonner does, who is an example worthy of being commended. He drives the fastest trotting-horses in the world, but he never allows them to trot or race against other horses. He never bets on races. He uses his horses well, and they minister to his health and pleasure. That is right and sensible. But horse-racing is not useful, and it is injurious to many and generally demoralizing.

A SOJOURN IN BABYLON.

NOT in the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, nor the Babylon of the Revelation, but in Babylon on Long Island, not forty miles from New York, I have been sojourning a few days.

The train by which I went down from the city proved to be what is called an "accommodation;" as it doubtless is to the dwellers along the line. After we had been going some

time, I asked the conductor if the next station was Babylon. He said, with commendable dignity and distinctness :

“ Babylon is twenty-seven miles farther on, and there are sixteen stations before we get there.”

I resigned myself to the situation, being happy in that we had escaped with our lives from the horrible smells of Hunter's Point and its vicinity. In the city of New York we are daily and nightly treated to the fragrance of various chemical and fertilizer factories located in the region of what is known as Long Island City, and all the powers of persuasion, law and money have proved fruitless in the war of extermination. It is not unusual for children and adults to be made sick by inhaling the foul odors wafted over the East River and pervading the higher parts of the town. Perhaps such are some of the inevitable evils of civilization, and inasmuch as the products of these foul factories are among the necessities of life, and must be made somewhere, it may be the duty of large cities to submit to the danger and disgust which their presence occasions.

As soon as we take seats in the trains on the Long Island railroad the perfume enters, and the gales of Araby the blest, or the spicy breezes of Ceylon, are sweeter far. But like many other ills of life, this is soon over. We rush through it without loss of life, and enter the purer airs of the island. The old town of Jamaica, and the new Garden City, and a score of minor places are passed by the way, and in the space of an hour and forty minutes—an hour only on the express trains—we are safely brought to Babylon.

The names of places on Long Island taken from the Bible would indicate a pious disposition on the part of those who made the selection, as the classic names of towns in central New York had their origin in the taste of the military gentlemen to whom the duty of laying them out and naming them was assigned. But there are very few towns on Long Island having Scripture names, Jerusalem, Jericho and Babylon being the most conspicuous. And it is a tradition that a neighborhood meeting broke up in great confusion when trying to agree upon a name for their settlement, and from

the babel that occurred the place got the name of Babylon, which it bears to this day. It has been settled more than a hundred and fifty years. A church edifice was built in 1730, and the congregation, now Presbyterian, has maintained the preaching of the Word ever since. The father of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was for a short time the preacher. The congregation now has a very neat church, and a chapel adjoining, but at present is without a pastor. There are also Methodist and Baptist churches in the village, and the Episcopalians worship in a church at West Islip, close by. The next town is Islip, where the Episcopalians have a beautiful church erected by one of the Vanderbilts of New York. The Presbyterian congregation there has for its popular pastor a young friend of mine, the Rev. Arthur H. Allen.

All this part of Long Island is the refuge in the summer season of thousands of New Yorkers, some of whom have elegant country-seats, on which large sums of money have been expended; and there are hotels of every degree of comfort and cost, so that the whole seaside is peopled three or four months in the year by citizens seeking cool air, repose and amusement. The Great South Bay stretches some sixty or seventy miles, being separated from the ocean by a narrow ridge of sand, which makes a Mediterranean sea, beautiful for sailing purposes and full of fish. Fire Island is about seven miles off from Babylon, and a ferry-boat makes constant communication with it. It is a great resort in summer, as it is never hot, notwithstanding its name. Indeed, along the coast the climate is uniformly cool and delightful. During those dreadfully hot days from the third to the ninth of the month of July there was no sign of great heat here in Babylon, nor in any of the riparian towns in this region. So much for the climate. As for repose, you may have that to your heart's content. There is nothing to be done. And in the shade of the piazzas and what trees there are you can be comfortable all day, and when night comes, well covered up, you will sleep soundly and rise to renew the same interesting round.

I am sorry to say that Sunday is the great day for fishing,

for sport in the bay and in Fire Island inlet. Many who are confined by their business in the city all the week come down here and spend Sunday on the water. A charade was invented for the entertainment of the guests at the hotel; it was called "Sunday morning," and was represented by a number of gentlemen with fish-poles in hand, and as many ladies with prayer-books, each company going to their respective services.

The bay is to the inhabitants of these parts what the mines of gold or coal are to their owners. It is a remarkable fact that this young country of ours is at the head of all the nations of the world in the fishery industry, and our exhibits in this line at the great exposition in London exceed all others. And this, too, not only in the amount and value of the products, but in the completeness and efficiency of the means employed in the business. It is but a small part of the whole that is done off the shores of Long Island. But the markets of New York are so near and fish are so abundant that the business offers strong inducements which are eagerly embraced by the enterprising islanders. The oyster traffic is immense. And when we think of the penetrating power of the oyster into the remotest parts of the country, every restaurant away in the interior, if not on the frontier, requiring a constant supply, the wonder is where the luscious mollusks are found in sufficient quantities to meet the immense demand. Two bays of Long Island take their name from the oyster, and preserve their right to it by the annual supply they afford. It sounds strangely to a landsman far from the sea to hear of sowing oysters, or planting them, but both these terms are common and proper. The oysterman collects the seed and sows it, and he brings oysters from one locality and plants them in another, where their flavor is improved by the nature of the water in which they grow. Thus the oyster trade is one great branch of business on the shores of Long Island.

The summer visitors on the coast must have their "races" or they could hardly lay claim to being in the world. They have them in this vicinity, but where I have not learned, At

the "meeting" soon to come off a very novel prize is to be run for. A gentleman, having buried his father, has offered a "memorial cup" to be given to the winner in the horse-race. There is something very racy in this offer. The old man has finished his course, and the son, with rare filial reverence, has put up a silver chalice to be contended for on the turf at Babylon. There is no disputing about tastes, and this proposal, which appears so odd to those not educated up to an appreciation of the æsthetics of the race-course, is doubtless an exquisite touch of pathos testifying the respect of the son for the virtues of his honored father, and his own love for the sports of the field. I remember nothing so charming, unless it be a fact that occurred in Northern New York some years ago. A good man had lived happily with an excellent wife until they were well on in years, when she died. He bethought him of some fitting memorial to place on her grave, and the happy thought struck him that the square ten-plate stove by which they had been comfortable through many long winters, would be just what she would like if she had a voice in the matter. He had the stove taken to the church-yard and planted over the remains of his companion, who sleeps quietly underneath it until this day.

BABYLON AND FIRE ISLAND.

STILL a sojourner by the waters of Babylon. If one must be a prisoner, and grind at the mill as Samson did, there are many worse places than this cool and breezy shore on the south side of Long Island. There has not been an uncomfortably warm day here this summer. The hotels are first class. The Argyle is the largest and most picturesque. I am at the Watson House, which Selah C. Smith and his sons have kept for many years, and have won a wide repute for their rooms and table. It is a family hotel, with broad piazzas, pleasing outlooks, ample shade: it is continually fanned by health-laden breezes from the sea; is perfectly

comfortable, clean and wholesome; and any one who prefers quiet and good living to fashion and short commons may here take his ease in his own inn.

THE MEMORIAL HORSE-RACE.

In my last I told you that a gentleman recently made an orphan, and being addicted to the turf, had put up a memorial silver cup to be the prize in an approaching horse-race, the cup being a memorial of the honored father whom this afflicted son had recently followed to the grave. You thought it must be a grave joke: there could not be such a curiosity in horse-racing and filial reverence. But since I wrote, the offer has been advertised extensively, and the hand-bill was posted in the hotel where I am lodged, announcing in big letters the names of three horses entered for the race. Men sitting on the piazza laugh at the idea as immensely comical, and make all manner of fun of it. Last Saturday the races came off, and the first was for the memorial cup. It excited lively interest.

"This is a very solemn occasion," remarked one who was waggishly inclined, and took in the absurdity of the proceeding.

Another one said, "No good will come of this; it is too serious a matter to be making sport of."

But for all this the race was run, and the cup was won by a horse recently from Philadelphia by the name of Kismet.

Very likely the example may be followed, and sportsmen will revive the Grecian custom of celebrating the death of heroes with games and trials of speed and strength. It has nothing in it in common with Christian civilization, but there is not much of religion or civilization in the sports of the turf at the present time. They are mainly opportunities for gamblers and those unsuspecting and wealthy young sports who are the easy prey of impecunious swindlers. Only last week two jockeys were expelled from a "first-class" race-course near the city for bribing another to *lose* a race. In England it is necessary to pay a jockey so large a sum for his services as to make it hard for the other parties to buy him

off. And the standard of turf morals is no higher in this country than it is over the sea. It is therefore the better part of wisdom to keep clear of bets on horses as well as on everything else; for all is gambling, and an honest gambler is far more rare in this world than four-leafed clover, or snow in August.

FIRE ISLAND AND ITS LANDLORD.

Seven or eight miles across the Great South Bay is Fire Island, a vast stretch of sand, on which is reared a lighthouse that has gladdened millions of eyes, seeing it as the first light greeting their sight since leaving port in Europe. Sometimes the incoming vessel passes near enough Montauk Point to make that light but more frequently Fire Island light is first to tell them the voyage is nearly over, and they will soon be in the bay and harbor of New York. About thirty years ago Mr. D. S. S. Sammis crossed the bay with a sloop-load of lumber, and having made himself owner of the beach for some miles, he built a modest hotel on the island. He was a hotel-keeper in Babylon, and his fame has widened from year to year, until now there are many thousands of people who cherish his name as of one who has ministered to their comfort when they came to him as strangers and he took them in. He has a heap of scrap-books and letters containing testimonials of regard and gratitude from the many who found in him a host who provided for their wants. His house has gradually grown, though sand is not good soil for growth. Year after year has seen the old hotel enlarged; neat cottages rising by the sides of it: a covered walk—a board of health—stretches from the bay on one side through the house down to the sea-side, across the island, here less than half a mile wide. On the beach a wide roof shelters the company from the sun, while the great and wide sea, beautiful in its brilliant hues, majestic in its roll, sublime and glorious in its mystery and might, heaves and tumbles, moans and surges at your feet. The visitors, old and young, revel on and in the sand. There sits a strong woman, as near the remorseless waves as she

dares to sit, hugs her rubber wrap about her and lets the spray and the wave itself rush upon her, while the anxiety of strangers lest she be carried away as with a flood is evidently to her a source of secret satisfaction. Farther on a couple of young lovers, thinking they are sufficiently hidden by an umbrella, are sitting hand in hand, and looking out on the sea, apt emblem of the life on which they are about to set sail.

Two stalwart men defy the billows and venture into the maddened waves. But they are like straws on the water, and are glad to escape with their lives. A life-boat and lines are on the edge of the sea ready for any emergency; and if any of these maidens who have come down with bathing-dresses should, like Pharaoh's daughter, step into the water, they would put this life-saving apparatus into requisition. And by the way, once in every five miles along the coast there is a Life-saving Station of the United States Government, kept manned and ready for shipwrecks from October to May.

The wind, bracing and delightful, comes in from the ocean, laden with life and health, and permeates the lungs and limbs, stimulating the system, and putting new life into the aged, the infirm and the weary. Here are no trees, no drives, no races, no mountains; water on the right of you, water on the left of you; everywhere sand and sea: but it is always invigorating and delightful: no chills, no malaria, no hay-fever, no mineral springs: but plenty of health and company, and the summer slips away without a suspicion of excessive heat.

It is not strange that an island so near to New York should be well known and valued by many of her citizens. The good people of Albany and Troy have long known the way hither, and made it their refuge.

Mr. Sammis is a typical landlord, decidedly a character in his way: an old Long Islander himself,—as all my fathers were,—he knows the history of Long Island before it was invaded and overrun by hordes from the mainland, who now, with their palaces and equipages, have upset the traditional

quaintness and simplicity for which it was distinguished before and since the Revolution, and have now made it almost as fashionable and uncomfortable as the rest of the world.

Mr. Sammis, like the noted Boniface Cruttenden, of the Eagle Tavern, Albany, greets the coming guests with a cordial welcome: personally attends to their being well cared for; and when we took our leave of him he walked with us to the boat, cast off the line with his own hands, and as we were fairly under way, bade us a paternal adieu.

We have our choice of mountain or sea-shore, and there are some to whom the inland atmosphere is more wholesome for a change than the smell of old ocean. Perhaps the change is better. And they who live for most of the year in the interior will find greater benefit by coming to the beach. There are thousands of citizens whose business requires them to have their out-of-town residences within two or three hours of the city, so that they may go and come frequently and not lose the daily watch and care of their affairs. Hence all the available coast, in comfortable reach, is adorned with villas of every conceivable style of architecture, and varying in cost and comfort according to the means and taste of the owner. The frequency with which these cottages, as they are called, though costing \$100,000, change owners or occupants, is an evidence of the precarious tenure of wealth or the restless propensities of the people.

LONG ISLAND MINISTERS.

WE drove out this morning to Islip, to call on the Rev. Mr. Allen, whom I mentioned as the Presbyterian pastor. He received us gladly, and welcomed us to as neat, comfortable and interesting a village parsonage, church and chapel as one could wish to see. It had all the evidences of a wide-awake, thriving pastor and people. The three buildings stand in a line on the main street, painted in neutral tints,

and all in harmony; with lawn and shade-trees. Mr. Allen, a graduate of Yale College and Princeton Theological Seminary, came here five years ago to this his first pastoral charge, and has already shown what a young man of ability, taste, and force can do in building up a church in a field that was far from promising when it came into his hands. Some of the old families of New York have made Islip their summer abode, and have cast in their lot and their mites with good effect, as all other summer sojourners ought to do everywhere, but for the most part do not. The Maitlands have made themselves remembered by their good works. I saw the name of my good friend Elliott F. Shepard, Esq., of New York City, on the books in one of the pews, and was pleased to hear of his interest and usefulness in this church. The spiritual blessings following the labors of Mr. Allen have been marked, and souls converted have been added to the church. What he has done and is doing, every young minister with the requisite equipment for the pulpit may do and ought to do. He may easily find a modest field of labor in the rural districts, throw himself wholly into the work, rouse and rally the people, surround himself with all the implements of spiritual husbandry and make an indelible impression on the community, build monuments in the hearts of men, and win souls to be seals of his ministry and stars in his immortal crown.

In this same handsome village of Islip is the most unique, striking, and beautiful Episcopal church on Long Island, and there must be very few more singularly beautiful in the whole country. It has been recently erected and presented to the parish, with a rectory corresponding to it in picturesque effect, by the liberality of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, a son of the railroad king, W. H. Vanderbilt. Its architecture is so peculiar that it requires a knowledge of terms such as are not at my command, to give a description of it, and you are therefore spared the attempt. The rector is the Rev. Dr. Reuben Riley, who was placed here in 1861, and here he has spent these twenty-two years, pointing his people heavenward, and "leading the way." He is universally beloved,

and it was pleasant to see the beautiful surroundings with which his life is crowned. The parish in which he labors with fidelity and success is largely increased in summer-time by the great number of wealthy families having country-seats in this pleasant neighborhood, or thronging the spacious hotels and boarding-houses. There is the usual infelicity attending these rural charges, that they are so much reduced in winter, and not always or often spiritually improved by the influx of summer company. This may be an exception to the general rule, for there seemed to me some evidences that the visitors seek to make themselves permanently useful to the church, as well as comfortable in their summer homes.

When I studied English grammar, long time ago, we used Lindley Murray's book, and you may be surprised to learn that that celebrated grammarian lived in this very town of Islip, and here began that celebrated work which has vexed and helped so many youth in the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly. He was a Quaker lawyer, and there are wills and deeds now in existence in this county of Suffolk which were drawn by his hand. Lindley Murray was a native of Lebanon County, Pa., and resided on Long Island during the Revolutionary war. Being a Tory, he went to England when the war was over, completed his grammar and published it there, and died near York, at Holdgate, in 1826.

While in Islip Murray lived in the house with Judge Isaac Thompson, who was a warm patriot and suffered all but death at the hands of the British and their hired Hessians. They hung him on a tree, but were persuaded to let him down before he was dead because he had been a magistrate under the crown. The grammar-maker, being a royalist and a member of his family, also helped to protect him and his property. Scarcely any part of our land suffered more from the enemy during that long war of the Revolution than did this ill-fated island. In my library, to-day, are books that belonged to my great-grandfather, who was pastor of Huntington, fifteen miles only from the spot where I am writing; the British invaded the town, took possession of the church

and used it as barracks, and the pastor's house for their officers' lodgings, mutilated the furniture, destroyed many of his books, and tore out portions of others, the remains of which I cherish not so much for their intrinsic value as being memorials of those bitter days through which our fathers passed when this nation was in the throes that preceded its birth. Those same warriors returned to Huntington in 1782, when the struggle for independence was virtually at an end, and pulled down the church, pitched their tents in the graveyard: used the gravestones for the bottoms of ovens, and the loaves of bread had the names of the dead in reverse on the under crust. My great-grandfather had now been recently buried there, and the redoubtable Colonel Thompson, commanding the troop, had his tent placed at the head of the grave of the venerable pastor, so that every time he went in or out, as he said, he could tread on the old rebel. The family of the old pastor fled at the approach of the British, but they had the forethought to drop the silver-plate into the well, which being very deep, like the one at Samaria, concealed it from the foe. After the war was over they returned and fished it up, and part of it is on my table just one hundred years since it was rescued from the deep. Also, now that we are "reminiscing," on the shelf of my writing-desk stands the Greek Testament which that same "old rebel" used, and which escaped the vandal hands of Colonel Thompson. The pastor was a fine classical scholar, and his son used this same volume, and his grandson, and his great-grandson, and his great-great-grandson; and all of these five generations have their respective names inscribed on the blank page of this Greek Testament, which was printed in Edinburgh in 1740.

This Colonel Thompson was a native of Concord, Mass., which place once bore the name of Rumford. After the war his name was infamous by his barbarous course as a Tory chieftain, and he went to England and was honored with knighthood. Then he went to Bavaria and was created a count, and he took the name of Rumford, from his native place. Being a man of science and devoted to the pursuits

of natural philosophy, he invented at Leyden, in Holland, the electric jar which bears the name of the famous university of that city.

The Long Island ministers in the Revolution were stanch patriots, except a few who were in connection with the Church of England. Dr. Buel was the Easthampton pastor, a very remarkable man, a fervent pulpit orator who would make a sensation in any parish. He was not afraid of the face of clay, but being a gentleman of courtly manners and ready wit he was always popular, even when rebuking sin. Sir William Erskine was in command of the British troops at Easthampton, and one Saturday issued an order for all the inhabitants who had teams to turn out the next day to do some hauling. Dr. Buel *countermanded* the order; and when Sir William called him to account, Dr. Buel said, "I am commander-in-chief on Sunday." The general laughed and sanctioned the countermand. This was the Dr. Buel who was preaching on the exceeding guilt of them who perish from a place so exalted in point of privilege as Easthampton, and in the fervor of his eloquence he said, "In that awful day the voice would go forth in the midst of the lost, Make room, make room, an Easthampton sinner is coming to judgment!"

I wish this letter were not already too long, for I would like to write of the Long Island Indian preachers, some of whom were once famous and were heard with wonder on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Their names are passing into oblivion, but they richly deserve to be had in remembrance. Samson Occum was the most distinguished. Dr. Buel speaks of his preaching as "natural, free, clear and eloquent." He was a poet, too, of no mean order, being the author of that tremendous hymn "Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound." One of his sermons was preached to an audience of only one, an Indian, and on the eve of his execution for murder. He addresses him as "Poor Moses" and tenderly invites him to the Saviour. Paul Cuffee was another, and Peter John another of these Indian preachers of whom time fails me to speak.

EASTHAMPTON ON LONG ISLAND.

ABOUT seventy-five years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen were bathing in the surf on the beach at Easthampton, nearly the eastern end of Long Island.

A young clergyman walking on the sand some little distance from the party of bathers was suddenly startled by cries of distress from the water. He perceived on the instant that some one had been carried out by the undertow, and the rest, panic-stricken, were unable to render aid. A stalwart young man and a strong swimmer, he rushed to the spot, flinging off his coat as he ran, plunged into the sea, found a young lady drowning, rescued her gallantly and brought her to the land. She was speedily restored. It was natural that such an incident should result in friendship, which ripened into affection and led to the marriage of the parties. The writer of these lines is the third of the children that followed this romantic union. So that from her who was rescued from the very jaws of death there have sprung children and children's children who have risen up to pronounce blessings on her name which is now lovingly borne in the fourth generation from the saved on this beach at Easthampton. I have just returned from the spot, and, inspired by the delicious, bracing air, the sight of the great and wide sea, have been impelled to tell the story which has been a tradition, but as yet unpublished.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,"

and in this case I can observe the Providence by which he led those young people to each other, that they might be the parents of a family to be trained for his service. Other steps might have led to the same result, but this was God's way, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Beautiful also, and never to be mentioned without joyful gratitude, that in the hour of mortal peril a strong and saving arm was near.

From those parents I have heard traditions of Long Island, and especially of the East End, and Easthampton more than all, out of which long chapters of intense religious interest might be drawn. Long before I ever saw it, I was told of the first minister of the church in Easthampton, Mr. James, who gave very singular directions before his death in regard to his burial. It was usual in those days to bury the dead with their heads to the west, the sentiment being prevalent that at the last great day the Son of man would come in the east, and the dead would rise with their faces toward him. Mr. James gave directions that his body should be laid in the eastern part of the burial-ground, with his head to the east, that in the resurrection morn he might look his congregation in the face as he arose with them to judgment! The superstition and the ignorance apparent in this arrangement must be overlooked in the manifest desire on his part to impress his people with the fact that he, their pastor, would confront them once more when they were to answer for the improvement they had made of his instructions. It was to the same purpose that Dr. Payson, of Portland, had a paper laid upon his breast in his open coffin, that all his people as they looked their last look might read the solemn admonition, "Remember the words that I said unto you while I was yet with you." The grave of the Easthampton pastor is still preserved with its headstone, and as the inclosure has been enlarged, it is not now on the outer eastern row of graves as it was originally, and as it was when I saw it first nearly half a century ago. The moss-covered tombstone bears this inscription, which I made out with difficulty, and copied word for word:

Mr.
 Thomas
 James, dyed
 THE 16th day of
 Jvne, in the
 yeare 1696. HE
 was Ministar
 of THE gospel
 and Pastvre
 of the Chvrch
 of Christ.

When we hear so much as we do now of the prevalent unbelief of the present age, it is well to remember that just after the war there was far more positive and aggressive infidelity in the land than there is at this day. In Easthampton there was a club of infidels, at the head of which was the leading physician of the place. In Newburg on the Hudson there was a large society of blatant infidels who sought notoriety by open sacrilege in putting contempt upon the holy rites of the Christian religion. Dr. Johnston, the pastor of the First Church, made a record of the awful deaths which overtook the most of the members of that miserable crew, and one could not read the history without horror. I heard him read it, and I am very certain there is no community in the State of New York now which could furnish the facts for such a legend of infidelity, blasphemy and death. Therefore I assume that the present degenerate age is better than the past, and there is no reason to suppose that faith is dying out of the world.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor in Easthampton in the first decade of this century, but he did not make so strong an impression as he made afterwards in Litchfield and Boston. Traditions are yet repeated of his eccentricities and of his attainments in the apostolic pursuit of fishing. Among the more recent preachers and pastors were S. R. Ely, E. C. Wines, Mr. Mershon and the present excellent incumbent, Mr. Stokes, who has fed this flock by the sea for the term of fourteen years. The Rev. Dr. Strickland, who died but a few weeks ago, was the highly useful and respected pastor of the adjoining parish of Bridgehampton, and made his mark all over the east end of the island.

No village in the State of New York has undergone less change by the influence of modern improvement than Easthampton. Its one broad street, its windmills, its geese and its graveyard, its antique, quaint and peculiar residences, hold their own without fear or shame. Hundreds of city people find rest and delight in its cool, sequestered shades during the heats of summer, and seek the gently sloping beach for grateful bathing in the surf. The house in which

"Home, Sweet Home" was composed is still pointed out to inquiring strangers; indeed, two are rivals for the honor, and you take your choice. Artists have made sketches of the picturesque interiors and exteriors of the old habitations that remain as specimens of what was elegant in its day, and magazines have been adorned with the illustrations. Repose is the genius of the place. Nothing is in haste. Not a minute faster does time go now than it did ten years ago when I was here, and having need to use the telegraph found the office closed, with a notice that the operator had gone crabbing. Now I went to the barber's and a notice on the shop-door informed customers that he was in town every other day. It is very restful to be in such a place. No rude alarm disturbs the quiet of this venerable retreat. It never yet has heard that most unearthly of all earthly sounds, the railroad shriek. The clear, sweet bugle-blast announces the coming of the post-coach, also the peripatetic vender of clams. Rarely does the inhabitant say, "I am sick." Health, peace, content and comfort dwell here from age to age, the same in substance as it was in the beginning. The forefathers of the hamlet sleep in the country churchyard, successive generations lie by their side, all waiting, with their first pastor, for the last trump to "break up old marble" and call them to the grand assize.

SHELTER ISLAND AND WHITEFIELD.

I WAS surprised to find Shelter Island in such an advanced stage of modern improvement. It is in the eastern part of Long Island Sound, and affords the most delightful sites for residences, which are being rapidly taken up for summer cottages.

Right opposite to Greenport, from which the ferry-boat comes hourly, is the Prospect House. A whole village of cottages, perhaps a hundred in number, surrounds it, peeping out from beneath the shade of big trees, or looking forth

from the banks on the great waters. The town is owned by an association which sells lots on conditions that secure perfect sanitary cautions, and freedom from all the evils resulting from the sale of liquors or from gambling. These cottages are in endless varieties of artistic beauty, some of them costing but a few hundred dollars and others many thousands.

Shelter Island has a history, and the names of Sylvester, Gardner, Deering, Nichols, Havens, Conkling, Huntting are handed down among the early inhabitants. There are few persons now living who know that this island was once the scene of Whitefield's labors, and that here were great revivals of religion as long ago as the year 1764.

Samuel L'Hommedieu, Esq., of Sag Harbor, who died in 1834, and one of the many who were converted under Whitefield's preaching, was a personal acquaintance of my father, who was the Sag Harbor minister from 1806 to 1809. They often conversed of Mr. Whitefield and his wonderful powers as a preacher. Mr. L'Hommedieu was one of the men who made a raft and conveyed Mr. Whitefield upon it from Southold across to Shelter Island. It is something to have heard accounts of Whitefield's eloquence from one who often listened to him and by him was actually led to the service of Christ. In that year (1764) this distinguished servant of God made a tour on Long Island, everywhere preaching the Word. And multitudes believed on the Lord because of his sermons. Dr. Gillies says in his *Life of the great preacher* that Whitefield having left New York (in January), he preached at Easthampton, Bridgehampton and Southold on Long Island and Shelter Island. His headquarters were at the hospitable mansion of Thomas Deering, Esq., on this island, and in the Deering family are preserved two letters which Whitefield wrote to Mr. Deering. His letters are not remarkable for the information they impart, but are very interesting illustrations of the man who was undoubtedly one of the most wonderful religious orators the world ever produced. He writes to Mr. Deering:

"MY DEAR SIR: What a winding world do we live in! I have been a good way round, and now am come within sight of your house again. Yesterday the boat and all was just gone. To-day, I trust some have felt themselves undone—one, upon the road we overtook, sweetly, sorely wounded. Grace! Grace! I am now come to wait for sailing. Will you send a poor but willing pilgrim the promised sea provisions? God feed you and yours with the bread that cometh down from heaven! A thousand thanks for all favors. Add to my obligations by continuing to pray for my dear friend.

"Yours in the never-failing Jesus, G. W."

The following letter was written by Whitefield in reply to one from Mr. Deering:

"BOSTON, May 2, 1764.

"And is Shelter Island become a Patmos? It seems so by my dear friend's letter. Blessed be God! Blessed be God! What cannot a God in Christ do for his people! All things well. Though he leads men seemingly in a round-about, yet it is a right way. Though they pass through the fire, yet it does not consume; though through deep, yea, very deep waters, yet it does not overwhelm so as to destroy them. And all these are only earnest of good things to come. How many assurances that we shall at last be carried through the Jordan of death, and safely landed in the Canaan of everlasting rest! Surely he cannot be far from them now. Such frequent shocks that your earthly tabernacle and mine meet with must necessarily loosen the silver cords that hold them up. What then? We have a house not made with hands,—eternal—in the heavens. Though we cannot join in singing, we can in repeating

" ' By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.' "

"Methinks I hear you say Amen! Hallelujah!—and why? Because his mercy endureth forever.

"I could enlarge, but must away to my throne. It is but seldom I can climb so high. But an infinitely condescend-

ing Jesus vouchsafes to smile upon my feeble labors, here and elsewhere. Who knows but I may ere long come your way? Perhaps the cloud may point toward Patmos. Mr. Wright will be glad. He is better, and sends most cordial respects. My poor prayers constantly wait upon your *whole self*, Mr. Adams, and your rising offspring,

"In sure and certain hope, if we never meet in this world, of a glorious resurrection to eternal life in that which is to come, I subscribe myself, very dear sir, your truly affectionate sympathizing friend and willing servant, in our common, never-failing Lord.

G. WHITEFIELD."

These letters were written and this Long Island tour was made during Whitefield's sixth visit to America. He returned to England and came back to our shores again in 1769. He died in 1770. In Exeter, N. H., he preached two hours, and the same day went to Newburyport, Mass., and addressed a great crowd assembled to meet him. The next day, September 30, he died of asthma. Under the pulpit of the Federal Street church, where he had preached, his body was buried. Seventy-five years afterwards I was allowed to enter the sepulchre and to view the bones of this illustrious man. I took his skull in my hands. The forehead was so broad that I could not grasp it with a span. Lord, what is man? This skull was once aflame with words that burn. Beneath these ribs a noble heart was beating, throbbing, breaking with love for Jesus Christ and the souls of men. What eloquent lips were once here! We have living preachers who are as wise in winning souls, and who turn as many to righteousness as Whitefield, but we have not had since he died any man of whose seraphic eloquence such marvels are told.

Sitting on the broad piazza of this Prospect House on Shelter Island, and knowing that there were not at the time of Whitefield's visit more than two or three hundred people on the island, I am filled with admiring wonder that his footsteps should have been led hither, and his name identified with the history of this beautiful spot.

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. Sylvester was the principal proprietor of Shelter Island, which was first settled about 1652. It was organized as a district township in 1730. Mr. Sylvester superintended the building of the first church, and he died in 1752, as appears from his funeral sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Troop, of Southold, and published in Boston. The church stood till 1816, when a new one was built, and in it was put the pulpit that had been in the Rutgers Street church, New York City.

A very interesting event occurred at Shelter Island last week. The papers give accounts of the unveiling of a monument at Shelter Island by Mary and Phœbe Gardiner Horsford, daughters of Professor E. N. Horsford, of Harvard University, to the memory of Nathaniel Sylvester. Many prominent people of New York, Brooklyn, and Connecticut were present. The exercises included an opening prayer by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, an address on the life of Nathaniel Sylvester by Professor Horsford, the reading of a hymn contributed by J. G. Whittier, and a benediction by the Rev. Dr. Whitaker.

The monument is a broad stone tablet mounted on three stone pillars, and the whole rests upon a platform which is reached by three steps. The slab is suitably inscribed. Upon the surface of the stone there is carved a family register and a table of the proprietors of the island from the Manhasset tribe of Indians down to Samuel Smith Gardiner, grandfather of Mary and Phœbe Gardiner Horsford.

The island was originally a possession of James Farrett, who had received it together with Robin's Island, from William, Earl of Sterling. Stephen Goodyear purchased both from Farrett, and finally sold Shelter Island to Sylvester, who afterwards got deeds of confirmation from the Indians. These and several other papers of interest are still in the possession of the Sylvester descendants.

The name of the tribe of Indians that originally occupied the island was Manhasset, and the Indian name of the island, variously written, signified "the island sheltered by islands," whence it was called Shelter Island.

SUNDAY WITH A WESTERN FARMER.

"TAKING mine ease in mine inn," the Leland, in Springfield, Ill., on Saturday afternoon, too rainy to go out and very tired of the Assembly, I was roused by a visitor who sent up his name. It was Mr. B. F. McVeigh. My first thought was of the late Attorney-General of the United States. He came up to my chamber, and proved to be a farmer from the prairies,—a working farmer,—whom I welcomed cordially, and he said :

"You will think I am very presuming, a stranger and a plain farmer-man, to come in upon you this way ; but I take the *New York Observer*."

"Stop a moment," I interposed ; "if that is so, you are all right and I am glad to see you ; no apologies, if you please."

"Yes," he began again, "my wife and I read you every week, and when we saw that you were here at the Assembly we just made up our minds that we must have you in our house before you get away. We live four miles out of Springfield, and are the plainest kind of farming people and we want you to say when you will come out and spend the night and as much time as you can spare ; can't you go home with me this afternoon and spend Sunday?"

"No, I cannot ; I am engaged to supper with the Governor of the State at the Executive Mansion this evening, to meet several others, and—"

"Well," he said, "it will be a contrast to my house from the Governor's ; but if you will come and go to church with us to-morrow, preach or address the young people—will you come ? Just to think of it : how good it would be !"

The frankness and earnestness of the man quite took my heart, and I said : "What will all the rest say ? I have refused well on toward a score of invitations to places all along the road from Chicago to St. Louis ; but, if the rain holds up, I will go to your house to-morrow."

The next morning, Sabbath morning, I opened the shutter

anxiously, and the brightest of spring sunshine was glowing over the world. At nine o'clock my new friend was at the door with a stout span of horses before a stout spring-wagon, and we set out to ride through the mud from Springfield to Round Prairie.

Mud—through the *mud* did I say? Such mud I never saw since I waded in Dr. McFeeter's book on the "Origin of Sin": that was a continent of mud. My friend at once told me, for my comfort, that the roads are "not one per cent as bad as they were a few weeks ago; we have tried every kind of road-bed in vain; they all sink out of sight; we give it up and call it the *lost cause*."

By dint of tight holding on I kept from falling out, when one wheel sank beyond the hub, and the strong team with a jerk brought it up just as the other went into the depths, and then both slumped into a hole, and as the horses braced to the work and lifted it out, I went back with a snap and feared I was broken into two pieces. All the country had been recently flooded. The streams had been swollen, carrying fences away and bridges, and the raging Sangamon swelled the Illinois River, and this the Father of Waters, making the mighty inundation of which we have read. All the way we were passing between as beautiful farms as the American sun shines on. A rich nursery has made a Scotchman wealthy, and Mill's stock-farm is famous; groves of fine trees, rolling fields that need no draining; wheat now breast-high will yield forty or fifty bushels to the acre; corn just springing up will give the farmer fifty or sixty bushels for every acre. And all these farms would be very cheap at a hundred dollars an acre, but they are not for sale. I asked my friend to tell me what led him hither, and how he and the world got on together.

"Hold fast!" he said, as we pitched into an unfathomed mud-hole; "the fact is I have to put four horses on sometimes, so that the leaders can pull the wheelers out. Now we go—but you will not care to hear me."

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, I was working at a trade in New York City thirty-five years ago, and I saw no prospect of doing more than

just earning my bread. I did save a little; came up to Albany on an opposition steamboat for twelve and a half cents, on the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and when I got to Chicago started South with only a five-dollar gold piece. I walked here, and offered to pay for my food and lodgings by the way out of the five dollars, but it was whole when I got here; hired out by the month, laid up all I could save, went back to New York and got married and brought my wife out; when I had saved a thousand dollars, bought this farm—two hundred acres."

"This farm?"

"Yes; this is mine. These great trees I have left standing, and the children from the city sometimes have picnics under the shade. There is my house; I have paid for the whole. That's my wife by the window; three sons and three daughters. There is nothing a farmer needs that we *want*."

By this time we had reached the platform, near the front door-yard filled with shrubbery and trees: roses in bloom, snowball-bushes white with bloom—as neat and comfortable a home as any one requires. We entered, and the good wife gave me a cordial greeting. She was ready for church, where the children were all gone to Sabbath-school. She joined us in the wagon and we rode on to the church, and in five minutes I was speaking to the assembled youth of the congregation. I spoke till the minister expected (not the pastor, who was absent, but the Rev. William Sterling, of Williamsport, Pa.) came and preached an excellent discourse. After service the people—all farmers and their families—lingered and exchanged greetings, and took me by the hand: and I was astonished to find friends from the East whose parents I had known and loved.

The Rev. Dr. John Johnstone was the fifty years' pastor of Newburg, N. Y. There I knew him and his in my early ministry. Here in Illinois I found among these matrons one of Dr. Johnstone's granddaughters, who presented to me *her* daughter, and the Sterlings of Newburg are here in the son of the old Scotchman and the son's sons.

Pleasant was the interchange of neighborly news among these families who live miles apart and seldom meet except

at the church. And then we went home. Mr. McVeigh took with him Mr. George E. Kalb, an intelligent young farmer, with his young wife and their babe, and we thus had a large family gathering around the bountiful dinner-table. I would like to give you a list of the good gifts of God with which that table was loaded, besides the substantial dishes of beef and vegetables, four kinds of pickles and four of preserves; nice cake and pie, and stewed tomatoes, tea, coffee, and various condiments—a dinner fit to “set before a king.” We adjourned from the dinner-table to the parlor, adorned with pictures, piano, handsome books, and the *New York Observer*, which they told me had been their instructor and entertainment through their housekeeping life. I learned that all the families for miles around are religious families, all the young people as well as the parents members of the church, and poverty or drunkenness almost wholly unknown. The children are better taught in the public schools than in the rural districts of the East, and higher wages paid to the teachers. My friend Mr. McVeigh, as I drew out of him, visits the school as one of the trustees once at least a week, and works in every way to make himself useful.

If he is hurt in his feelings by my putting him into the paper, he must bear it for the sake of the example he is of American life, the best type of it; of the start, the progress, the push, the industry, perfect temperance, and the intelligent cultivation of the ground and the mind.

What he is—an independent, American Christian farmer—every American young man may become. His two hundred acres, his barns, his lots of horses and cattle,—very handsome they are,—his rotation of crops,—he got one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel for his wheat last week,—these are the evidences of his material prosperity, and I believe he enjoys with his household the blessing of God that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

Toward evening we rode back to the city. To my friends in the Leland I related the incidents of the day, and they suggested that I should write them to you.

THE HEART OF THE CATSKILLS.

I AM writing in the Grand Hotel, on Summit Mountain, in the midst of the Catskills. It is not on the pinnacle of the loftiest, for many tower above me with such majesty as to cause one at this height of two thousand feet, to feel himself on a plain whence Alps on Alps arise.

Since the railroad system pierced the mountain system the ascent to these sublime seats is as easy as was the descent in days of old. I took my seat at New York and without change of car was brought to the door of this house, through scenes of beauty, sublimity and grandeur. The morning papers which were to relieve the tedium of the journey were actually unopened, for each moment of travel unfolded a new leaf in God's great book of Nature, so grand, so new, so exciting, that the journey was one delightful morning of high converse with Him who holds the rivers and the hills in his hands! And now as I write, the mountains stand about me, in silent grandeur, as if this were the vast amphitheatre for the world's millions to meet in, when He shall come in whose presence the mountains are to flow down and the hills to melt like wax.

To the east of us the sky is propped by the lofty crest of the highest of all the Catskill Mountains. It bears the inexpressive name of Slide. Three other mighty bulwarks of this inclosure are Bear, Bread and Panther, while peaks and ridges and ranges are all around, a part of the literature and art-history of the country. Before us is the long and lofty range of Belle Air, its summit and sides densely wooded and singularly indented with huge hollows filled with dark shadows, while the sun is shining on all the surface. Hundreds of acres are cleared and tilled, the farms creeping from the valleys along up the sides as in the high Alps. Looking westward, we have the valley of the Delaware, a wealth of hills and forests and farms, of such variety, beauty and magnificence that the eye rejoices in the panoramas as a perpetual

delight. Those glimpses of bright water reveal the tributaries of the Delaware River, while on our left the streams are flowing into Esopus Creek in the Ulster Valley, and so on into the Hudson. The *divide* is at our feet, for we are on the water-shed, and a chip thrown to the right travels on the stream one way to the sea, and thrown to the left reaches it no less surely by the other.

To convey any adequate idea of the extent and magnificence of such a view is simply impossible, and to make the attempt is only to pile long words upon each other, like hills on hills. The mountains of Switzerland are far higher and more sublime: clad in white raiment, celestial beauty crowns them with radiance and glory that eye hath not seen elsewhere: the glaciers,—“frozen cataracts, torrents that heard a mighty voice and stopped amid their maddest plunge,”—avalanches clothed with terror and with thunder rushing amain down—these are not seen or heard in this Switzerland of New York: but if there lies before the weary pilgrim among the lakes and crags and summits of the land of Tell a sight more lovely, picturesque—yes, and more satisfying and memorable than this in which I seem to be floating as I write, and less than six hours' easy ride from my own door, then I have failed to find it in three successive tours of exploration through the sublimest scenery of the Old World. Hence it is that clergymen who are necessarily students of God's revelation in his written Word rejoice in sitting at his feet where he reveals himself so gloriously in his WORKS. His Book of Inspiration often quotes from this broader page of Revelation. “Before the mountains were brought forth,” etc. “Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.” “His foundation is in the holy mountains.” “Praise the Lord, mountains and all hills, his glory is above the earth and heaven.” “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people forever.” And so in many pages of the divine word mountains are like great pictures, illustrations of the attributes which belong to the Infinite, Eternal and Unchangeable God. “The sea is his and he made it,” an emblem of his Eternity, Mystery, Majesty

and Might. So the mountains in their unbroken silence, like the stars, with no speech nor voice, are always eloquent in their Creator's praise. I know not which most to admire, as I lift up mine eyes to these hills, their beauty or their sublimity. As I look off to the east, their grandeur awes me till I turn to the west, where a world of wondrous loveliness lies in the lights and shadows of the sinking sun. *There is a "bridal of the earth and sky."* Heaven and hills kiss each other and melt into one.

On one of these evenings, half an hour before sunset, after a bright day, a black thunder-storm swept up the valley of the Delaware. Soon it blotted out the sun and deluged the mountains until it appeared as if the hotel might be washed down into the valley. When the storm reached the Shandaken Valley in the east and rested on Slide and Panther Mountains, the sun burst forth beneath its track, and spanned its dark expanse with two brilliant rainbows. Rain still fell in torrents, lightnings flamed beneath the rainbows from horizon to horizon, and the sun blazed with noontide splendor from the west. All were gathered on the porch to witness the sublime spectacle which might not be repeated in a lifetime, the world illumined by the sun, the lightnings and the rainbows, clothed in garments of gorgeous colors, adorned with the splendors of a new heaven and a new earth.

When the moon was full in this August, the heavens assumed the peculiar appearance called a mackerel sky. But instead of long rifts of cloud in successive layers, the whole concave was embossed with white shields, infinite in number, each one an illumined picture; and we stood, hundreds, under the open canopy of heaven, gazing upwards as if we were beneath the dome of the great Cathedral of the Universe, which needeth not the sun or moon to give it light. On such an elevation as this one seems to be between the earth and sky, and marvels whether the one or the other most declares the power, the wisdom and glory of Him who rides on the circle of the heavens, and gilds the mountains with the brightness as he passes by.

What wonderful cloud-effects are constantly before our

admiring eyes! As if some angelic artist, greater than Angelo of the "Eternal City," had stretched his canvas over the globe, and flung upon it with skill divine his colors which excel in strength. The hand that made them is divine.

The everlasting hills! They are here to stay. How they speak of the eternity of Him who laid their foundations! Kingdoms pass away: tribes, nations, dynasties flow along like these babbling streams, but the great mountains, solemn, sublime and silent, are here always.

And how good they are as well as great. They gather the clouds on their heads and along their wooded sides, and the snow cometh down and the rain from heaven: the rills and brooks and rivers water the earth, and make it bud and blossom, to give bread to the sons and daughters of men. The strength of the hills is His. And blessed be his name for ever and ever!

BULL-FIGHTS, PRIZE-FIGHTS AND OTHER POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

WHEN I was in Spain—that is a good way to begin a letter; it tells at once that the writer has travelled in foreign parts and ought to have something to say—when I was in Spain I heard a great deal about bull-fights; and returning, was often asked if I went to see them. To this question it was my pleasure to be able to answer No. And when further asked why I did not go, I said: "For three good and sufficient reasons. First, they are bloody exhibitions, and would therefore disgust and not entertain me; second they always occur on Sunday, and it is against my views of propriety to attend such places on that day; and third, there was not a bull-fight in Spain while I was there. They are given in hot weather only, and I was not there in summer."

But would you have attended if you could have seen one on a week-day?

"Certainly not. Believing them to be demoralizing and

brutal, unworthy of a civilized people, I would not go near them." But there is no accounting for tastes. I met a refined and delicate American lady who with her husband was travelling in Spain. His business had detained them in Madrid through the summer, and they had frequent opportunities of seeing bull-fights, which she enjoyed amazingly. He was a splendid specimen of man, six feet high and well proportioned, one whom you would select as a champion to enter the lists in a tournament. But he could not bear to look at these fights which afforded such rapturous pleasure to this pretty little wife of his. She laughed at his squeamishness, as she called it, and declared that a bull-fight was far more interesting to her than to see a horse-race or two men knocking each other out with their fists.

I met also in Spain the wife of an American clergyman who expressed the liveliest satisfaction in attending bull-fights, and she mentioned some particularly ghastly scenes that gave me uneasy sensations in the stomach, while she seemed to be in ecstasy. Perhaps ladies do not take more delight in these bloody scenes than the sterner sex, but they are more fond of recounting their experiences in the ring, perhaps because it proves them superior to those weaknesses which in our judgment are ornaments and not defects in human character.

It cannot be truthfully denied that there is a tendency in our civilization toward the enjoyment of cruel and bloody games. If true, it is a bad sign. The decline of Roman strength and power was signalized by such exhibitions, where the lives of men and beasts were flung away in horrid combats to make sport for the people. Reverence for life is one of the highest types of Christian civilization: not human life only, but for everything that lives. And our gentle poet Cowper was not morbid when he said he would not have for a friend the man who would needlessly tread on a worm. Sensitiveness to the feelings of other people is a mark of high birth and breeding, and only the low, coarse and brutal despise the sentiment. Gentleness is one of the attributes of real greatness.

This is not a popular doctrine of the age. We have recently had a judicial decision in the courts of this city that is more in accordance with the sense of the times. The law forbids prize-fighting. But the lovers of that amusement had contrived to evade the law by having the fights with gloves, falsely so called so far as they are fitted to prevent injury to the combatants. Two lusty fellows began a combat in the presence of a multitude who had paid for admission to see the fun. They had fought but a few minutes when the police interfered and arrested the men. Brought up for trial, they contended it was not a prize-fight, but merely a friendly set-to. And the learned judge made a decision which has not been equalled since the time of Solon for strictness of construction. The amount of it was that if they struck each other very hard they would be liable to the penalty, but a reasonable amount of sparring without getting mad was not illegal. So the sport goes on. Nor is the enjoyment of this amusement confined to the rude, ignorant and unkempt masses, the terror of society, who may some day burst out of their dens and fill the streets with violence and blood. The prize-fights of our day, like the old gladiator spectacles of Italy and the modern bull-fights of Spain, are attended and hugely enjoyed by thousands of men who are supposed to be ornaments of society, good husbands and brothers. Their tastes are certainly depraved, and there is no accounting for them.

No civilized Christian wants to have bull-fights and prize-fights domesticated among us as popular amusements. Instinctively the moral sense revolts from the suggestion. Yet it is possible that our admiration of physical prowess may lead to the cultivation of games and plays whose most pronounced features are violence and blood. Woman glories in the vigor of men. She is naturally a hero-worshipper. The Rape of the Sabines is a myth, born of this passion of woman for a conqueror. The Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man, but the athlete is the admiration of the multitude. There is a genuine danger that this passion for the exhibition of strength and agility, and the applause always accorded to

the conqueror, may run away with the judgment and make the culture of the muscle a higher study than that of the mind. These things ought to be done and the others not left undone. In the midst is the way of safety. But the hardest of all ways to travel is that between extremes. The care of the body is neglected far too much. It is rare to find nowadays a youth with a perfectly sound body. The training he needs is what he does not care to go through, except to be a champion. Thus a few only are chosen. The many will not strive unless they can win, and the winners are not many.

Our young people do not play as much as they should. Athletic games are to be encouraged. They tend to health, long life, fitting men to endure hardness as good soldiers. Every man who has hardened his muscles, expanded his chest and cultivated his back-bone is all the better for the struggles and burdens of life. Ministers of the gospel would have less liver-complaints and lung-disease and fewer break-downs if they had made themselves more *athletic* when they were young students. Use the world as not abusing it. There is no need of being ferocious and brutal in order to be the champion ball-player. Let your moderation be known. Strive lawfully. And in so doing there shall be great reward.

THE HERO OF JACOB'S WELL.

AN ADVENTURE WITH BEDOUIN ARABS.

IN company last evening the conversation naturally turned upon the Arabs and their spears, so terrible just now in the Soudan. I remarked that I was an expert on that subject, having had a fearful experience with Arabs and their spears some years ago while travelling in the East. None present had recollections of the incident, and the story was called for with such importunity as could not be kindly resisted.

"But it was all published in the 'Letters' at the time," I said.

"Yes, but few of us were then old enough to read, and the old ones have forgotten all about it."

"Thank you," I replied; "that encourages me to renew the sad remembrance of the most frightful scene in a long and varied lifetime.

"While at Constantinople the Hon. George P. Marsh, U. S. Minister in Turkey, warned me not to attempt to travel in Palestine. The Crimean war was then coming on. The Arab population in Syria and Palestine were breaking out into lawless violence, and no Frank or European was safe. But we believed the reports exaggerated, and determined to take the risks. Coming by ship to Beyrut, we journeyed with tents and horses to Sidon and Tyre and Nazareth, and by this time had fearful evidence of the unsettled state of the country. At Beyrut the Rev. S. H. Calhoun, and at Sidon Dr. William. H. Thompson had joined our party, consisting of Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, Rev. George E. Hill, of Boston, Rev. Chester N. Righter, of New Jersey, and myself. At Nazareth we engaged an armed guard to escort us to Nablous, the ancient Shechem. Here we heard such fearful reports of the Bedouins burning villages, robbing and murdering the people, that we came to a halt, and were virtually shut up two or three days. The valiant guard declined to go forward. Our muleteers sent us word that they would go no farther. We applied to the Governor of Nablous for an escort, but he could do nothing for us. Our dragoman proved to be the greatest coward in the party. We were compelled to be patient and improve the time by studying the objects of sacred interest in and around this famous old town.

"Now, Jacob's Well was there. There is no spot in Palestine more definitely settled upon as the original Jacob's Well than this. The Bible account of its location is very clear; the great value placed upon wells in early times and the easy tradition that would preserve the name of so important a possession leave us in no doubt as to the locality. Our

party was under the care of the dragoman. A lad and a poor fellow from the town hung on as camp-followers : running behind the party, who were all mounted. Not thinking of any danger in the immediate vicinity of Nablous, we left our pistols at our lodgings, and there was not a weapon among us. This was just as well, for we could not have made any effectual resistance when attacked, and would only have provoked the enemy to destroy us if we had fired on them. It was a pleasant half-hour's ride from the gate of the city to the well. On either side rose those mounts so famous in old-time story—Ebal and Gerizim, the mountains of blessing and cursing. On Ebal once the altar of the Lord was reared, and on it all the words of the law were written. No iron tool was to be lifted in rearing the altar, whole large stones only. There are enough scattered around now to build a temple. On Gerizim the tribes to bless were standing, on Ebal the tribes to curse ; and to this day Ebal is covered with rocks and Gerizim is tilled to its top.

“ Here at the base of Mount Gerizim is Jacob's Well, the scene of one of the most beautiful and instructive passages in the life of our Lord. Looking down the narrow valley, we could mark the way by which he was travelling. At the well he would pause while his disciples went to the city which we have just left. The woman of Samaria comes while he is sitting on the well, which was stoned up a little way from the ground. And then follows that remarkable conversation which has come down to us through the ages and will be read to the end of time.

“ When we arrived we found a heap of rubbish about the well, which was covered with a stone. This we removed and found that it concealed the opening through a wooden platform, and the mouth of the well was two or three feet on one side of this opening. Mr. Righter and I crept under the platform and proceeded with a cord and weight to measure the depth of the well. Just as the weight touched the bottom the cry was raised that Bedouins were coming. We tied a knot in the string to keep the measure,—which was seventy-five feet,—and came out. The party were all mounted and

anxious to be off, for a party of Arabs were riding toward us, in single file, with their long spears at rest and guns slung over their shoulders. The better part of valor was for us, unarmed and on horseback, to get away from the enemy as speedily as possible. Our dragoman proved indeed our leader in flight, for instead of keeping between us and the enemy and holding a parley with them if he could, he was off like a shot to the city, and left us to our fate. As my horse had been selected for his gentleness and easy gait, without regard to speed, the rest of the party soon left me behind. The savages halted, and one of their number came on to overtake me. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him coming in full leap upon me with his spear balanced and ready to run it through my back. At this instant Mr. Righter, who had gone on ahead of me, looked around, and seeing the imminent danger to which I was exposed, wheeled about and dashed between me and the savage. The spear hit him in his side, went through his overcoat and underclothing, made a flesh-wound just below the ribs and glanced off. Had he been in the position that I was in it would have gone directly into his body and killed him without a doubt. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Thompson rode back to us, and addressing the Arab in his own language, to his great astonishment, and calling him friend, they seemed to shake his purpose. He ordered us to stay where we were while he went off to his company. But we did not obey orders, and as soon as he was gone we went the other way with accelerated velocity, and did not look back till we were under the walls of the city. The two camp-followers fell into the hands of the enemy, were beaten and stripped of their scant clothing, which we, however, made up to them.

“Once more in our lodgings, I examined the wound of my friend Righter, cleansed it thoroughly with cold water, dressed it with sticking-plaster, and sought to keep him quiet after the excitement. His cot was next to mine, and the night following this eventful day I often put out my hand, which he would take in his and press it in token of the love that had prompted him to offer his life for his friend. And

greater love hath no man than this. Neither of us could sleep that night. If I dozed a moment, that big black savage, horse, spear, gun and all, would dash into the room, and sleep would fly from me as I did from him a few hours before. It was some time before my nerves resumed their normal condition. History has made some heroic friendships immortal. And we know that soldiers have sacrificed themselves for their commanders. But no story tells of purer and nobler self-sacrifice than this. One minute more and that cruel spear would have gone into my back and come out of my breast. He rode between it and me and received it in his side. That is in brief my experience with the Arabs, whose murderous spears and guns are now doing such fearful work with the flower of the British army in the Soudan."

"But tell us of the fate of your party, and especially of the hero of Jacob's Well."

"Certainly, if you are interested in hearing more. Dr. Calhoun was then a missionary in Mount Lebanon. He afterwards came to this country, and at my house met a hundred ministers and other friends; he was dying then, and his soul lived with God while he was yet in the flesh. He had relatives to whom he went, and then he slept in the Lord. Mr. Thompson is the son of the missionary at Sidon, the distinguished author of the 'Land and the Book.' The son came to this city, and is now a great physician and the instructor of that wonderful Bible-class in Association Hall. Mr. Groesbeck died in this city. The Rev. Mr. Hill is an honored pastor in New England. Not long after he returned from that journey he sent for me to come to New Hampshire and make him the happy husband of a lovely bride. I went. His son is now an assistant in my office, and writes in the next room to mine. And Righter, whom you call 'the hero of Jacob's Well'—Mr. Hill and he came home with me; and the American Bible Society prevailed on him to go back to the Levant in its service. The Crimean war was now raging. He went to the Crimea; was kindly entertained by Lord Raglan, the English general in command; visited the wounded, ministered to the dying, pushed his way into

Assyria, and at Diarbekir, on the banks of the Tigris, after fighting bravely with fever, in the midst of tender, loving Christian friends, he breathed away his noble soul.

"The last two years of his life were filled with incident and adventure, and some other evening, if you like, I will tell you more of him and them."

"Please let it be very soon."

SEEKING REST AND FINDING NONE.

THIS is just about what a great part of the world are doing, especially in summer time—seeking rest and finding none. It is but a small portion of the inhabitants of a great city who go from home to find rest and refreshment; and very few who go get what they go for. At some fashionable watering-places the same rounds of parties, dinners, suppers, kettle-drums, receptions, balls, and plays are kept up as in the winter in town. One would suppose that even the brain of fashion would enjoy a little rest. But if it seeks rest, it finds none. Its life is excitement, and without it the season is dull, horrid, intolerable.

The number of telegraph-wires at Saratoga is largely increasing. The great hotels must provide the means of keeping their guests in constant intercourse with the stock market of the world. The man of business cannot rest unless he knows how things are, and when he knows he has no rest at all. He cannot go where the telegraph will not talk to him, and the more it talks the more uneasy he is. He went away seeking rest, but finds none. It is one of the wonders of the world how women and men stand the wear and tear of fashionable and business life. The quiet scholar with his book, by the sea or in the mountain shade, seems to be getting rest; yet it is quite likely the man of business says, "I should think he would get tired of study, study, study, and would like to rest awhile."

No class of people need rest more than professional men. And some of them take queer measures to get it. Many seek it and find it not. More than half the tourists who go to Europe for recreation and health come back more tired than when they went. It takes them six months at home to get over a journey in Europe. They went seeking rest, and found none. They made a toil of their pleasure. That was the mischief of it. They wanted to see and do so much in the few months of foreign travel, that they rushed around generally as if shot ahead by a catapult.

There is no labor or study more wearying to the brain than "sight-seeing." It absorbs the mental faculties. The attention is arrested, fixed, held, and all the powers are taxed to retain distinct images of what is seen. It is hard work. Go into a gallery of pictures by great masters. You see them for the first time perhaps. You know it may be the last time. It is your pleasure to get them photographed on the mind, so that you may not have them all mixed up in memory a year hence. Your head is held back as you look up. The neck is weary of holding the head. The floor is cold, and drives the blood away from the feet. You are chilled and stiff. But you stick to it, and do up a gallery or two and four or five churches in five or six hours. It was a day of pleasure, a red-letter day, long to be remembered. But it was a hard day's work. You never studied so hard or so much in any one day before. Hebrew is play to it. It told on the brain. And if you keep up that sort of study for two or three months, and call it relaxation from preaching or practising, you will be seeking rest and finding none. In that way delicate persons get ill in foreign travel and wonder why they are laid up. They tried to do too much. That is all. They are not able to afford the time for slow and easy stages, and so they drive on as though life depended on the swiftness of their journey. It is just the other way exactly. Life is likely to be lost by haste; health is saved by taking things moderately.

A minister takes a well-earned release for four months, and very wisely resolves to go to Europe. He has long wanted

to go. He wishes his wife to go with him. He is not that brute who said to his friend just going abroad, "Are you going for pleasure, or are you going to take your wife?" No; his wife goes with him if the purse and the children will permit. Then he asks some kind friend, who has been abroad and knows the ways and means of seeing Europe, to mark out a line of travel for the time that he is to have on the other side of the sea; the routes, the places, the principal things to be seen. His friend marks it out for him, giving some hours to the work, for it requires much thought and many references to adjust a journey to the time allowed. Some whole countries must be left unseen. Some cities with great attractions cannot be visited in the time. He takes the programme, and goes abroad with the full expectation of following it out. But he has hardly set foot on foreign soil before he resolves heroically to *see Europe*. "This is my only chance," he says, "and I would rather see a little of the whole than to make a study of only a fraction." And away he goes. He travels by night whenever he can. He sees all he can see by daylight, and then pushes on as if in pursuit of new worlds to conquer. His wife, poor thing, is so tired, she is half sorry she ever came. He thinks he could have seen more if he had come alone. But he gets overdone and wearied, and his back aches, and his head; and when he gets on board the steamer to come home he has only a confused dream of an everlasting panorama of all sorts of sights—mountains and paintings and strange cities; and he tries in vain to straighten them out, so as to carry to his people or keep for himself a vivid impression of what he has seen in any one country on the Continent. This is no fancy picture of mine. Hundreds of ministers come back from such a "run" without being materially benefited in mind or health. They are worn out, and the only real good they got was on the sea-voyage back and forth, when they were compelled to be quiet, if they were, or were not sea-sick. That did them good, quite likely; and but for that they would have been seeking rest and finding none.

To preach moderation to the average American citizen is

about as much waste of wits or breath as one can afford to make. But it ought to be practised by our business men, and they need to be preached to on the subject more than any other class of men. It is not Greek roots or mathematics that run away with the brains of men and leave them dying at the top. It is the unresting race after the rainbow, at whose foot is buried a pot of gold. It is the battle of life. It is the ever-present struggle of man with man to see which shall come out ahead. Yet there is not a man living who has not the hope within him of a time when he may rest.

Why not take it now? Why not use the world as not abusing it? There is time enough to do all of life's work without being in a hurry; there is no need of eating the bread of care and being anxious for the morrow. Sufficient unto each day is its evil. If we do with our might what our hands have to do, we shall find it is all that is required of us, and we may rest on that assurance.

This is no plea for idleness. That is a sin. But the world of whom I am speaking work too hard to be happy. Society, so called, is excited, and the most gay and fashionable people are tired out with the pleasures they call duties, and many die actual martyrs to the demands made upon them by the circle in which they revolve. So with bankers and tradesmen and all men of business, they try to do too much; they pile up responsibilities until the burden becomes too great for human endurance, and then they give out in their weakest spot. They wonder why they should have the liver-complaint from too much head-work!

And so it is with ministers and medical men and lawyers. They never learn how to live till they have finished their course. They find rest in their graves, but they would have been more useful, lived longer, and had far more comfort in their lives, had they rested oftener and longer, while they were in the midst of their days.

And now if you have had patience to read this homily, I will practise what I have been preaching and rest awhile. Under the shadow of these great trees I was thinking what a blessed privilege it is to be able to rest; to stop the wheels

of the subtle, mysterious machinery turned by the stream of thought, and so preserve it for more effective service. As sweet sleep each night "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," so the summer vacation, the man's play-spell, ought to bring him recreation, and what we are so slow to seek—repose. It is the Sabbath of the year. Next to work, rest is the greatest blessing.

NOT THE ANCIENT SAINT.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

ST. JOHN, the disciple whom the Lord loved, had a pupil named Polycarp, whose martyrdom on a hill near Smyrna is one of the sublimest and most affecting scenes in early church history. When the pagan proconsul told him at the stake to abjure Christ and he should be released and restored to the church of Smyrna, of which he was pastor, the brave old man lifted his eyes to heaven and said, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; and how can I deny him now?" And after he had poured forth as wonderful a prayer as ever fell from human lips, he suffered death. When I was at the foot of the hill where this tragedy occurred I was not permitted to ascend it lest the brigands, then numerous and bold, should pounce upon the party and carry us off to the mountains for ransom.

Polycarp had a school of young men studying for the ministry, one of whom was named IRENÆUS. Father Hyacinthe told me the name means that he was a man of peace. It has the Greek *Eirene* or *Irene* in it, and that certainly means peace. But the name does not always teach the thing. Irene was a Byzantine empress, who was so far from being of a peaceful turn of mind that she raised the very mischief in the East and made wars like a man. She rode the streets of Constantinople in a chariot of gold, with four white steeds,

each one of them led by a proud patrician on foot! She experienced the fate of war and of empires, and being banished to the Isle of Lesbos she supported herself by taking in spinning, and died of grief in the year of our Lord 802.

IRENÆUS went on a mission from Smyrna to a Greek colony in France, and there became famous as a preacher and a writer. He wrote against heresies, but was not altogether orthodox himself, according to our notions of orthodoxy. No one of the "Fathers," the early church writers, has left so many and so valuable works. They are prized and constantly cited for their information concerning the state of religion and religious thought in the first two centuries. His huge folios have been in my family for the last five generations, and unless they get caught in a fire, will probably endure as many more. They were in my great-grandfather's library when the British and Tory troops under the lead of Colonel Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, inventor of the electric Leyden jars, broke into it, and with vandalism disgraceful to a philosopher, tore many of the books to pieces; but, happily, spared the old folios that now keep me company while I write. The oldest volume that I have found in this inheritance—I am waiting for leisure to complete the search—was printed at Oxford in 1587, and the author is John Prime. This was thirty-six years before the first collected edition of Shakespeare's works was published. But I am getting away from the books we were after.

In the monastery of Einsiedeln a monk led me down through a trap-door into a cellar, where the literary treasures of the house were preserved, and showed me among them the works of Irenæus, which he was fond and proud of, and he expressed himself pleased to meet one bearing the name of the saint. The missionary from Smyrna to France was made Bishop of Lyons, where he died about A.D. 202. A church was built there at a very early day and named in his honor. His remains were laid in it, but when I made my way with great difficulty into the charnel-house I found a heap of bones, as of an army, piled in utter confusion, more disordered than in the valley of Ezekiel's vision. Those of

my name-father could hardly have been among them, as he had been put away in the same sepulchre more than sixteen hundred years before, and must long ago have become dust and ashes.

This long story has been drawn out of a curious incident that has just come to my knowledge, amusing me immensely, and it certainly will please you to read it. Near the city of Alexandria, not in Egypt, but in Virginia, where still stands the historic church in which George Washington was a pewholder and regular worshipper, near this city is an important school of the prophets under the care of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is thoroughly evangelical, and its professors now dead have been, and the living now are, able and devoted teachers of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, their Lord and ours. Some one has kindly sent to me the monthly paper published at the seminary, calling my attention to the incident which I shall clip out and send to you, in spite of all the kind things the writer says about the man who was mistaken for a saint of the same name of the second century. And that I may have as little as possible to do with it, I will end this letter here and leave him to tell the story in his own words, after I subscribe myself, not the ancient, but a very humble modern student of the ancient Father.

“PATRISTIC LORE.”

(From the Seminarium.)

“One of my neighbors, a little piqued at the remark that students were wont to study the daughters more than the Fathers of the church, set about shifting the charge from his own shoulders, and so setting an example for any one to follow who would. In a certain religious paper he saw advertised on reasonable terms “Irenæus Letters,” and wishing to collect a modest library of such books as bear on the early days of the church he thought well to begin with this disciple of Polycarp. The book turned out to be more modern than he wanted for his immediate use, and he kindly turned it over to me. And so I have at my service a charming collection of

papers on many subjects of interest ; just what I want to put my hands on at odd times.

“The author would hardly be called a post-apostolic writer in the ordinary use of the term, but he is wonderfully scriptural and at home in apostolic teaching. For more than forty years he has wielded the quill and shears, as well as an influence to be envied by even a good man. The very milk of human kindness distils from his pages at whatever point he touches human nature. The serious, the pathetic, the humorous and the didactic meet the wants of every frame of mind, grave or gay. And in every contact with his fellow-men a quiet smile or a friendly word or a useful hint drops from his pen to picture the ready wit, the warm heart, and the broad culture of the dear old Father. He moves about among the mighty men of his acquaintance with a firm and easy step, showing them off with the skilfulness and pride of a cicerone among his paintings and statues. He has more interesting experiences to detail than most men could think of without making themselves heroes ; and yet he never seems to be looking at himself through a telescope. Like the *Alexandria Gazette*, he shows the very age and body of the times wherever he takes his reader ; and he throws in his reveries and moralizing to fill up.

“Having trodden the mill so long himself, he tells the minister to-be just what is before him when he assumes the cares of a parish and a hearthstone. He gives counsel on the all-important matters of choosing a help-meet, and rearing the hostages to Fortune, so far as these things are to be learned by good advice. Many points in social reform are suggested, and the world would be better for listening to Irenæus. But the good man’s aim has been to edify all his readers, to entertain, to comfort, to instruct. His happy style is well worth imitating, if it could only be equalled. The directness with which he goes to his subject, the vigorous hold he takes, and the quiet satisfaction with which he disposes of the whole and wipes his pen are admirable—I had well-nigh said prime. On the whole, I have much enjoyed the mistake of my neighbor, and when I am done smiling over this one, I hope he

may make another raid on the Fathers. And if it suits him quite as well, I suggest that he complete his collection of Irenæus the Last for the delectation of the Friends."

A YOUNG MAN VOID OF UNDERSTANDING.

THE late Rev. Dr. Bedell, father of Bishop Bedell of Ohio, was a very excellent Episcopal preacher in the city of Philadelphia. He was full of love for Christ and the souls of men, and under his preaching many were turned to righteousness who are now stars in his crown of rejoicing. As the crowd in his church one evening were waiting for the sermon, and the glowing-hearted minister stood in the holy place ready to begin, a young stranger entered the door of the church just in time to catch the words of the text. He was a wild, thoughtless, wicked youth, who had been invited to go and hear Dr. Bedell. But he had refused, with the profane remark that he would not go to church to hear Jesus Christ himself. This evening he was walking by the church, and an impulse, sudden and irresistible, urged him in. As he stood inside of the door, Dr. Bedell announced as his text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding."

The text was a sermon. It was the word of God, sharper than a two-edged sword. It discerned the thoughts and intents of his heart. The Spirit of God sent it home to his conscience. He had been an unbeliever and despiser of the gospel; but the eyes of his mind were opened. He had been a profligate: his sins were set in order before him. He was struck through as with a dart, when the folly and madness of his past life were revealed in the light of the gospel. The faithful preacher unfolded the exceeding foolishness of a life of sensual pleasure, idleness, frivolity, and the inevitable end of such a career. It is recorded of this young man that he became a regular attendant on the ministry of Dr. Bedell, a member of his church, and a useful Christian.

“What a fool!” I have had to say one, twice, and again within the last few weeks; and many times in the last few months, when bloody murder, death-sentences, disgrace, State’s prison, broken hearts, gray hairs with sorrow at the grave, a wide circle of relatives and friends hiding their faces in grief and shame—all these, with anguish unutterable, have been caused by the acts of “a young man void of understanding.”

What a fool! Had he no brains, no sense, no understanding—not to speak of principle, conscience, fear of God, sense of right, truth, honor, love of parents, sisters, and friends? Had he no reason, judgment, pride, ambition, that he should throw them all away, and leap madly into the abyss of sin and woe?

What a fool! He went to a theatre, and was smitten with the wanton airs of a woman with no more brains than he had himself, and the end thereof was death. If he had used the common senses of a human being, he would have known and felt that to go after such a person was to fling away all hope of success in life, to alienate the friends who would otherwise be his helpers, to doom himself to toil, and suffering, and hardship, and certain ruin. But he was void of understanding. In the madness and folly of youth he gave up all and followed her. The race was short and swift, and the end came in wretchedness and shame.

What a fool! He was the son of a proud house and the heir of a great name. He might have been himself distinguished and honored. But he was covetous and wicked. He had not sense enough to be satisfied with the fruits of industry and the reward of honest labor. No moral principle restrained him. He grew up without the fear of God before his eyes. He thought that secret crime would yield him wealth more rapidly than painstaking service, which never fails of its fit returns. The life of a kinsman was between him and a sum of money, and he became a murderer. He is now lying in the prison-cell under sentence of death.

He was a clerk; had access to money not his own; handled it often and became familiar with it. He saw that using

money increased it, and it grew while the owner slept. Gradually he began to think he might gain something for himself by taking another's money without his consent. He would borrow it, and put it all back before it was wanted. He helped himself, and ruined himself. It did not turn out as well as he hoped: he took a little more to make one last effort to recover. Bad went to worse. His feet were swept from under him, and away he went. The inevitable day of discovery came. He fled to parts unknown. But on the face of this broad earth there is no spot where a thief may dwell and be happy. Money will not make up for the loss of a good name, the respect of men, the peace of conscience. What a fool!

How many times in the Bible sin is called folly and the sinner a fool! It is said that any man would rather be thought a knave than a fool. But the knave is a fool. There is no bigger fool in this world of sinners than the young man, with a fair chance before him of earning his daily bread, and with it respectability if not riches, who yet spoils it all by doing wrong. It may be only a little thing. He would shrink as from the flames or floods from the thought of robbery or murder. But he flatters his conscience that he will put it all back, and no one will know it. Fool that he is! *There are two that know it before it is done.* He knows it himself, and is a thief before he actually takes the money that is not his; and God knows it instantly when the thought of his heart conceives the sin. Then the deed is written all over earth, and sea, and sky; he reads it in the clouds, hears it in the wind, and feels it in every breath he draws. Oh what a fool he was!

When I see a long line of young men waiting their turn to get into a theatre where filthy plays and lewd women and lascivious sights and sounds will set on fire their passions, tempt them to sensual indulgence that will drain their purse and cause them to steal, I think of Dr. Bedell's text, and see a long line of young men void of understanding. There is a whole string of fools. Every one of them might be happy in the pursuit of knowledge and innocent amusement in the

paths of purity, pleasantness, and peace. But they are all in the steps that lead to death.

Gilded saloons, where men drown their souls in perdition, are the resort of thousands of young men void of understanding. Fools all. If they had brains, the greatest of poets said that drink would "steal them away." I sought to verify that quotation, and found three in the same play so pat to my purpose that I cite them all:

"Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial."

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!"

"Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

These are the words of the great bard of nature; they are in the line of this letter to fools; for there is no folly so foolish as that which throws away reputation, happiness, and eternal life. What shall it profit? The immortal soul, with its infinite possibilities in the world to come, destroyed for the sake of an evening's frolic, the money of another, the guilty indulgence of an hour! Some secret spirit, perhaps the Spirit of all truth and love, from whom proceedeth every good thought and purpose, said to me an hour ago, "Run, speak to that young man." "Write to those young men void of understanding. The city swarms with them. They are everywhere. Mothers may put your words into the hands of their sons. God will send them where they will reach young, fresh, tender hearts." Oh that they were wise, that they were men of understanding, that they would say unto Wisdom, "Be thou the guide of my youth"!

THE AMBER WITCH.**SHOWING HOW THE CRITICS WERE CAUGHT.**

ABOUT forty years ago was published in German, and afterwards in an English translation by Lady Duff Gordon, an extraordinary tale of witchcraft. Its title was "Mary Schweilder, the Amber Witch, the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known: printed from an imperfect manuscript by her father, Abraham Schweilder, the pastor of Coserow, in the island of Usedom: edited by W. Meinholdt, doctor of theology and pastor."

In the preface the editor gave the history of the manuscript which he lays before the public, saying that he was formerly pastor in Coserow, and in the choir of his church there was a niche in which he had often noticed a heap of loose papers. One day he was wanting a bit of paper, and his old sexton pulled out some from the niche. The pastor saw that it was vellum and part of a volume, which the sexton said had been lying there from time immemorial. The pastor carried the volume home with him, and found that the beginning and end of it, and leaves from the midst of it, were wanting. This was a sore trial to the worthy pastor, who had great antiquarian tastes, and he mourned sorely that any part of this treasure was lost. He became deeply interested in the study of it, finding that it was the report of the trial of a young lady for witchcraft, written by the former pastor, Schweilder.

At first he thought of writing a new story and weaving in the disjointed fragments of the manuscript, but he finally concluded to leave it as he found it, merely restoring those leaves which had been torn out of the middle, imitating as accurately as he was able the language and manner of the old biographer. But he said, "I refrain from pointing out the particular passages which I have supplied, so as not to disturb the historical interest of the greater part of my read-

ers. For modern criticism, which has now attained to a degree of acuteness never before equalled, such a confession would be entirely superfluous, *as critics will easily distinguish the passages* which have been written by Pastor Schweilder from the parts written by Pastor Meinholdt."

The words that I have put in italics in the last sentence furnish the key to the curious lock which the pastor invented, with a very good motive, indeed; but whether or not he was wholly justified in his invention I will leave the critics to judge. For, at that time literary criticism, especially biblical criticism, was very smart, and exceedingly self-confident. I would not venture to say that it is more modest and less arrogant now. During the forty years that have elapsed since the Amber Witch appeared, the critics of literature, sacred and profane, have become more acute, destructive, and intolerant. And it will not be in vain that we revive the origin and the history of this tale of witchcraft.

The story itself is of absorbing interest, a tale of real power, showing immense learning, great dramatic ability, with such details of fanaticism, cruelty, and crime as make one ashamed to believe that human nature and real life could ever have made such things actual. But the authentic records of this awful delusion are so full of facts that no fictitious works can exceed them in horror. And when the writer of romance has spent his strength in describing the fearful blindness of men and women in this delusion, he has not made it worse than the history of times in New England and Old England two centuries ago.

Pastor Meinholdt writes the story of Mary Schweilder, her trial for witchcraft, pretending that he had found it in the choir of his old church, as written two hundred years before, and that he had supplied the parts that had been lost. Immediately on its appearance in print it commanded public attention. Its merit as a story would have made it popular. Its style, a successful imitation of the antique, was exceedingly entertaining, and the learning revealed in the text and the notes showed plainly that it was the work of a scholar. Apart altogether from the chief purpose of the author, the

book in itself had profound interest as a tale of witchcraft, which is as sad a chapter as is written in the annals of the human race. Mothers accusing their own daughters of having bewitched them, and seeing them put to death in their innocence and beauty, are a psychological study; scarcely credible, but well attested by abundant testimony.

The critics of the day received the "Amber Witch" as a veritable history, and in the pride of their skill proceeded to point out the parts of it that had been written by the finder and editor of the manuscript, though he had left them none but internal evidence of his handiwork by which to distinguish it from the original memoirs by the ancient pastor. It was a fine chance for the critics to air their learning. They went at it with alacrity, and had as much delight in their criticism as one who taketh great spoil. When their criticisms were assailed by counter-criticism, and their conclusions contemptuously scouted, they returned to the charge, and demonstrated to their own satisfaction that such and such passages *could not* have been written by the author of other passages to which they also referred. They ridiculed the claims to scholarship of those who would pretend that the whole was the work of one and the same hand. They wrapped themselves in the thickest of all mantles—self-conceit—and proud of their own superior learning, they looked down with pity on the ignorance of their brethren. When they had committed themselves beyond all recovery to the antiquity and the mosaic work of the narrative, and by controversy had gone so deep into the mire that to extricate themselves was impossible, the author came forward with his account of the origin, intent, and effect of the story of the Amber Witch. It was a child of his own, and his only. He had been laying a snare for the critics, and he had caught them. Being a firm believer in the integrity of the Holy Scriptures, he had been disgusted with much of the biblical criticism of Germany; he was indignant at the superciliousness of men who would take up the gospels and tell you that this or that chapter had been interpolated; its style was so different from the other parts of the same gospel; words are used in that chapter

that are not used in any other, and therefore the whole could not have been written by one and the same person. This style of criticism had so vexed the righteous soul of the author that he invented this plan of bringing these critics to grief. Their feelings are not to be described when they found themselves thus entrapped. It was easy to say that it was a mean trick, but that did not help them out of the scrape. They were the victims of their own excessive vanity. Had they let the book alone, all would have been well; but they had not wit enough for that. If they could cut up the Bible and refer its parts to other authors than those whose names are on the title-pages of their several books, they certainly might take in hand a volume on witchcraft that did not claim to be more than two hundred years old. Forty years have gone by since the critics were exposed in this precious bit of blundering, but they are not less sure of their canons of criticism now than they were then.

Two hundred years ago, save one, Grotius was born. He became a statesman and theologian, and so much wiser than Solomon that he said Solomon did not write the Book of Ecclesiastes, though Solomon said he did. By and by other critics claimed that there are words and forms of expression in it that were unknown to the Hebrew language in the days of Solomon. Other critics of equal learning deny this statement. Dr. Pusey holds that "not one word has been found in Ecclesiastes to mark a later age than Solomon's;" and Dr. Tayler Lewis, one of the ablest American scholars, my friend from youth, and Dr. Schaff, and many others whom I might name, have no doubt of the fact that Solomon wrote it. But the beauty of it is that the critics, who are just as sure he did not as the Amber Witch critics were that the story was ancient, differ among themselves one thousand years as to the time when it was written. One of them claims that it was written eight years before the birth of Christ, and others fix the date at 204, 333, 400, 450, 538, 699, and 975 B.C.—all these and several other dates having zealous and learned champions.

When I read in the current religious literature the flippant

remarks of biblical critics that this, that, or another portion of the sacred Scriptures was not written by the author to whom it is ascribed, I am reminded of the great amusement we enjoyed forty years ago in hearing of the sorrows of the critics of the Amber Witch.

THE SHAMS OF SOCIETY.

“This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given.”

IF I had any doubt on that subject, it was rudely dispelled by the receipt this evening by mail of a circular letter. Of the shams and humbug, the hollow deceit and shabby tricks by which people try to pass for what they are not, I have seen as much as others; but my education and intercourse with the world had not been so far extended as to bring me into acquaintance with a custom which “has long been practised in the large cities of Europe,” and is now to be introduced among the upper classes of the city of New York.

If a man has money and nothing else, it is highly becoming and meritorious to use it in the entertainment of his friends. The Bible saith that “money answereth all things.” It makes up for the want of brains and culture, and helps him who has it to be useful and agreeable. A rich and hospitable gentleman will, with virtue, command the respect of his fellow-men, though his early education may have been neglected, and it is evident he was not “to the manner born.” And it is now proposed to enable the stupidest of men and women to show that if “wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence,” as the Bible saith, so money can buy wit, and the one who has the most of “filthy lucre” can have the most charming parties, with the most entertaining guests, and the wit and song and even the conversation shall be made by machine, at ten dollars a head. But I am detaining you from the circular :

[COPY.]

"NEW YORK, May, 1882.

"Families, who are about giving receptions, dinner-parties, or other entertainments, will be gratified to know that persons who will assist in making these events pleasant and enjoyable can be obtained through the medium of The — Bureau. These persons will not be professionals, but parties of culture and refinement, who will appear well, dress elegantly, and mingle with the guests, while able and willing to play, sing, converse fluently, tell a good story, give a recitation or anything that will help to make an evening pass quickly and pleasantly.

"The — Bureau does not claim any originality in this plan, but simply complies with the increasing demands of a large class of its patrons, in thus introducing a feature of the business that has long been practised in the large cities of Europe. The attendance of such persons, young or old, male or female, can be had for the sum of ten dollars per evening each. We will guarantee them to be strictly honest and desirable persons.

"Respectfully yours."

I must confess to a slight sense of wounded pride on receiving this proposal, having never felt the need of such hired help at the dinner-table or evening sociable. The circular is certainly intended only for the rich and stupid. I am not rich, and it humiliates me to know that this Bureau thinks me stupid, and sends this intimation that for ten dollars they will send a man to dine with me who can tell a good story.

I had read in the Bible and other Oriental writings of the practice of hiring mourners at funerals, whose weeping and wailing are in proportion to the price paid for their cries and tears; but it had never reached me before that, in any market or country, professional wits were to be let, who are introduced to the company as friends of the host, and are to be amusing at so much an hour. It is the misfortune of some men who are gifted with the faculty of telling entertaining stories to be "invited out" for the sake of their powers, and the host would be grievously disappointed if the wit did not pay for his dinner by doing his level best. Mr. Clark, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, was one of these amusing gentlemen greatly in demand. At a fashionable party, he was behaving himself with the quiet demeanor of a gentleman, when he

was suddenly confounded by the approach of a servant, who said, "Mrs. Stuckup's compliments to Mr. Clark, and won't he please to begin to be funny." Now, Falstaff was right when he said, "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion." And no wit can be summoned to order.

And what man can with *malice prepense* or with forced amiability produce entertainment at so much a yard? There was a time—for aught I know it may be so now—when kings had professional jesters, clowns, fools, dwarfs, and oddities of all sorts to amuse them and their guests, which is certainly a better dish to set before a king or for a king to set before his trenchermen than the fights of beasts and men which made a Roman holiday. When British ladies and gentlemen were seen dancing, the native Chinese gentry expressed surprise that they should put themselves to so much physical inconvenience for pleasure, and said, "We have our servants to dance for us."

The daughter of Herodias danced before Herod and pleased him, and the murder of John the Baptist followed, his venerable head being the price which the sensual regent paid for the evening's entertainment. But a dancing-girl before a prince, or a chorus of men-singers and women-singers such as the king in Jerusalem got for his amusement, was something quite other than this proposition made to me by letter seems to intimate. Imagine for a moment my acceding to the offer and availing myself of the opportunity to engage for the very moderate sum of fifty dollars five professional amusers—"parties of culture and refinement," "elegantly dressed"—who come to my house, comfortably filled with the sort of people who are apt to be here at an evening company. These ten-dollar amusers are to "play," "sing," "converse fluently," "tell a good story," "give a recitation," "or anything that will help to make an evening pass quickly and pleasantly." They are not to be known as hired performers, but are to be introduced as friends of mine, under such name as they choose to assume for the occasion.

How much "culture" or "refinement" could I have to

play such a trick on my friends, and how much could these actors have who would go about town to perform in the disguise of gentlemen and ladies! It is becoming and it is not unusual to invite the services of singers and players on instruments to add to the pleasures of an evening, and it is perfectly proper to pay them; but that is quite another thing from passing off a stranger as a friend whose acquaintance your guests are supposed to be making, while he is only earning his wages by singing a song or telling a story.

The letter I have received very kindly offers to guarantee the honesty of these amusement-makers. That is something. They might slip the spoons into their pockets, or make a mistake in getting off with an overcoat. So we are given the assurance that they will not steal; and so far, so good. That is the only thing about the business that does not savor of sham, shoddy, and snobbery.

But it is a part and parcel of modern "society," and is a natural outgrowth of those conditions that prevail where the possession of wealth is a passport to association with what is called the best circles. Caterers will furnish guests as well as supper, and the man who has struck oil has smoothed his way into palaces that were hitherto inaccessible. Once in, and the caterer will do for him what is needed to make his receptions brilliant and agreeable. The wit of the ages may be committed to memory. The pleasantest stories that ever were made shall be ready at his word, for he has only to give the order and the bureau will produce a trained band of performers who will astonish the natives, and make them say, "What a splendid set of friends our neighbor draws about him!"

It is all sham and pretence. Good sense condemns it as weak and foolish. Religion rejects it as part of that great system of hypocrisy and lies by which poor human nature is always trying to appear to be something it is not. The lack of early culture will never be supplied by artificial helps in after years. Manners are of great value, but conventional manners, the mere forms which society has adopted by general consent, are of very little account, where kindness, virtue, and com-

mon-sense rule the life and conversation. The apostle taught courtesy as a virtue. Children should learn it from the example and precepts of their parents. To be agreeable to others is a duty, and it certainly is a pleasure. And the family endowed with the ordinary gifts of education and sense will be at no loss to make their friends enjoy their hospitalities, without putting themselves to the trouble of calling in the hirelings of the bureau, elegantly dressed, able to tell a good story, and warranted not to steal.

GREAT PREACHING IN SMALL PLACES.

SINCE I wrote you from Lake George my travels have been continued. No matter where I spent the Sabbath. You are bound to have a share of all that happens in these summer pilgrimages.

It was after the morning service—when and where I will be excused from saying—that I was sitting at the shady and breezy end of the hotel piazza, seeking cool refreshment after a pulpit exercise in a very hot day. A gentleman whom I had never met before came up and expressed the pleasure he enjoyed in hearing me in the pulpit for the first time. And then he went on to say that every minister who comes here to this summer resort thinks he must preach a great sermon; he brings out a big gun and fires it off with a tremendous roar, as if he expected to astonish the natives, and us too, who are not natives, but have come here for repose and refreshment. "What pleased me," he said, "in your preaching was, that you did not give us anything of that sort, but just a simple gospel sermon that everybody could understand, and that ought to do us all good."

"Thank you," I answered; but inasmuch as I had preached as much of a sermon as I ever did or could, one on which I had spent more time and labor than I ever expect to bestow on another, I was rather taken down by the man's thinking

It only a simple little thing that was about right for the children. Yet it may be that the perfection of preaching is where all the art has been employed in concealing art, and the simplicity of the gospel has been the result. The preacher has been wholly lost sight of in the exhibition of the truth as it is in Christ, and the hearer thinks the man is no great man, but what he says is just what the hungry soul most craves.

So when Dr. A. Alexander, *the* divine of Princeton, went out to a little country meeting-house and held forth the word of life with that simplicity which his wonderful spiritual experience and insight were wont to reveal in his sermons, an old lady being asked how she liked the stranger, said, "Very well, but I guess he is not a very learned man." His was learning that passeth knowledge.

Norman McLeod was a Scotch preacher of splendid pulpit power. He came over to this country a few years ago, not long before his death, to visit the lost sheep of the Church of Scotland in the wilds of Canada. He found a little Scotch settlement, a dozen miles away from the railroad; spent a Sabbath, and gave them two or three of his sermons that in the old country had stirred the souls of the wisest and mightiest of that land where all are born theologians and spend much of their lives in what Milton proposed to do when he sat down to write "Paradise Lost." Monday morning one of these farmers was bringing the Doctor to the railroad, and said to him, "You see we are a feeble folk; we want a meenister most of all; we can't have a big man; but if we had a plain sort of man, who can give us just such little sermons as yours, it would suit us very well."

Alas for the Queen's preacher, who at home wore a gold chain about his neck in the pulpit as a badge of his preferment, and was thought the greatest preacher of his day; but all this went for nothing before the self-taught farmers in the backwoods of North America. He concealed his greatness that he might the more readily minister to the men of one book.

Some simple peasant people affect to be pleased with learn-

ing and philosophy and whatever they cannot understand, as the farmer who complained to his new minister that he never used any Latin in his sermons, as the former pastor did.

"But I did not suppose you would understand Latin if I used it in preaching."

"Well, we wouldn't, but we pays for the best and we've a right to the best."

The Rev. Dr. Binning was a profound metaphysical preacher, who delighted to descant to his unlettered people upon the unconditioned and the subjective, to their utter bewilderment and unedification. After he had exchanged pulpits with the neighboring pastor of a very different style, one who thought the first duty of the minister is to make the truth intelligible, he returned, and meeting the sexton near the church and parsonage, asked him familiarly :

"And how did you like your preacher last Sunday?"

To which the candid doorkeeper replied :

"It was a great deal too plain and simple for me; I likes sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense, and I never heard anybody that could come up to yourself at that!!"

There is often a sad want of tact in the selection of subjects and sermons for a summer-resort congregation. It is sure to be a mixed crowd, and so is any congregation unless it is in State's prison, where I have preached to more than a thousand men, all of whom had been convicted of sin by the courts, if not by their own consciences. And the only place in which a congregation ever responded to my words with sobs and cries and tears was a female prison. As I was speaking from the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart," the profligate, abandoned women were so moved by the contrast when, without any allusion to them, I described the beauty and blessedness of purity, they broke out into hysterical and general weeping and wailing.

But at a watering-place the church or the hotel parlor must contain a very mixed multitude, and he is a wise preacher who knows how to speak to them rightly. They are of many

shades of religious belief. I was pleased to see the distinguished Unitarian preacher of New York, Dr. Collyer, in a very modest Presbyterian church at Lake George listening attentively to the word. It would be unwise for a preacher to obtrude truths that might naturally grate upon the honest convictions of Christians of other folds than his own. I heard a minister in such a place deliver a sermon that he had evidently prepared for the instruction of an ecclesiastical assembly, or for an ordination service. He thought it his "greatest effort," and doubtless took it to the Springs for the benefit of his reputation. If a preacher has a pet sermon, he presents it at the summer resort, moved thereto by two motives : first, because he thinks it will be most useful, and, secondly, it is the best he has to preach. Those are good reasons. Every man ought to do his best when he does anything. And in preaching the everlasting gospel there is no place for half-baked, shilly-shally performances. Let every man do with his might what he undertakes to do, and he will be judged for anything short of it. And to this all that I have been saying tends. The man who makes a splurge or seeks to astonish a people with his learning, the depth of his reasoning powers, and the amazing range of his reading ; who upsets all the infidelity and turns to flight the armies of modern scientists in half an hour's discourse of a summer morning, has probably failed to serve the Master or to win a soul. On the other hand, if he comes to a congregation of saints and sinners, leaving for an hour the world to commune with God and things divine, and preaches to them the blessed gospel of pardon and life eternal, the greater the power, the loftier the eloquence, the more earnest, persuasive, captivating, and charming his sermon, the more grateful to the Master is the service, and the more likely that he will lead them who hear him to seek the kingdom.

PREACHING OTHER MEN'S SERMONS.

RECENTLY in writing one of these letters I used an expression which struck me so forcibly that I wondered it had never occurred to me before. Yet I did not altogether like it. It was out of place as it seemed to me, and did not look at home. When it was in type and I read the proof I struck it out. The same evening I took up a foreign magazine, and while reading an article which I had merely glanced at before, this identical thought which I had used and rejected was there word for word. I had unconsciously retained it and reproduced it, and if it had pleased me, would have let it stand, and so incurred the charge of stealing another person's striking thought and passing it off as my own.

This explains many of the cases in which public speakers are charged with taking the thoughts and words of others. D'Israeli's case is familiar. An orator reads the splendid oration of another, and the most brilliant passage in it becomes part of his own thought. He forgets entirely that he has read or heard it: perhaps forgets for a time the passage itself, but in the fervid heat of a great effort of his own, the eloquent words rush on his mind, and he pours them forth without knowing that they are not his own. We frequently see in the newspapers charges of dishonesty in this matter brought against preachers, who are utterly innocent of any wrong intent.

A public sentiment obtains in England widely differing from that in our own country in regard to the use of other men's sermons. The practice is there far more common than is even imagined here. Not all the preachers are as candid as was Augustus Hare, one of the best of preachers and loveliest of men. He would not try to prepare more than one sermon in a week, and when he preached twice on Sunday, he would take into his pulpit a printed discourse and say to the people, "This is not my sermon." There are in England

regular dealers in printed sermons. One of these is quoted by Mr. Davies in his very interesting volume on Successful Preachers as saying :

“ People generally like to read the theological literature outside their own church : so that a High Churchman orders a complete set of Spurgeon’s sermons or Jay’s, and a Non-conformist inquires for Canon Liddon.”

“ The Rev. Charles Bradley’s sermons were published when he was comparatively a young man, and as he (on retiring from active life many years before his death) naturally attended churches where other people preached, *he often heard* his own sermons. On one occasion the preacher, on catching his eye as he was closing one of Mr. Bradley’s discourses, had the presence of mind to say, “ I have the more pleasure in having read you this excellent sermon of Mr. Bradley, as I see him an attentive listener.”

The Rev. Edward Blencowe was a great preacher, a moderate High Churchman ; he died young, but his printed sermons lived and were preached abundantly, so that it may truly be said of him, though dead, he yet speaketh. Rev. T. Mozley said of Mr. Blencowe’s discourses, “ For all I know, these sermons have been preached from more pulpits than any other sermons of this country, and they certainly bear much preaching.” His widow published a volume of his off-hand discourses, written without a thought of their being printed, and they went off so rapidly that a second and then a third volume followed. Yet the widow was not wide-awake enough to discover, what afterward appeared, that her dear departed had taken one of the sermons in the first volume word for word from a volume of sermons by Mr. E. Cooper, printed forty years before ; at least one more was taken from the same source, and how many more who can tell ? Mr. Davies says the statute of limitations allowed him to take this liberty, but I think with him that such a volume ought to have one sermon on the text, from the Book of Kings, “ Alas, Master, for it was borrowed.”

The rector of a parish had a *new* curate who boldly preached a sermon on the lessons of the day, taking one of

Blencowe's. In the vestry, after service, the new curate said to the rector, "How does my voice suit this church?"

"Oh, nothing is the matter with your voice," replied the rector, "but don't spend your money on Blencowe's three volumes, as my last two curates were very fond of them, and I do not dislike them altogether myself."

Mr. Robert Suckling of Bassage was a good sermon-writer, but his biographer says that he generally burned his original compositions, from the humble opinion he had of his own powers, and when a volume of sermons appeared after his death, four were found to be in a great measure derived from printed sources.

There is nothing new under the sun, and the good reason why a copyright law should not give the author perpetual control of his book is that every book is more or less, consciously or unconsciously, derived from or aided by books that have appeared before. Original thought is so very rare that men may well be cautious in laying claim to it: they may be debtors to the ancients and the moderns, without knowing it. In preparing an oration or a sermon, a thoughtful man will "read up," enriching his own mind with the best thoughts of the age and of past ages on the theme, and this is called studying, and is commended to young men preparing themselves to instruct others. Clothing the thoughts thus derived in their own words, and embellishing them with the work of their own imagination, they bring out things new and old, perhaps a better result than the models they consulted, and on which they formed their style. The Rev. Dr. — once said to me:

"I don't like to read Dr. Chalmers's sermons: I get in the way of preaching like him." Alas, his people would have been glad to see such an effect on their pastor's preaching. Many speakers remember what orator it was whose oral or written eloquence inflamed their youthful minds, and gave form and tone to their life-work. But imitation never becomes greatness. It is wise and well to assimilate all that is good in everybody else, and so stand on the heights where others have carried us. Yet there is a way of his own that

every one should have, a trade-mark, an individuality that stamps him as a man, and not a conglomeration of the beauties and deformities of half a dozen other men.

In this country there is an established understanding between preacher and people that the pulpit shall furnish the best it can of its own for the instruction of the people. They do not expect nor require of a man what he hath not. They greatly prefer the warm, earnest utterances of a preacher's own soul to the cold and stately periods read to them out of a book.

Dr. Griffin of Newark, Boston, Andover, and Williams College, has been called the Prince of American Preachers. I heard him once a month for three years. His sermons, with his delivery, were examples of fervid eloquence which I have never yet heard surpassed. While I was a pastor, a volume of his sermons was published, and I resolved at once to give my people the glorious privilege of hearing them. On Sunday I told them what a magnificent preacher my old president was, and with what rapture I heard him when I was a boy. Now, if they would come together on Wednesday evenings, instead of my feeble talks, they should have one after another of these discourses becoming the tongue of an angel. They came and I read. And nothing ever fell so flat on that congregation. I wrought tempestuously through one sermon. Saul's armor was a tight fit on David compared to Dr. Griffin's sermon in my hands. The experiment was not repeated.

GETTING GOOD PREACHING WITHOUT PAYING ANYTHING FOR IT.

It is quite likely that the number of men who have no home and live by going from door to door through the country begging bread is large enough to form a town of no mean size. It would, however, be a very mean town. For there is scarcely a meaner set of men than they who are too lazy to work and not ashamed to beg.

There are in this city and in every large city a number of people who go from church to church on the Sabbath to get the "means of grace," or rather to hear a sermon. And this number of wanderers is so large that if they were gathered into one congregation it would be the largest and meanest in the city.

The street beggar is called a tramp. We would not harshly apply the name to one who hungers for the bread of life and, having no pew of his own, asks the privilege of a seat in the church. Strangers are always welcome. Church hospitality is a lovely grace, and in this country is large and generous. But that grace ought not to be demanded by people who are able to help in sustaining the institutions of religion. Through thoughtlessness of duty or by intentionally shirking it, they contrive to get good seats every Sunday in any church they choose to inflict themselves upon. Hundreds of young married people thus wander about, to the annoyance of regular worshippers and not to the improvement of their own self-respect. One young man in this city has made a list of six of the best preachers, or those whom he regards as the best, and he hears them in turn. He claims to have six pastors. But he has none at all. He is a church tramp.

In a Methodist class-meeting a loud brother said, "I've been a church' member ten years, and, bless the Lord, it's never cost me a cent." And the leader of the meeting responded, "The Lord have mercy on your stingy soul."

It is a very common practice for a club or company of young men to take a pew together. This is honorable and praiseworthy. Young women do the same. Small families thus unite in public worship. There is not a church in this city whose officers are not ready to arrange with individuals or with families for pews in partnership. The tramp system is not honest, and certainly is not respectable. Ten clerks in one large dry-goods house have two pews adjoining in one of our churches, and they present a beautiful sight in their places, like plants in the garden of the Lord.

One of the highway tramps, and they are often highway

robbers, called early one morning at a farm-house in the barn of which he had probably been lodging during the night. Perhaps his throat was filled with hay-dust : it was certainly very dry, and going to the kitchen door he asked the woman for a glass of cider. He was promptly and with some energy refused. The tramp had in other days learned something of the Bible, and he reminded the good woman of the divine precept, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." She shut him up by saying she was not afraid of making a mistake, for angels never went about begging cider before breakfast.

And we need not have the slightest apprehension of offending angels or particularly good people, by intimating to them when they go about sponging on the public for their spiritual drink, that their room is better than their company. All who have a real love for the sanctuary, who favor the dust of Zion and take pleasure in the stones thereof—all such people love to have a place they can call their own in the house of God. They love it more than the tents of worldly pleasure, to which the gay and the ungodly flock during the week, and even on Sunday nights. These pay roundly for their enjoyments. It is now seriously discussed whether the proprietors of the great music-halls in this city will give many thousands of dollars, over and above what the people pay, for the support of opera this winter. The sums it costs are fabulous. A family of five cannot get good seats at the opera for a single afternoon or evening for less than twenty-five dollars. If they take those seats twice a week—equal to two services on Sunday—they would pay thirteen hundred dollars a year for the enjoyment of artistic music, the least objectionable of all amusements which the gay world runs after. The opera does not present itself the year through, but it usually offers its attractions three or four times a week, and many families manage to spend five hundred dollars and some as many thousands on it in the course of a year. And there are no tramps at the opera. They only resort to the house of God. The gospel gates are open to all. Whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely.

And this freedom is abused by those who have the means to help in the support of the gospel, and in giving it to the destitute.

The true idea of the Christian congregation is the free-church system. It has never been successful in this, nor in any community of which I have knowledge. A free church is looked upon as a charity church. And the American people are too independent to accept charity if they are in danger of being found out. Therefore *genteel* people do not patronize (?) free churches. But these tramps who go from house to house every Sunday to get preaching "free gratis for nothing," suppose that they are not known as beggars or tramps. They dress well and are well-mannered. They want the best seats. And they do not think for a moment that they are getting by stealth what they would blush to receive as a gratuity, if they were known.

If a few pews were set apart and advertised as free to such as cannot afford to pay for seats, they would stand empty all the year round.

It would be a grief to me and a wrong to many, if these words should be understood to reflect on strangers, or even on those who, having their own place of worship, have occasion to attend on another ministry. Such cases are not even hinted at in these remarks. Christians will study that which is best for the health of their souls. And when they have found the best physician, whether he is Dr. A. or Dr. B. or Dr. C., they do well to stick to him.

"As soon as I got married," said a prosperous man of family to me, "I took a pew in the — church and subscribed for the *New York Observer*. We have held on to both ever since." I would repeat the prescription if I were giving counsel, and say to all young married people, "Take a pew in church, subscribe for a first-class religious newspaper, and stick to them both." A rolling stone gathers no moss. Beware of him who is given to change. Do not wander about from church to church. Identify yourself with some one congregation. Get acquainted with the pastor, who will bring you into conversation with others. Give

yourself to church work as your services may be required, and with modesty but with fidelity seek to be useful in some department of religious life. Do not be a thief and steal the gospel. Be not a tramp, a peripatetic beggar of the bread that cometh down from heaven. But be a Christian gentleman or lady, adorning the gospel by a life of honest service in that portion of the vineyard which is most convenient or best adapted to your gifts and tastes.

In city or in country you will find yourself stronger and better and far happier by association with those whose views lead them to the same house of worship with yourself. If you have children, their destiny for two lives may be shaped for good by this determination. And if you are alone in the world, the church is your friend, a strong tower into which you may run, and God is there, a present help in every time of need.

RECTOR; MINISTER; PARSON; DOMINE.

A RECTOR is one who directs: it comes from the Latin word for straight, right. The word *rex* or king is in it. The business of a rector is to guide the people aright, as their di-rector, teacher, spiritual head. It is a good title for the office, but not perfect.

Minister is another word for servant: he that would be greatest among you let him be your servant. He who serves the people, ministers to their wants with faithfulness, will attain pre-eminence and justly be greatest among them. Christ's servants are called ministers in the New Testament, and the title is expressive and appropriate. But there is a better. And that better is not parson or domine. Neither of these implies disrespect, and yet both of them lack elements that ought to be found in the term by which the leader, guide, and guard of the people ought to be known.

"There goes the parson" might have had reverence in it, in Old England and in New England, a hundred years ago.

"Domine, how do you do?" was a friendly and honorable salutation among the Dutch churches in years gone by. It retains its usage in many places now, where the good man is familiarly and affectionately addressed by this title. It is the Latin *Dominus*, and means the master of the house, then a schoolmaster, then a clergyman, who is a teacher, rector, and the lord of the parish. Thus the word includes the ideas of instruction and government, and is a proper term if properly understood.

Pastor is the word: he is a shepherd. He feeds the flock. All the tender and endearing thoughts that cluster about the term when applied to one who tends the sheep and the lambs, surround the word pastor when given to him who is set to watch for souls. It implies FIDELITY. The shepherd's dog is often a model of faithfulness. How much more responsible is a man than a dog? And of how much more value is the soul of a man than a sheep? It implies WATCHFULNESS. In an hour we think not the wolf may invade the flock, or one of them may go astray. Eternal vigilance is the only security. It implies AFFECTION. "Lovest thou me?" asked the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls: "Lovest thou me?" "Feed my sheep." "Feed my lambs." It implies PERSEVERANCE in well-doing. To get tired of the work and to seek rest when the flock is exposed is to be a heartless, careless shepherd, who has no love for his work or the flock.

To be a *pastor* in the church of God is enough to fill the right ambition of any good man. The office is not magnified in the esteem of the ministry and the people as it should be: it does not hold the place it did when George Herbert wrote his "Country Parson," and Oliver Goldsmith his "Deserted Village," and Cowper drew his portrait of the godly preacher. The manners, tastes and pursuits of the age have invaded the church. This is a matter-of-fact, a trading, commercial age. It is also a levelling age. And the worst of that fact is that it levels down instead of up. As reverence for dignities declines, with the divine right idea of rulers, the people and pastor come to be less distinct: if anything, the pastor has come to be used by the people for

their purposes, often selfish, rather than as a shepherd to whom the flock looks for food convenient for them. Any man who keeps an intelligence office, as I do, for ministers and people, a sort of matrimonial agency, will testify that the applications for a preacher do not generally specify the spiritual qualifications required so much as the intellectual: "We must have a man of ability to attract attention: the other churches have able preachers, and we want one that can hold his own."

This idea of the ministerial office is low and sordid; degrading to the church and to Christianity. To deliver the calling from such debasement a deeper sense of its dignity and duty is required. *That* is to be secured by the pastor himself getting his own heart and mind saturated with the true spirit of Him who sent his disciples forth to feed his sheep, to feed his lambs—in other words, to be pastors of his flock.

It was bought with a great price. He "purchased it with his own blood." The pastor has such a flock in his care. "Grievous wolves" are ready always to enter in, "not sparing the flock." They are to be watched, driven off, slain, if possible, with the weapons God has provided. This makes the pastor an officer in the church *militant*. He must fight manfully the good fight. The weapons are not carnal, but mighty, and he must wield them as a good soldier, for the captain of our salvation requires of every soldier under him that he be found faithful.

His work ought to be a life-work. Here is the grand reason of failure. The place a man is in is too often used as a stepping-stone to another, supposed to be higher and better. But the way to be the ruler, victor, domine of many things, is to be faithful in few things. Called to any post or position in the church, let him who is called devote himself to it as the one thing that he is to do. Let him not be afraid that he will be uncared for, unthought of, forgotten. God knows where you are. If he has any other work for you to do he will send an angel, or some other messenger, to summon you to the duty.

There may be many of God's hidden ones in the most retired parish. To find them, feed them, guide them into green pastures, God sends the pastor best fitted for that high service. He may not be armed with the logic and lore of the schools. He may not have the pen of a ready writer or a tongue of angelic eloquence, and that trumpet of the Pharisee, the religious newspaper, may not herald his name to the world; but in the calm, steady, fruitful fields of usefulness, he feeds the flocks of his Heavenly Father on the hills of peace, in the sunlight of divine approval, and the gates of glory stand ever open for him and his to enter into celestial joy.

One of the best and most to be envied men whom I reckon on my list of friends is the pastor of a little flock, the rector of an Episcopal church in the rural districts not far from the great Babel of New York. Ten, twenty, thirty, now going on forty years, he has taught his people the road to heaven, while he has led the way. A gentleman, a scholar, a man of affairs, with talents and tastes to fill and adorn any station in the church, he has declined all inducements to leave the charge of his youth; and now, as white hairs admonish him that he is no longer young, he rejoices in the work of a lifetime, and waits to hear the Master say "Come up higher." That is the joy set before him. The applause of crowds, the praise of the press, the distinction of fame, are lighter than the air compared with that eternal weight of glory which awaits the pastor who is wise in winning souls; who feedeth the sheep, takes the lambs in his bosom, and at last, in the day of all days, presents himself to the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, saying, "Here, Lord, am I and them whom Thou hast given me."

FANNY KEMBLE ON THE BIBLE AND THE
THEATRE.

FANNY KEMBLE is justly distinguished as one of the great tragic actresses of modern times. Her talent, acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic, has won for her fame and fortune. In addition to this great success, she has the still higher honor of a name without reproach. The highest virtues of private life adorn her character with lustre which her profession did not dim.

When she was eleven years of age she was sent from London to a boarding-school in Paris. Of her acquirements at this institution she says: "The pupils were required to learn by heart, and recite morning and evening, selections from the Scriptures. To me my intimate knowledge of the Bible has always seemed the greatest benefit I derived from my school-training." As she was thoroughly educated, and trained to be a brilliant ornament of the highest circles of society, to be the companion of the poet Rogers in his old age, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Lord Grey, Disraeli, Washington Irving, and all the wits of two generations, it is certain that her education was not imperfect. She studied the French poets, and committed to memory passages from Corneille and Racine; while Shakespeare, Milton, and Walter Scott, in her own tongue, were her familiar reading. But she puts into writing and prints it in the "Records of her Life" that her intimate knowledge of the Bible was the greatest benefit she derived from her school-training. This is a very extraordinary statement, coming from one whose pursuits and associations were such as do not appear to require familiarity with the Scriptures to promote enjoyment or success. Certainly we are not accustomed to suppose that actors and actresses and the people in whose society they mingle and shine, draw very largely on the pages of God's word as the sources of their wit or wisdom, or for examples and illustrations. It could not be that Miss Kemble attributed her suc-

cess in the profession to which she devoted her life to her Bible studies. If she had been trained to authorship she would naturally have been aided by the unexcelled models of thought and expression which it contains. Sir William Jones left his recorded opinion that "the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they may have been written."

The most famous untaught orator of America, Patrick Henry, said, "It is a book worth more than all other books that were ever printed." Among philosophers we have the same testimony from John Locke, who prepared with his own hand a *Commonplace Book of the Scriptures*, and in his meditations on their wonderful wisdom cried out, "Oh the depths of the riches of the goodness and the knowledge of God!" Poetry and philosophy might draw largely upon the Bible, but what benefit would an actress get from intimate acquaintance with the book?

To understand the influence of the Bible upon the life of Fanny Kemble, we must keep in mind that the profession was always distasteful, positively repugnant, to her feelings; and this was the uniform testimony she bore throughout her public life. She regarded it as personally humiliating and demoralizing. She expressed to Washington Irving her dislike of it. She wrote in letters to her friends in strong terms of her aversion to the stage as a profession. And Madame Craven, a French novelist of the better class, testifies that "the records of her life by Fanny Kemble demonstrate clearly enough that the thought of elevating the theatrical profession to the ideal height which many propose must be ranged in the category of chimeras; since this profession, practised with the greatest success, and in conditions the most favorable to the realization of this dream, has always inspired in Fanny Kemble an estrangement for which she can eloquently account." What Madame Craven infers is taught in the history of the stage from its earliest period. It always was what Fanny Kemble found it. She tried her best by example

and precept to make it otherwise. She left it as she found it, or worse. And at this moment in London, Paris, and New York it presents attractions to the public from which the soul of Fanny Kemble turned away with disgust. And her convictions inspired Madame Craven to despair of its being reformed and elevated. Fanny Kemble held that the nature of the calling is inherently degrading. She was never in the hands of her tiring-women, undergoing the transformation into a character which she was to personify, without being penetrated with a sense of the hollowness and mockery of the business in which she was engaged. If she had strength to withstand the evil influence of such a pursuit, she is one of a thousand, and her testimony ought to be held in honor when the vexed question of the moral influence of the stage is discussed. I find in her early study of the Bible the secret of Fanny Kemble's judgment of the profession, and her own noble preservation in spite of it and her surroundings. That there are others in similar pursuits, like Abdiel, faithful where others fall, is not denied. But if there are many who have stood firm in the midst of danger, and have declared their indebtedness to the Bible, I have not met with their names.

Fanny Kemble's "intimate knowledge of the Bible" (those are her own words) was obtained by committing to memory selections from its pages to be recited morning and evening. She had a great memory. She held in it ready for use vast treasures of the drama in other languages than her own. And in the midst of these riches of the masters of the art, creations of human genius, she held in solution, as dew distilled from heaven, the wisdom and knowledge of God's holy word. This is the very best of all ways to learn the Bible. Get it by heart. Commit whole chapters, whole books of it to memory. It is easily done in the spring-time of life; and it will abide in old age, a joy and defence, all the way along. This great tragic actress startled and entranced the play-going world by the wondrous power she had of delineating by her voice and action the passions of others. But deep in her own soul was the living word that she had drawn

out of the oracles of everlasting truth, and long years afterward she declared it had been of more benefit to her than all else of her school instruction.

These are Fanny Kemble's impressions of the Bible and of the Stage. She owed much to the first, she despised the other.

AN ACTOR'S LAST WORDS.

HIS LAST WORDS WERE, "NO PREACHER, TELL ROB."

ON Monday morning, at ten o'clock, two funerals were attended in this city, but a short distance apart, and the dead were taken to the same cemetery. The same bright winter sun shone on both coffins. The mourners go about the same streets. But the contrast was like that between sunlight and midnight, between winter and spring.

I attended one of them. It was held in the Church of the Covenant, of which Dr. Vincent is the pastor. The friend whose death had summoned us to the house of God, which was now a house of mourning and of triumph, was Mr. William E. Dodge. He was summoned so suddenly that no dying words were said: nor were they needed to attest the faith in which he died. His long life had been full of deeds as well as words. His daily food was the bread of life, and the words he was meditating that early morning when he died were read at his funeral; such as these: "O death, where is thy sting?" "There is laid up for me a crown." And around his remains were gathered good people, the pious, praying, benevolent people, men and women who love God and their fellow-men, and many, too, who had felt the goodness of their friend and benefactor now gone to the Saviour whom he believed and loved. And the "preachers" in great numbers were there: men of God, whose work it is "to point to heaven and lead the way." They were the intimate friends and companions of the departed, and now

they stood over his precious form and spoke of his virtues, his life and example, how he had walked with God, loving him in his fellow-men, doing good unto all as he had opportunity, and rejoicing to "spend and be spent" in making others better and happier, because of him. That immense congregation were not in tears of sorrow, but of sympathy; not mourning as those who have no hope, but lifted up with the comfort and glorious hope of the gospel, as by faith they saw their departed friend in the presence of God with exceeding joy. As I was going away from the church, a gentleman said to me :

"Such a funeral is an event in one's life. I never attended such an one before."

It was an occasion of thanksgiving and praise, not of lamentation and grief: the light and glory of heaven, shining on the dead, dispelled the gloom, and the coffin seemed a car of victory in which he was carried to the skies. It was indeed a joyous funeral, as hope and faith turn mourning into joy, and even the smitten and afflicted say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

It is quite probable that I should not describe the other funeral with such loving and sympathetic words as I have used in speaking of the funeral of my friend. I will, therefore, take the account from the *Telegram*, the evening edition of the *Herald*. It is in the same column, immediately following that of Mr. Dodge's.

AN ACTOR'S FUNERAL.

BURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., IN WOODLAWN CEMETERY.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., was buried this morning from his late residence, No. 67 Union Place, which, until lately, was the scene of so much generous hospitality. About nine o'clock the friends of the dead actor began to gather in the parlor. The coffin, covered with black cloth, was in the centre of the room, and the panel was removed, showing the face of the deceased. He preserved in death much of the manly beauty which had distinguished him in life. His father wandered disconsolately from one sofa to the other, an occasional sob bursting irrepressibly from his overcharged heart. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Thorne, the wife of another son,

sought to console him. His own daughter, Mrs. John F. Chamberlain, came and sat on his other side, deeply veiled, and did her best to soothe his anguish. But it was clear to every one that the old actor was terribly shocked by his son's sudden death. The pall-bearers (from the Order of Elks) were eight in number—Messrs. A. C. Moreland, of the San Francisco Minstrels; W. L. Bowron, of Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre; William Morton and F. W. Hawley, of the "World" Combination Troupe; J. C. Steinfeld, of the Clarendon Hotel; Dr. T. C. Conrad; John L. Wiegand, of Niblo's; and Robert S. Martin, the Secretary of the New York Lodge of Elks. Stuart Robson, the deceased's most intimate friend, and his constant visitor during his short illness, advanced to the coffin and made a few very touching remarks in a voice tremulous with emotion, concluding with the statement that his dead friend had desired that there should be no religious services, but that he would recite the lines from the "Tempest" beginning, "These, our players, are merely spirits," which Thorne repeated incessantly during the few days of his sickness. Mr. Palmer, his old manager, was present. Among others who attended were Mrs. Robson and Miss Alicia Robson, Mr. Crane, Mrs. William Thorne, Dr. Heywood, and Mr. John Matthews, late of Union Square Theatre. After they had taken a farewell look at the countenance of their dead friend, the panel was placed over the face. On the lid of the coffin was a silver plate with the simple inscription, "Charles R. Thorne, Jr., died 10th February, 1883, aged forty-two years and eleven months." Two beautiful vases of flowers were then placed on the casket, one from Mrs. Chamberlain, the other from Mr. Robson. The pall-bearers lifted their burden and carried it down the little front garden to the hearse. The family and the pall-bearers followed in carriages, but no one else, in conformity with the expressed wishes of the deceased. A little crowd formed on the sidewalk as the family took their seats, and then walked away, and all was over. The remains were interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

How that scene strikes the eye of one who has deep religious sentiment, I am not curious to inquire. But I did want to know what the world would say; what the present age would say; how it lies in the mind of men when unbelief is in the air, and philosophers and scientists are telling us that faith is played out, and there is no heaven, hell, or hereafter. To find an answer to the question, How does such a funeral strike an outside mind not hampered by tradition, prejudice, and education? I turned again to the editorial utterances of the *Herald*, and read these words:

"A DISMAL OCCASION.—Even to the secular mind there was something curiously unsatisfactory in the character of the services held over the mortal

remains of the actor, Charles R. Thorne, on Monday last. His last words were, 'No preacher, tell Rob;' and his wishes were so far respected that the funeral scene more resembled the custom of ancient Athens than the usage of a Christian community. He was buried without prayer, and without the recognition of an immortal life."

So it looks to the eyes of this present evil world, the world as it is, when men are trying to persuade themselves and others that death is an everlasting sleep and the preacher's occupation's gone. They will come together to celebrate the birthday of a miserable infidel. They pay a dollar apiece, and flock in crowds to hear another blaspheme God and laugh at the flames of hell-fire. But this daily paper is the voice of the multitude, the cry of the mighty conscience of mankind, saying that such a funeral as this of Thorne was poor, degraded paganism, an insult to the enlightened civilization of the age.

There is scarcely a more melancholy scene—nothing in Hamlet is half so sad—as the anguish of the old man in the room with the body of his dead son, whose last words were, "No preacher, tell Rob." He wails, and will not be comforted. His daughters, in the garb of deep mourning, in vain attempt to soothe him. There is but one balm for such a wounded heart as his. And that balm was not there. "No preacher, tell Rob." The great physician is a preacher when he brings the consolations of the Christian faith into such a chamber of sobs and sorrow, of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But there is no physician for the soul that in the hour of the last struggle rejects the religion of Christ and orders the poor body to be buried as dogs are.

Shakespeare was a great poet, perhaps the greatest of the uninspired sons of men. But an actor standing by a coffin and spouting Shakespeare to weeping friends is as dreary a spectacle as would be the attempt of friends to warm the dead man into life by filling his coffin with lumps of ice. Solemn mockery! The devils, who know how it is, laughed at the ceremony. Human hearts were wrung with agony, and might well exclaim, "Miserable comforters are ye all—away, away; who will show us any good?"

While this performance was going on—this travesty of a tragedy, this burlesque of a funeral—I was standing by the coffin of my friend and reading with exultation the words, “This mortal shall put on immortality: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” And as I read I heard a voice from heaven saying, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

In the evening of that day I stepped out of my own door, and a little way off I went into the house where ex-Governor Morgan was dying. He had held the helm of State, and sat in the Senate of the nation. But he was dying. Honor, power, wealth, were all worthless now. Yet his peace passed understanding: like a river, deep, great, rolling to the sea of infinite Love. He knew whom he believed, and was safe.

I walked a few steps farther, and entered the mansion from which that day we had carried the body of Mr. Dodge to his burial. Was there wailing and weeping there? A holy quiet reigned in the halls; a pleasing greeting met me at the door; the blessed cheerfulness, born of love and faith and hope, pervaded the household like the fragrance of celestial flowers. My friend was not there in that graceful, cheery, loving form and face that made the house so bright a home. But his spirit was there: lingering in the hospitable rooms, among the pictures, by the warm hearths, and more than all in the hearts and words of those whom he loved, and left behind. We talked of him as of one lost indeed to sight, but not far away: with Jesus whom he loved, and who had prepared the place for him in a better house, a better country, whither we would soon go.

Returning through the silent streets, I said to myself, “All day among the dying and the dead, and I have not shed a tear. Death has been swallowed up in victory. God has wiped away all tears even now. For them who are dying in him, and them who are dead in him Christ will bring with him, and we shall be ever with them and the Lord.”

This is the power and the joy of the gospel. That other thing that saith, “No preacher, tell Rob,” I do not know,

nor care to know. It is the blackness of darkness into which the unbelieving spirit goes. For an atheist has a soul. His unbelief does not rob him of an immortal soul. I do not want to die in that unfaith. But when my turn comes, let the preacher come, and standing by the coffin, say, "The Lord was his light and salvation: the Lord was the strength of his life and is his portion forever."

ILL-TIMED WIT.

IN a recent letter I sought to vindicate the ministers of religion from the charge of being gloomy, dismal, and miserable men. Perhaps I went too far and conveyed the impression that they are more merry than is meet, or not as sober-minded as becometh the gospel of the grace of God. When it was reported to the Bishop of a Church of England diocese that a certain rector was more a man of the world than he ought to be, he wrote to a well-known layman in the region and asked him if the rector's carriage and conversation were becoming his profession. To which the layman replied that he had had very little conversation with the rector, and he kept no carriage. But if these words have lost their early sense, they are still well enough understood by intelligent men. The carriage and conversation, the speech and behavior of every Christian, and especially of every Christian minister, ought to be in harmony with his profession. Consistency is a jewel. The origin of that phrase is so remote as to be lost in oblivion, showing that there never was a time in the history of man when consistency was not the ornament of character.

It is better to be stupid than witty, when wit is out of time and place. It is better not to laugh at all than to laugh when mirth is mockery. One of the wittiest of the early Puritan divines was the Rev. Mather Byles of Boston, a Tory in the Revolution, of whom many pages of entertaining stories are told. The jokes that he made were often excel-

lent, and rarely flat. But he did not know when to keep them to himself. That was his misfortune and his fault. It was his ruling passion, and proved to be too strong in death. For on his dying bed he perpetrated a sorry and most untimely joke, for which he received one of the best and best-deserved reproofs on record. The good Bishop Parker of Boston called to see Mr. Byles, and the dying man whispered in his ear :

“ I have almost got to the world where there are no bishops.”

“ Ah,” replied the bishop, “ I had hoped you were going to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.”

To make a play upon words on one's dying bed, to be merry at such a time, is so revolting to one's sense of propriety as to be positively shocking. And there are very few cases on record of folly so disgusting. No one admires the cool contempt of death which the dissolute Charles II. displayed when he apologized to his friends for being so long a time dying. In the presence of a greater King than himself, even the monarch of England might have been sober. Many quaint and ludicrous remarks of ministers, even at funerals, are the fruit of ignorance rather than intention. When he gave out a hymn at a funeral and stated that it was “ selected by the corpse,” the remark conveyed nothing ludicrous to the minister's mind, simply because he was too dull to see it in the light with which it flashed on the minds of others. I knew a pastor who held the two callings of preacher and butcher. He murdered the King's English in the pulpit, and killed oxen during the week. He was preaching the funeral sermon of a miserably deformed beggar who died in squalor, to the great relief of the community, and the preacher, looking down upon the dead, exclaimed, “ The beauty and the glory of the man has departed forever.” He had heard something like that at some other funeral and thought it quite a curl, without perceiving its incongruity when pronounced over the subject lying before him. Such blunders excite our pity. When unwise speakers forget themselves and their high calling so much as to indulge in

idle jesting in the pulpit, they are to be censured, not to be pitied. I was one of four or five speakers at a religious meeting in a crowded church. All the speakers who preceded me kept the audience in perpetual merriment with their funny stories and bright auroral coruscations. I strove, when it came my turn, to say some serious words in a serious way, and succeeded so well that the man who followed me assured the audience that such was not my usual style, but that I had as much fun in me as any of them. Actually he apologized for my good behavior in the pulpit. Cowper wrote "John Gilpin," and in the proper time and place could make merry; but Cowper said,

"Tis pitiful
 To court a grin when you should woo a soul;
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I consent you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail."

Father Taylor of Boston, the sailor preacher, having drifted beyond soundings, stopped suddenly and sang out, "Friends, I have lost my nominative case, but I am bound for the Kingdom." He soon regained his hold on the audience, and was once more at home with his theme. That was ready wit, and saved the speaker from embarrassment. No one could find fault with the preacher. But it was very poor wit and unworthy of the pulpit, when the same Mather Byles, of whom I wrote above, was disappointed in the coming of the Rev. Mr. Prince, who was to preach for him, and then took for his text, "Put not your trust in Princes." No amount of preaching, however eloquent or serious, can atone for such an abuse of the divine word. And that naturally leads to the remark that ministers, being familiar with the words of Holy Scripture, are tempted to use them in such connection as to associate them with light and trifling things, to their own injury and that of others. I have heard texts so used, and they are now inseparably tied to thoughts I wish were cleaned out of the mind. It hurt Mr. Nettleton, a

blessed man of God, in my youthful esteem, when he said, in a stage-coach, as I produced a cake for lunch, "There is a lad here who hath *one loaf*," whereat all the passengers laughed. Dean Swift and Sydney Smith shed no lustre on the pulpit or the profession which they followed. In other callings, and out of their own, they shone in society, and their wit has made them famous. But with all their acknowledged genius and elegant accomplishments, by which they kept "the table in a roar," what good thing, as ministers of Christ, did either of them do, for which they will be honored when the Lord shall make up his jewels. And the men whose brilliant jests and amusing stories entertain an audience of immortal souls are not the preachers who win the most sinners to the Saviour. Let us not be too hard on them who have such a well of water bubbling up in them that they cannot help an occasional explosion, even at the most inopportune times and seasons. That is an infirmity of wit for which no remedy has been found. When a preacher was censured by his brethren for the bad habit of exaggeration, he assured them he "had often bitterly repented of it; it had cost him barrels of tears." For such a case there is no cure.

Some of the most genial, companionable, and jovial men whom I have ever known held their wits in such firm, yet easy control, that in general society they were not known to be men of humor, or specially addicted to pleasantries. They were gentlemen of broad and varied culture, familiar with elegant letters in many languages and ages, and able to bring from the well-arranged storehouse of fertile memory the most sparkling gems. Yet they did not scatter them carelessly, nor waste them on the common herd. Among congenial peers they were shining lights, and nights in their company were always brilliant and memorable. How many of them are now among the kings and saints in our Father's house! They join in

" The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast."

The foam on the sea disappears, but the ocean, fathomless and boundless, rolls on. Wit that cheers and illumines the

social hour is soon forgotten, but the sober thought of sensible people, the deep stores of wisdom laid up by long reading and reflection, these are waters of health and life, and happy are they who are full of them. .

OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVINGS.

THEY were just about the same as they are nowadays. I am rather tired of the lamentations of those who forget the divine injunction, "Say not that the former days were better than these." I never had any better times than these and of all the years of the world, in the Bible or out of it, there was never a time in which it would suit me better to live than in this present.

We read at this time of the year, especially in the religious papers, about old-fashioned Thanksgiving days, as if they were very different from the modern festivals. But it lies in my mind, as if reflected from the surface of a mirror, that the way we keep Thanksgiving day now is very much as it was (a blank number of) years ago when I was a boy. Probably no institution of our early national existence has come down to us with so little change. It is of New England origin; but those who lived in parts of the country where New England habits prevailed adopted the ways and means of the fathers. Their children walked in their footsteps, so that it has retained all its chief features of interest and value. I remember that the day was a sort of half Sunday. It was a holiday from school. In the morning everything went on as usual on week-days, until it was time for going to church, and then we went to the house of God as on the Lord's Day, and worshipped. The sermon was more secular than Sunday sermons were. Topics of interest bearing on the morals of the people, though not strictly religious, were freely discussed. In times of great political excitement the pulpit was disgraced with party-spirit and such violent harangues as would better have been delivered in a town-meeting. Before

my time, in the old days of political strife between Federalist and Republican, the pulpit was far more frequently abused than it is now by ministers who thought it their right and duty to teach their congregations which party they ought to support. There is a field that lies between the letter of the gospel and the law, a field that may be with fitness tilled on the Sabbath-day, but is so peculiarly adapted to the day of Thanksgiving that we enjoyed the discussion and profited by it when the duties of citizens and neighbors were enforced. The sermons of the late Dr. William Adams of Madison Square were models of this kind of Thanksgiving preaching, and a volume of them is a precious legacy which he left to the ministry and church. He was the son and fit representative of the best type of the New England pastor.

After we came home from church, we boys had two or three hours for out-of-door sport, while the older folks visited within. Where I lived the latter part of November was cold enough to make ice, and we spent the afternoon in skating. I hear it nowadays in table talk, and read it in magazine and newspaper stories, that old-time religion, Puritanism, as it is sneeringly called, was all hard, sour, cold, juiceless, and forbidding. Such talk is the fruit of ignorance or wickedness. It slanders the dead. I do not suppose there was ever on this continent, or any other, a set of men and women and children who had more fun, amusement, pleasure, than our fathers and mothers had when they were young. Lord Macaulay said the Puritans opposed bear-baiting, not because it tormented the bear, but because it amused the people. Granted. And is it not a very good reason for opposing a beastly, degrading, barbarous amusement? Is it not a good reason *now* for denouncing bull-fights? And is not a Puritan who disapproves of bear-baiting, because of its demoralizing effect, much more to be had in honor than the jolly old Englishman who likes a dog-fight? Well, we did not have such sports, but we did enjoy the games and plays which enlivened rural life, encouraged honest rivalry, trained the muscles, relaxed the mind, and stirred the blood. Then we came in all aglow and sat down to the family feast. It was

the dinner of the year. A turkey was sacrificed for the occasion. It would be almost appropriate to use the word *sacrificed* in a sacred sense. It was the expression of our joy, gratitude, and love; it signified abundance, bounty, and good-cheer. We fed upon it together; the family, from far and near, as many as could, were gathered under the ancestral roof-tree; with one accord in one place. Religion graced the board. All honored God as the Giver of every good gift, and while we ate and drank, and were merry and rose up to play, we felt that in Him we lived, and to Him we owed all we were. The fruits of the field—apples mainly and nuts—were the dessert, after mince and pumpkin pies had been eaten to the very outer verge of human safety.

In what material respects is the modern Thanksgiving distinguished from that of olden times? The night before the appointed day the railroad trains are crowded with eager citizens hastening to the house of friends, most of them to the home of their childhood, to celebrate with a glad company the annual family feast. There met, they pass the day in the same way their grandparents did. There may be more *culture* in the manner of the guests in the parlor and at the dinner-table. The plate may be more elegant and the meals cooked and served in better style, but the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" will not be more exhilarating, enlivened and sparkling with wisdom and wit, more and better stories will not be told, the laughter will not be less, or less loud and hearty, than when the ancestors of the company were in the heyday of their lives. If there is anything to choose between the old and the new, the ancient and modern Thanksgiving, beyond all manner of doubt the old had a "jolly good time" compared with which the moderns are dull and formal and cold. And the rest of the day, in our time, is spent as it was of old, in amusements more or less becoming a holiday. Up in the country the young men have shooting-matches, and athletic games, and sometimes pleasure parties to ride, and company in the evenings, as in the city we now have concerts and public amusements to which Christian people resort. Thus the day was, is, and I hope will be spent as the

great Harvest Home has been celebrated in all ages of the world by people who know and serve the only living and true God. There are abuses, in the pursuit of pleasures, that beget pains and do not please God. Let such be forsaken. But it is a joy to see and know that the good old New England Thanksgiving comes down to us in its original garb, to be observed as a day of praise, a domestic, social, and friendly day, when the softer virtues that adorn and endear are cultivated in the worship of God the Father, our Father, and his Son, our Brother; when the habits of a common brotherhood are brightened and strengthened, and by giving gifts to the poor we remind ourselves that the whole world is kin.

A SPICE OF WICKEDNESS.

DR. JOSHUA LEAVITT was the editor of a religious newspaper in this city. He was a smart man, radical in his views, sharp and ready in their expression. He retired from the paper when he was in full vigor. A few weeks after his retirement he was met on the street by the late Nicholas Murray, D.D. (Kirwan), who said to him :

“Dr. Leavitt, I am sorry you have left the paper.”

“But I did not suppose,” returned Dr. L., “that you read it.”

“Oh, yes, I did,” said Kirwan ; “while you were its editor there was always a spice of wickedness about it that made it readable.”

I wonder if this keen witticism of one of the keenest men of that day did not have as much truth as wit in it. There is no need of pressing the pleasantries into an imputation of evil purpose. It was quite as hard on Murray himself as on Leavitt, for it is no worse to furnish the spice than to enjoy it. The remark was playful, but there must have been something behind it in the way of justification, or it would have been a poor joke and very rude.

There is in the pulpit and the newspaper, in conversation

and public address, a style that has just that feature about it which Dr. Murray so deftly described by the brief and quite sufficient phrase, "a spice of wickedness." Many a remark would fall flat on many an ear but for the emphasis wickedly given to it by the use of a strong, improper word. The ear of the good man is pained by the epithet, but the wicked hear it, and are glad.

Now, none are perfect. There is in each one of us enough of the old Adam left to have elective affinity with what does not inhere in saints or angels. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. But it is very certain, at present, we are not what we ought to be. And this explains the readiness with which even good people find amusement and pleasure where they should not.

Just on the outer verge of what is right, and on the edge of that which is wrong, is a doubtful and dangerous place, where it is exhilaration, if not enjoyment, to walk. I remember the fun in boyhood of sliding on ice that bent under the feet: to stand on it would be to go through, but to slide swiftly across, though not safe, was exciting and possible, and therefore great sport. Playing with danger is amusing, though often fatal, as every day's reading of the newspapers proves. No amount of warning has the slightest tendency to abate the use of deadly weapons in household play. Wherein consists the fun that a brother has in pointing a loaded gun at his sister and "making believe" that he is going to shoot? There is a spice of wickedness in the thought of killing. He would shrink with horror from crime, but finds a secret pleasure in the rehearsal of a tragedy he would not perform for the world.

In this affinity for what is forbidden lies the secret of the boundless popularity of literature tinged—not deeply tainted—with wickedness. The gross, sensual, and devilish finds open and secret admirers, but not so many as those novels and poems that suggest, but do not inculcate, vice—that make it attractive even under the guise of condemning it. "You naughty, naughty man," saith the siren while she tempts her victim to his undoing. When such literature is condemned

by the stern judge as dangerous, he is challenged to point to a page or a word that is wicked. He may not be able to do it, but he knows there is a spice of wickedness seasoning every page, and making it extremely palatable and pleasant to the taste of men made a little lower than the angels. The voluptuous poetry of the Byron and Swinburne school, French novels reeking with scarcely concealed filth, are not more poisonous than the scientific tract which eliminates God from creation, or the sermon that makes light of the retributions of eternity. They are popular, because the people are not saints. Some love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, but more love the taste of that which has the flavor of sin, because their taste is depraved, though they have been hitherto restrained from sins "they are inclined to."

It is probable that a preacher, left to himself, may be, tempted to tickle the ear of the multitude by extravagant utterances that startle the audience; the few are grieved, while the people applaud. They like it. One of these rattlers was blazing away with frequent use of the name of the Almighty Maker, when a child, looking up to her mother, whispered, "What makes him swear so?"

Last week one of the courts made a legal decision in a suit, pronouncing officially that the use of a certain word, often heard among business men, is profane swearing. A word may be used properly in one manner and sense, while the same expression under other circumstances would be highly unbecoming. And so it happens that the mixture of strong words, the name and attributes of God, in pious discourse, may savor so much of the reckless and profane as to be suggestive of swearing, and seem to the ignorant multitude as very splendid oratory. The spice of wickedness is just what they like.

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." It was not the wise man who said that, but it has a mighty deal of wisdom in it. It is wonderful, even to the outer rim of belief, that the hearts of men four thousand years ago so nearly, so exactly, correspond with the hearts of

those on whom these ends of the world have come. Thoughts we would not confess to the one nearest to us are fondled with affection. "We know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." The sweet morsel under the tongue is forbidden fruit, and all the sweeter because it is against the law to taste it. The attraction of gravitation is the strongest force in the natural world, and the strongest in the moral world is the attraction of gratification. We go to what we like. The evil that is in us has fellowship with all the evil in the universe. The leaven of ill that pervades our nature leavens the lump of humanity. The whole world is kin.

"Hence we view" that the man who seasons his conversation, his writings, his preachings with a spice of wickedness has a fair chance of pleasing the many. But he is not the highest style of man. To please, to titillate, "to make it readable," is not the noblest end of life. But to win souls to the true, lovely, and of good report, that is the highest purpose of the good man, and happy he who has the power, the chance, and the will to do it.

THE BENEFITS OF MOSQUITOES.

EVERYTHING has its uses. We may not, often we do not, know what good comes of it, but in the great economies of the universe there is something useful in the being, living, and doing of everything that hath breath. It is very little that we know of anything, and it is much to know how little we do know. There was a time when the streets of the city were infested with worms dangling from the trees, and sparrows were imported to destroy them. Many now think the remedy worse than the plague. Sparrows are a greater annoyance to some people than worms or mosquitoes. But neither of these plagues is an unmixed evil. Something may be said in favor of both, and quite as much of one as the other.

The philosopher and the Christian have remedies for the great trials of life. Calamities, fearful to think of, they meet with calmness, finding their relief in the principles they have taught or learned. But the little ills of life, petty annoyances too small in their esteem to be reasoned about or prayed over, fret and worry them just as they trouble other people who make no claim to high attainments in grace or wisdom. The gossip of society, especially in the country, where everybody knows everybody, sometimes mars the comfort of sensitive people, who are easily hurt, and excessively annoyed by what is said of them. Talking about people is the great business of life with many who think themselves amiable and sociable. But it is not the good, so much as the evil in others, that human nature takes most delight in speaking of. To be annoyed with the gossip that comes to the ear of a good man or woman is very foolish. It is wisdom to be amused by it, and if there be any occasion for the talk, as there is apt to be fire where there is smoke, the silly gossip may be converted into a "means of grace." The talk was less than a mosquito bite, and proved to be profitable.

Preachers are sensitive as other men to criticism, and sometimes show their annoyance, when unconscious of exposing their weakness. In every congregation there are several mosquitoes: people who display their superior wisdom and virtue by pointing out the defects of the preaching. Sometimes they stick their sharp points into the minister himself, and tell him plainly how he could do better, especially in hitting the man who sits near the pulpit and needs to be preached to more plainly. Such criticism is always impertinent and annoying. But if there is no reason in it, it leads the preacher to be more careful rightly to divide the word, so that each may have his portion. While also it is a trial that worketh patience, and patience is so rare a virtue it is very cheaply purchased by the bites of a few mosquitoes.

The lessons I learned in that school (the pastoral) are working out their peaceable fruits in a life of patience and long-suffering in another service—the press. Ye yourselves

are witnesses of the meekness and good-nature with which I take the attacks of the mosquito tribe, which is now as large, vigorous, and venomous as when, a frugal swain, I kept my flock among the Highlands of the Hudson. Why, there is one newspaper that lives and moves to buzz, and bite at mine. I never try to kill the mosquito. He keeps at it, carping, criticising, trying to sting. It does me good, teaching me the unloveliness and sinfulness of fault-finding and backbiting. It also helps me to see the folly and meanness of meddling with other people's business, and the beauty and duty of minding one's own. It was an apostle who said "Study to be quiet," and who ever saw a quiet mosquito?

The secrecy with which the mosquito makes his attack, the darkness under which his approach is hid, suggests the person who seeks to pierce and pain you with anonymous letters. These are more numerous since the invention of postal-cards. It is very easy to inflict a wound in the dark, and there is not a baser coward in the world than one who writes a letter to give pain and conceals his name. The mosquito who infests your pillow and draws blood from you in your sleep is braver and better than the petty thief who withholds his name when he makes his stab. Still, the little rascal has his uses, and I feel the benefit of his bite while unable to put him to death.

But there is no station or calling, no sex or condition, which a mosquito may not annoy. Its insignificance is often its protection. As little sins escape our notice, and work our injury by their number and frequency, so the annoyances that come from others are often very small, yet considerable and fatal to our peace when their name gets to be legion. For it must needs be that offences come. We must go out of the world, if we would escape them. They are from within and from without; physical, moral, spiritual, fanciful. We are very imperfect, too sensitive, too selfish, impatient of contradiction, conceited and confident, wilful and stubborn. If the least thing interferes with our ease and enjoyment, if the weather, the fire, the dinner or the supper is not just as we would have it, the world is all wrong. We have been bitten

by a mosquito, and are bleeding to death! Such sensitiveness is great weakness, and there is no religion in it. Better take things as they come, make the best of the worst, and out of the eater get some meat, and out of the bitter all the sweet you can.

I admire the serene philosophy of a distinguished American citizen. He was one day sorely berated by his spouse, who did not know that a neighbor was in the house and heard her giving her husband a piece of her mind. When the two friends were alone, the neighbor said :

“Do you stand that kind of talk?”

“Oh, la, yes,” he replied ; “it amuses her, and don't hurt me.”

And there is a higher view to be taken of this matter. “This is not our continuing city,” as every inhabitant would be glad to believe if he lived where mosquitoes most do congregate. The little troubles that chafe the spirit, annoyances too small to be mentioned, yet irritating the surface of the body and the soul, are good to remind us that the world is full of evil, and perfect peace is not to be ours in this vale of tears. It does us good to be stung into consciousness of this fact, if we will not learn it otherwise. We must not have things so very comfortable, convenient, and satisfying as to wish them to be ours always. For there is a higher and better life beyond, whither our trials ought to be pushing and driving us, if we will not be led by the goodness that crowns our days with mercies ineffable. We have no praise for penances, or mortifications of the flesh for the sake of the soul. That is not Christ's spirit or command. Use the world without abusing it. Do not wear tight shoes to keep your feet from going astray. Be shod with the preparation of the gospel, and walk in the ways of light and peace. Cast all your cares on Him who was wounded for us, and by whose stripes we are healed. So will the wounds of friends be found faithful and good, and even the bites and stings and arrows and spears of the wicked will stir us up to fight the good fight, and to possess our souls in patience. Let these trifles remind us of the buffetings that He endured who bore

our sins : who, when he was reviled, reviled not again : was made perfect through suffering, and won and wore a crown of thorns.

WAS IT SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

A WARM DISCUSSION ABOUT A DEAD MAN'S LIFE.

HE had been a good man, a Christian according to the accepted idea of the church, regular in the routine duties of life, correct in his habits and kind to his neighbors, whom he was always ready to serve. He loved his neighbor better than himself. Often he let his own vineyard lie waste while he worked in theirs. Everybody spoke of his warm heart, and said there never was a better man in the town. But he did not get ahead; he and his family lived from hand to mouth; nothing was laid up for a time of need. He borrowed when anybody would lend. And when his health was feeble and his family expenses increased, his friends helped him, and he had not spirit enough left to feel bad about it. He limped along from year to year, getting a little lower and still lower. His wife and daughter privately sewed and sold their work. Only a very few knew the situation. He died respectably, and was buried in the midst of sincerely mourning people who never knew anything against him, and rather liked him as a clever, well-meaning, kind-hearted man. Was his life a success?

A friend and I differed and agreed about it. We both thought him far from being a successful man, both felt that in many respects he was a failure. We differed as to the degree of his failure; and what it is that makes a man worthy of being called successful.

When my friend stood before a school of boys to address them, his way of stimulating them was to tell them, if they worked hard in school, and afterwards, they might one day be Mayor of the city, Governor of the State, and President of the United States. He also told them that the rich men of

the country were once poor, and by industry, perseverance, and hard work had made millions of money, and were now able to live like nabobs. Thus he taught the boys to aim at high office and great wealth as the true measure of success. Here we differed. I told him frankly and very plainly, that such talk to the boys was bad: it set before them a false standard of excellence: there was no virtue or merit in office or money, and neither of them was a fit object of pursuit as an end; they are to be sought only as the means of accomplishing something for the good of others and the glory of God. Then we went back to our poor dead friend's memory. I held that he just missed success in life.

"Just missed success!" he exclaimed. "Why what on earth do you call success, I would like to know? That man surely never came within a thousand miles of success."

"Hold on," I replied. "Not quite so fast or so strong, if you please. I will preach a little. You have heard me preach, I guess."

"Yes, indeed. As Lamb said to Coleridge, I never heard you do anything else."

That is rather hard, I said, but you have a totally mistaken notion as to true "success in life." And when you tell young men to aim at getting high office or great wealth, as the goal and sure measure of success, you mislead them just as you would if you say to a group of young women that success means to get a husband with many bags of gold, or a title to his name. You know that to put such an idea into a girl's head is worse than nonsense. And as only one man out of 50,000,000 of people can be President at one time, you would make it out that with that prize, as the measure of success, the many must fail while a few only succeed. Now you must settle first the right meaning of the word. In battle, victory is success, because victory is the object. Defeat is failure. To find a lost sheep is the object of search, and success is finding it. To miss it is failure. Speaking or writing for a prize makes success or failure very plain to him who striveth for the mastery. So if those prizes which you set before the young are the pearls of great price, the real end of the high

aspirations of the immortal soul of a brave, good man, then you are right and I am wrong. But I despise your idea. There is no religion, no truth, no good, no Christ in it. You preach a low, sordid, debasing doctrine that Epicurus or Heliogabalus might accept as orthodox, but Jesus, who became poor for our sakes, condemns in language that consumes the spirit of your gospel. My notion of the chief end of man is to be happy in doing good. Keep this object in view, and get your own living by some honest and useful occupation, and your life is a success. It will be a failure if you do not support yourself and those depending on you. Here is the difference between success and failure. Our dead friend had all the elements of success in him but one."

"What was that, pray?"

He lacked one thing, and one only, and that was energy. Do you know what energy is?

"I think I do: perhaps you attach some meaning to it that I do not."

Energy is internal force: not physical, not mental or spiritual, except when we speak of that power working in us to will and do God's pleasure. Energy is the native force of character impelling us to action. The want of it is laziness. The two principles make all the difference in the world among men who otherwise are equally gifted for the battle and the race of life. Our dead friend was lazy. That is the plain word for the only vice he had. All his virtues, not even God's saving grace, made him anything to his family or society, to the church or the world. He was lazy. He was kind-hearted and sympathetic, and fluent in prayer, and had the gift of utterance and continuance in religious meetings. But he would not earn bread for his household, because he had not that force working in him which is just as essential to success in this life as divine grace is to the soul's salvation in the life to come. Books, essays, sermons, etc., are multiplied to define the means of success in life. They are mostly bad books, bad essays, and bad sermons. Because they proceed on the error that greatness of some sort, distinction, influence, riches or office is implied in success. It is not.

The good man or woman who in the common walks of life earns an honest living by useful work, is one of the pillars of the commonwealth, a defence or ornament to the State. Millions of such people make a great State. These are the salt of the earth: the saviours of society, the friends of God.

"But you needn't get excited about it: I can hear you just as well if you speak a little more softly."

I beg your pardon—but I would give you a realizing sense of what energy is: and I would like to know if my sermon has been a *success*?

"I will think it over. I am with you in the principle of the thing, and feel the force of what you say."

Then you are half converted.

GAMBLING IN THE PARLOR.

A MOTHER'S LETTER AND THE ANSWER.

"WHILE I am writing, the children, with two or three of their young friends, are at play in the parlor. The word play does not mean what it did when I was in my teens, as my children are now. Nor will I undertake to say that the plays of my younger days were more innocent and less dangerous than those now enjoyed by young people. I was brought up to regard the game of cards with decided aversion, as always associated more or less intimately with gambling. If every one playing cards was not actually gambling, it was supposed to lead to it, and if boys and girls became fond of the game, there was every reason to fear they would fall into that vice by and by. But now it is common to see card-playing among the amusements of the evening in the best of families. At summer hotels all sorts of people, which must include good people, play cards all day long, especially when the weather keeps them in the house. I observe that they play for small sums of money, so very small as not to make it unpleasant to lose, and not large enough to cause any great anxiety to

win. The young people in the parlor at home, or in little circles in one another's houses, are in the habit of playing for 'favors,' trifling articles which they freely give and take in other social pastimes. Now they win them or lose them in a game of cards. My children and their young friends are playing for 'favors' now while I am writing; I am very anxious about it; they have grown so much wiser than their parents that they are sure there is no harm in it. They tell me that the children of ministers play in the same way; and what I say seems to be of no use. Do you think it is right? Will it be too much to ask you to give your opinion in one of your letters?"

THE OPINION.

It is wrong to play cards, or any other game, for any stake, prize, money, goods, or anything of value, however small. It is not the amount won or lost in play that makes the game right or wrong. Only a very small-minded person would think it right to play for sixpence and wrong for a shilling. The difference is not in the stakes; the only question is the right or the wrong of playing for stakes at any time.

A clergyman riding in the country saw a packet lying in the road, and upon dismounting picked up a pack of cards. He was putting them in his pocket to take them home to amuse his children, when he said to himself, if I were to be thrown off and killed, and this pack of cards were found in my pocket, it would not read well in the newspapers. He threw them over the fence and rode on.

As I was brought up with the idea that playing cards is in itself wrong, I have never looked upon the game with any favor whatever. I have all along in life noticed that it is in the line that gambling takes from the first game where the player seeks to win a cent or a "favor" or a shilling, up to the game or down to the game where a fortune is the stake to be lost or won. Up in the country the boys used to play cards in the barn, hiding away from parents who would forbid and punish them if they were found out. And I know that such habits of secret gambling were the beginnings of

evil courses that had sad endings. If we could trace a thousand instances of wrong-doing by clerks, bank-tellers, and cashiers, treasurers, trustees, speculators, and others, we would find that in nine cases out of ten, perhaps nineteen out of twenty, the first step was a game of cards for a mere trifle. It may be a total misapprehension on my part; but I think cards have wrought more evil in the world than any other device of the evil one to tempt men to their ruin. All games of chance have the dangerous element of gambling in their nature, and should be avoided; while games of skill, if played for the sake of winning anything, are also wrong. It is hard to make young people see this distinction clearly, but it is real and important. To take from another his property against his will and without rendering an equivalent, violates the eighth and tenth commandments. The gambler's occupation is composed of covetousness and robbery. You see this: I wish your children would see it.

I was taken down by the answer a lady made to me at a church fair in this city. It was full of gambling stalls, and ought to have been raided by the police and broken up. I remonstrated with the minister who was present, but he said he was utterly powerless to prevent what he knew was wrong: "the ladies," he added, "have it all their own way." One of these ladies had an oil-painting, a "portrait of Jesus Christ: to be disposed of by raffle, a dollar a chance." As I was passing her stand she urged me to take a chance. I declined, and gave my reasons for thinking it very wrong; and when I had finished an elaborate argument, she said, "Yes, I don't like it; I never can win anything." Her bad "luck" was the only objection she had to the game, and my logic had not gone through her hair.

And if children are made familiar with gambling by being permitted to play for gain, they will infallibly grow up with the idea that there is no wrong in the practice even when it is employed on a larger scale. It is not an easy matter to induce young people to think seriously about anything, and especially so when you try to convince them that an amusement they are fond of is wrong. They like it, and see no

harm in it, and at the worst it is only a little thing. But there is no sin in the world so small as to be innocent. To eat a forbidden fruit was in one sense a very trivial matter. But a world of woe was the result. On an elevated plain in the State of Vermont was a lake that came within a few feet of the edge of the hill that overlooked a lovely, fertile, and happy vale. Some idle boys amused themselves by making a channel for a tiny stream from the lake: as it ran out it sank into the sand and worked its way along, deepening the channel; the breastwork that had held the waters securely from time immemorial soon began to crumble; the hill-side yielded; the flood descended; the people fled before it, and left a field of desolation and ruin where once was a peaceful valley filled with happy homes. That was the result of letting out a little water, a tiny stream at first that a lamb might drink up. It is not likely that you will ever hear of one case in a hundred of young people who are ruined by habits of gambling. A president of one of our city banks said to me, "It is a matter of common occurrence for us to be called on to cover up or overlook wrongs in business houses." Where one case gets into the newspapers, fifty are hushed up, for the sake of others who would suffer shame by exposure.

But this is not the worst of it. I do not plead with young people to let cards alone merely nor chiefly through fear that they will become gamblers, and be caught in crime to which gambling leads. It is sin to play cards or any other game for gain, however small that gain may be. "It is a sin to steal a pin." You have no right to say the sin is so small that God will not mind it. He numbers the hairs of your head, and when one falls out he notices it. Sin he hates with infinite hatred. It is the principle of the thing which you ought to look at. And you may be as sure as you are of your own existence that it is not right, but is certainly wrong, to win or lose anything in a game of chance or skill. You may take this rule with you into life. It is good to be kept in mind in school and out of it; in amusement and in work; in buying and selling; in the family and the market,

on 'Change or off: anywhere and always God hates sin. And gambling in things great or small is sin. Therefore the moral of it all is—never play cards for favors or money—for that is certainly wicked. And if you would be advised by me, I would say let them alone altogether.

WELL AND WANTED.

HE has just left my study. A handsome old man, straight as a forest pine, his locks were "silvered o'er with age." Nothing else about him or in him was old. He did not boast of his vigor, but was telling me how greatly he enjoyed his work, and he made this remark: "Thank God, I AM WELL, AND WANTED."

I did not ask "How old art thou?" though there is scriptural precedent for the question regarded by some as improper if not impertinent. Some men are very squeamish about their age. They keep it from their intimate friends. It is a foolish sensitiveness, and has not the excuse that is found in the remark made to a man who was always silent in company, "If you are a fool you are wise, if you are wise you are a fool." That is not so paradoxical as at first it appears. If the man was a fool it was wise to keep silence, if he was wise it was foolish not to speak, for his wisdom might be helpful to others.

But for the most part there is little need that a man tell his age. It speaks for itself. It tells its own story. There are outward and sensible signs by which the days of one's years are reckoned almost as clearly as the lifetime of a tree is told by the concentric rings about its heart.

My venerable friend with his hoary head, sunny and cheery face, eye bright, hand warm and natural force unabated, was the incarnation of health, peace, and joy in the Lord. Abounding in service, diligent in his master's business, doing with his might what he has to do, there was not the sign of decay in his voice, his figure, or his feeling. And I am writ-

ing to you, who are young, with a faint hope of leading you to take pattern after this lovely old man.

HE IS WELL. It is a Christian duty to be well. Once I ridiculed the dogma laid down by a celebrated teacher that it is a sin to be sick. And I still believe it to be wrong to say so. In this world of disease and death it is impossible for all to avoid illness always. We bear about in our bodies the seeds of sickness. Germs of mortal ailments float in the brightest sunlight. We inhale them while ministering to those whom we love and serve. Therefore it is not true in the abstract that it is a sin to be sick. But it is fearfully true that the larger part of our physical suffering is the result of our imprudence, neglect of well-known duty, or positive violation of the obvious laws of health. These laws violated in youth may not be followed by capital punishment at once, but the time will come when the penalty must be paid to the uttermost farthing. Murder will out. And if the boy or young man, the young pastor, or man of business does those things that ought not to be done, and so hurts his eyes, or his lungs, or his voice, the tax-gatherer will come for him, and he will have to settle up. He feels so well that in his folly and ardor he thinks he can study night and day, preach three times on Sunday, eat late suppers, visit every day, burn the candle at both ends, and never say *die*. There is a limit to human endurance. Common-sense is not altogether a lost sense. And it stands to reason that a harp of a thousand strings will not keep in tune seventy years if it is played on all the while. Some of the strings will break, and if you do not keep a bright look-out, the whole concern, like the parson's chaise, will go all to pieces at once. There is a silly motto attributed to some distinguished preacher, Wesley, Whitefield, or I forget his name, "Better wear out than rust out." What is the use of doing either? A man who shortens his days by overtaking himself is a suicide, and he who lays himself up in cotton when he ought to be at work is a drone deserving many stripes. Another saying has driven many a good Christian to an untimely grave: "A man is immortal till his work is done." True, our times are in the

hand of Him who setteth up one and putteth down another. But a Christian worker who neglects the laws of health on the miserable plea that God will take care of him, might as well jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, expecting that Providence will spare his life to go to a prayer-meeting over the river.

In youth and riper years practise temperance, purity, healthful sports, and vigorous exercise; avoid every waste of physical force; train for the race and battle of life, and keep right on with every faculty of mind and body in healthful play and development; avoid excess of rest or labor; and grow with every joint and member fitly compacted together. Blessed is he who understands these things, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when he shall say, I have no pleasure in them.

Because, if he has sense enough—sense, not grace, is wanting—to understand this, he will have health all his days, subject only to those calamities of which I have spoken, that no caution or insurance will prevent. The harp will keep well in tune. The machine will do its work well. You will not wear out or rust out. And you will be immortal till your work is done.

HE IS WANTED. That is grand. An old man wanted! What for? What can he do? Who wants him? Who cares for an old man? But my happy, hearty, hoary friend said "I am well and wanted." That was evidence to him and to me that he was not to die just yet, nor to be turned into the street like a superannuated horse; or sent to the almshouse as a pauper, nor even to go on the fund that God and the church provide so justly as well as kindly for them who have been faithful e'en down to old age. And I do not know a sight more painful than that of one who has spent all his life and living in making the church and the world rich by his ministry, and in his last days is left to the cold charity of a generation that knows him not. There is nothing for him to do. Perhaps he did all the work the Lord had for him long ago. He is not wanted now, and whether ill or well, his day is over: the night is at hand when no man

can work. The church is often very ungracious and unwise in turning away from her old pastors because they are old. They preach better now than ever. Out of the wells of deep and holy Christian experience, they teach with wisdom and love to which they were strangers in former times. No matter, they have committed the unpardonable sin of growing old, and, like the Chinese, they must go. And, as Mr. Webster asked, "Where shall they go?" Pulpits are shut against them. They cannot dig. They ought not to be allowed to beg. And heaven is not ready for them yet. Unhappy men! having saved others, you are now left out in the cold yourselves. But it was the joy of my splendid old friend that he could say with a smile of intense self-satisfaction, pride, and thankfulness, "I am well and wanted." In the pulpit, in the field of Christian work, with his hand on the car of human progress, an active, warm, and wise philanthropist, the ardor of youth tempered by the judgment of maturity, having the added strength which the confidence of others earned by long service secures, he has himself grown to be a power, and his shoulder to the wheel of any good cause is as if Hercules himself were there.

Yes, glorious old man, thou art wanted because thou art wise and strong. Thy brains are in good condition and thy heart is sound as a nut. It beats in time with the march of truth. The day of triumph is in prophecy, and the dawn streaks the East to tell of its coming. Thou art wanted yet. Thy hoary head is a crown of glory. Thou art shining even now like the angel in the sun. He who walks among the golden candlesticks will soon set thee above the stars. And as thou goest up to thy throne and kingdom, a voice like that of many waters, sweeter far than the music of angel choirs, shall say to thee, Thy work is done and well done; thou art well, and wanted here.

A MODERN MAGDALEN.

INTO a little chapel where every night the gospel is preached to the poor, a young woman found her way. She came alone. Unless God was her friend she had not one in the world, and she did not know Him. She was a poor, lost creature, who could say with truth, No man or woman careth for my soul. Sick, half drunk, wretched, forlorn, despised by her own sort, so far down that she had no shelter, attracted by the singing that she heard as she wandered along by the open door of the chapel, she stopped to listen. A kind voice invited her to enter, and in a moment she was in the midst of light, warmth, and music. It was not altogether new to her, for instantly she remembered the church in the country, where in childhood she heard the gospel, and sat with her parents and friends in the house of God. Ten years in the city where she had lived a life of sin and shame, had made those early scenes to seem like dreams of another world. But it all came back to her now, and she sank into a seat near the door, filled with wonder and awe.

This and what more is to be told, happened in this city in the latter part of last year. She rested and remembered. The new surroundings both excited and soothed her. It was an old life and a new life. Tunes sung in her childhood, hymns sweet to her then, the name of Jesus not heard but in mockery since she came from home, took hold on her sinful soul, and wrought a strange tumult within her breast. And after the singing of these songs a man rose in his seat and told what the Lord had done for his soul; how he was a thief and a drunkard and miserably poor six months ago, when he was brought to this house and heard of Jesus Christ, who could save the worst of men; how he had been saved; and from that time onward he had been kept from falling, had found honest work to do, and was trying to lead a new and better life; Christian friends had stood by him, cheered and blessed him, and he was happy in the service of God.

Then a woman, yes, a woman, young and bright, stood up and with cheerful voice spoke pleasingly of the joy she had in loving Christ Jesus, and trying to follow in his steps. "A few months ago," she said, "I was a wanderer in this great city, without home or character or friends, staying only for a season in the house which is the gate of hell. I scarcely know how I came here, but the good Lord sent me to learn the way of salvation. And I believe I am saved."

When the poor woman heard these and other testimonies, she was like one who dreamed. By this time she was sobered, but a sense of dreadful weariness, of faintness, came over her, and she sank down as if dying. Those near her raised her from the floor, and she was laid upon a bench, where she was quiet till the meeting was out. Then the kind-hearted friends who waited to talk with any who would hear a word of personal conversation found her weeping as though her heart would break, and evidently very ill. She had no place of refuge, and they took her to a house near by, where they were wont to provide for the destitute thus thrown upon their Christian charity. She would not give her name, nor the address of her parents. She did not know whether they were living or dead. But the desire had sprung up in her soul to forsake sin and go to the Saviour. The way of life was set before her plainly, and much prayer was made for her by her bedside day after day and in the chapel. It was evident that she was dying of consumption. She might live some months, and she did hold out week after week, but without wish to live. Her sin seemed to fill her soul with horror and shame. Once she did say, with a great sob, "I want to see my mother," and, drawing the sheet over her face, she wept bitterly. When she was calmed again, she refused to speak of home or parents, and said she wanted none but Jesus: he alone could do poor sinners good. There was much reason to believe that she was forgiven and received into the loving arms of Him who will in no wise cast out the repenting sinner. "Go in peace, thy sins be forgiven thee," were words of Jesus Christ to poor sinners when he was here. Such ministries as the poor can give each

other, she had, as disease wore her away, and after about four months she died, hoping in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

To the same place where she first heard the songs and was struck to the heart by the name of Jesus, the coffin was brought with her wasted form inclosed, and a little company of strangers, yet friends united by the kinship of common sin, common suffering, and a common salvation, sat by the dead. The grace of God was magnified and displayed in her case, and after such testimonies as her life and death afforded to the blessedness of the gospel, the body was borne to the grave. It is barely possible that the parents who have long mourned a lost child may read in this sad story of the death of their own.

But the story is not told as in itself extraordinary or interesting: it is told for a specific purpose, and that is, to show that away outside, far from the stated means of grace, in every great city, there are thousands perishing in sin, unreached by the voice of Christian love: young men and women prodigals from their father's house, sick and sore, all the more hopeless if they know not their ruined state. We sit in our comfortable pews and listen to the glorious gospel, but it does not reach the ears of the perishing outside. There is no living agency now adequate to lift up the mass of sin and misery within the sound of our church-bells.

Of late these missions to the very lowest strata of our poor humanity have deservedly commanded the sympathy and support of well-to-do Christians. Such agencies ought to be multiplied in every part of the city where poverty and sin herd in a common misery. There is no possible remedy for the ruin in which these people are involved but in the gospel and what the gospel inspires. This is able to save unto the uttermost. There is no problem of society which the gospel cannot solve. Its spirit should make every heart and every purse an agency to seek and save the lost. And if we have not that spirit, the publicans, whose traffic begets so much woe, and the harlots may get into heaven before us.

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL;

OR, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

THEY have never been counted, but taking the average number that reach the prayer-meeting in Fulton Street every week, it is far within bounds to say that a quarter of a million requests have been received.

When reading the songs of the soul gathered into books, out of all ages and lands, we are impressed by the fact that the universal heart of man sings itself out in the same thoughts and words: the old Latin hymns and the Greek, the psalms of David, the songs of Zion in every period of her story, breathe the same aspirations after God, with the same confessions of sin and of penitent sorrow, and again of faith, hope, and joy. It is this kinship in Christ of all his people. One in him.

But the unity of desire as shown in prayer is still wider than in praise—

“ Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.”

There are in this wide world of ours millions who have not yet found the Saviour to be theirs, and yet have longings after him: longings inspired of him whose gracious influences were bought by the blood of that Saviour. On how many human souls the Spirit works to will and do of God's good pleasure, He who worketh only knows. The number is not restricted to those who hear the gospel. There is a light for every man who cometh into the world. David Brainerd found such a man among the Indians at the forks of the Delaware, a man who had never heard of the Christian's God, but he had felt the evil and burden of sin, had been comforted, and thought there must be some persons somewhere who felt as he did, and he longed to go and find

them. Among these 250,000 petitioners are many sin-sick souls, who have not yet found peace in believing. They have heard of Jesus of Nazareth, the son of David, as having a favorite resort in Fulton Street, in the city of New York. And they write their wants. The hunger of their souls for the bread of life, their thirst for the waters, finds intense expression in these letters. Two thousand miles away in the West, or five thousand miles off across the sea in the East, to them has gone the report of what great things God has done for others, and they cry out in these letters that he would have compassion on them and come to save. As the pool of Siloam had its multitude waiting to be healed, so thousands surround this gospel Bethesda, knowing full well that the God of salvation is as near to the suppliant in Oregon or India as he was to Bartimeus by the wayside in the Holy Land. And he writes, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

But these cries are few compared with the appeals for divine assistance that come from those who themselves have tasted that God is good. The infinite variety of wants is known only to Him unto whom all hearts are known. It is truthfully said of each heart that it knows its own bitterness. And there are thousands who do not share their *bitter* with their dearest human friend. Many of these letters enjoin the most sacred secrecy, and the injunction is religiously observed. Mr. Lanphier, who has been with the meeting from the beginning, and has opened all these censers filled with prayers of saints, buries in his own breast the names and addresses of those who shrink from being known as suppliants in behalf of themselves, or a wife, a husband, child, or friend. But their names are all written in God's book of remembrance. He counts their tears. He hears their prayers. And from the fulness of his mercy *and wisdom* he sends them answers of peace. The secret sorrow of one mourning the intemperance of a beloved friend, dear as life, a son or husband, is as frequent a cause of writing as any other. At this present time intoxicating drinks produce more misery than all other second causes in the civilized world. Sin is

the father of all sorrow, and intemperance being the most hideous monster of sin begotten, is the progenitor of more woe than any other of the race. Families made unspeakably wretched by this awful vice cry out from all lands for the help of God. All human aid has failed. And the arm of the Lord is not shortened, but it will not always be stretched out to save men who destroy themselves. They deserve everlasting destruction from his presence, and if in the day of their calamity he should laugh, and send them away into outer darkness, where is eternal gnashing of teeth, the universal verdict of good men and angels would be, "Served them right."

It is beautiful to observe the sweet simplicity of faith with which many earnest believers ask for temporal blessings. They know it is quite as well-pleasing to God to give bread, as the Holy Spirit. And they ask for daily bread, as Christ taught his disciples to pray. They want to be prospered in a secular undertaking, and they pray for it. They do not look for a special interposition, a miracle of feeding or clothing: but they believe that he will work in his own good way. Sometimes the answer has reached the suppliant through an instrumentality they never knew. A father wanted help for a daughter who was earnestly seeking without success to find a situation where she might be usefully supported as a teacher. All avenues were apparently closed. Private and family prayer had been made long and in vain. He sent his request hitherward; and when it was read it fell on the ear of one who instantly bethought him of the very place the young lady was seeking. The inquiry was easily made, with the result desired. Unbelief says it was a cheap advertisement. Christian faith sees the goodness of divine Providence suggesting this cheap advertisement, to reach the eye and ear of the man whom the Lord had provided to give the answer. All that has been written on the subject of prayer does not throw one ray of light on the problem of its influence on the mind and will of a Being Infinite and Unchangeable. Sufficient is it for the little creature man, a mote in the sun of boundless benevolence, to know that

the great All Father has said by his Son, "Ask and you shall receive." Millions testify that they *have* received, and often when they did not get what they asked for, there came something better that satisfied the hunger of the soul. It is sweet to rest on his promises: to know that all things will work out his glory, and the good of his children. These are his witnesses. Here is the faith and patience of the saints. They believe and wait. Even a lifetime is only a moment in the roll of eternal ages, and what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter. The years of God are past our reckoning. Mr. Webster said "We do not understand the arithmetic of heaven." But we may be very certain that when these 250,000 requests for prayer are counted and registered in the ledger of heaven, it will be found that not the least of them all, sent up to the throne in faith, was returned unanswered.

SHORT, SHARP, AND DECISIVE.

THE man who said if he had never done a great thing, he was sure he never did a long thing, is my ideal of a man of words and action. Life is so short and time so precious, that every man who uses the time of others ought to bear in mind that he lives for them as well as for himself, and must not rob them of what he can never return.

This hint is always in order, but never more timely than at this season of the year, when so much public speaking is to be done and endured.

It was extravagant in the great preacher who said to his brethren "Let your sermons be short; no conversions after the first half-hour." There are occasions when an hour is too short a time for a sermon, and there are men who, on such occasions, hold the attention of an audience and make the impression deeper in the last half-hour than the first. We are often told of those good old times when the preacher held forth continuously two, three, and four hours in a ser-

mon. Less than a hundred years ago preachers of Scotch descent had the physical vigor and the gift of continuance to such a degree that they would keep up the discourse nearly all the day through. It is told of one who held on until the people could not stand it any longer, having evening duties on their farms to be performed before dark; their going out did not stop the flow of his discourse: but he was finally arrested by the sexton's boy, who came up into the pulpit with the keys and said, "Father wants you to lock up the church when you get through."

Dr. Mairs was wont to preach until he was so much exhausted that it was well for him and his people that he gave out a psalm for them to sing, while he took to the open air, walked a few times around the church, and then resumed the desk, being greatly refreshed and ready for another hour's discourse.

Better judgment obtains in the pulpit of our day. It is not, as many pretend, the decline of interest in the preaching of the word that has shortened the average discourse. The tone of piety and the love of Christians for the word of God and the ordinances of his house are quite as worthy of the church now as they were when the preacher boasted that he had preached three hours last Sabbath-day on a stretch.

"But were you not worn out?" asked his friend.

"No, not at all; but it would have done you good to see how worried the people were."

What the present age demands is not the result of dislike for the truth or distaste of God's word. It is an age of action rather than words; an age when reading is so universal and the principles of religious instruction so well understood, that ministers are not called on to put a ten-volume commentary into every sermon. Mr. John Crosby Brown said to the students of the Union Theological Seminary, "Take it for granted that your hearers know something." And then he besought them not to be spending time and strength in drilling the congregation as if they were children in those elementary principles which they might fairly be supposed to understand. An old divine asked a

young preacher if he expected to write another sermon? And the youth expressing surprise, the old man continued, "I thought you tried to put it all into this one sermon, and it would have been well to save something, if you expect to preach again."

The age, every age, and every mind, learned or unlearned, want truth to be put tersely, pungently, and intelligibly. In this respect there is no great difference between the people of one age and another. Antiquity furnishes no parallel to the long-drawn, exhaustive and exhausting orations that like wounded snakes dragged their slow lengths along in the wearisome mail-route trials not long ago at Washington. And it would not be wise to offer those five-day speeches as specimens of the taste and wants of the age. These are extraordinary, abnormal, unhealthy developments, and like the crimes they disclose, are an abomination in the ears of the people. Words, words, words, how vain they are when the mind is wide-awake to a knowledge of the truth! When a point has been made plain, every additional word is worse than lost upon an intelligent assembly. This is even more important to be remembered in public meetings where several speeches are to be heard, than in the pulpit, where the preacher has all the time to himself. Our large religious and philanthropic assemblies are often sadly abused by long-winded orators, who forget the rights of others and talk till the patience of the audience ceases to be a virtue. The late Dr. William Adams, a model of Christian courtesy, was so sensitive on this subject, that he would persistently excuse himself from speaking if previous orators had consumed the proper time for the meeting's continuance. Yet such an intimation by one who was conspicuous for a nice sense of the fitness of things is not remembered by men who evidently love to hear themselves talk, and suppose that everybody else must be equally pleased. What is wanted to make an effective meeting is to have the speeches "short, sharp, and decisive." Each of those words has a distinct and pertinent meaning. A speech of ten minutes may have a beginning, middle, and end to it. Its brevity may be the wit, wisdom,

and power of it. It should be as sharp as a two-edged sword, the sharper the better, and especially at the point. It must be decisive, leaving no one in doubt as to the meaning and purpose of the speaker, making the argument clear and the conclusion necessary, intelligible, and undeniable. No one knows how much may be said in ten or fifteen minutes until he gives his whole mind to the subject. The best sermon that has been preached since the world was made, did not fill up fifteen minutes. And all the best models of religious discourse in the history of the Saviour and his apostles are short, sharp, and decisive. Let Paul's sermon which lasted till midnight be considered an exception. He was going away the next day, and this was one of the occasions I have mentioned, when it was the desire of the hearers that the preacher should continue. Yet even in this great sermon behold what happened! A young man sat in the window, there were many lights in the room, "and as Paul was long preaching the young man sunk down with sleep, fell from the third loft, and was taken up dead." Such accidents may not be feared where the audience are all in their safe and comfortable pews, and those who sleep in the sermon cannot fall out of the window. But the fact is left on record for our instruction on whom these ends of the world have come. And the moral is obvious, it is needless for me, dear brethren, to dwell upon it.

SUNSHINE IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

SOME years ago, in the city of Florence, in Italy, I called at the studio of Manzuoli, an artist. He received me, a stranger, with a pleasant smile, and offered me a chair. I said to him :

"I come from America, from the city of New York. A friend in that city desired me to find your studio and to ask you to make copies of several pictures of which here is a list. They are in the Pitti Palace."

He appeared to be much pleased and affected, for with his smiles his eyes were moistened, and he said :

“This is the first ray of sunshine that has ever shone in my studio.”

Surprised by the remark I asked its meaning, and he answered :

“The idea that my name has gone across the ocean to America, and that any one there has heard of me and my work so favorably as to send me an order, fills me with a new pleasure ; it is the first real satisfaction I have had in the pursuit of art.”

I found that he was a highly meritorious painter, and calling again and again I became interested in him and his work, bought several pictures, and on returning home to this country sent to him orders given me by friends who saw his works and desired to have copies made of the great masterpieces in the old Italian galleries.

Each year, at Christmas-time, a letter came to me from him full of grateful expressions, telling me of his prosperity, and wishing me health and happiness. One day I received a notice that a package by ship from Italy was waiting my order, and after it had passed the custom-house, and I had it home, it proved to be a large picture, in an elegant Florentine frame. The painting represented the sunlight coming through the leaves of a tree and on the head of a maiden sitting by a spring of water. A letter from Manzuoli came with the picture, saying, “The name of this painting is ‘Sunshine,’ and I ask you to accept it from me as an emblem of the sunshine you have caused in my studio. May God bless you and all whom you love !”

It hangs in the place of honor on my wall, as a rare and precious gem, a production not of the artist’s genius only, but of his heart also.

The last time I was in Florence I went to his studio and learned to my great sorrow that he was dead. But one who succeeded him, and had been with him some years, told me much of what he said of a friend of his in America.

And the picture that he gave me speaks, now that he is

dead, and preaches a beautiful lesson that may be usefully repeated. Not to go travelling and buying pictures to please artists; not *that*, though there may be great pleasure and some profit in such service. Art has its uses, and may be made the source of joy and good. Next to the speaker and the author, and some will say before either, comes the man who has skill in the art of painting and sculpture, for the instruction and delight of mankind. If an order from over the ocean made bright sunlight in the artist's studio, how many walls has he made luminous by copies which his hand drew of the immortal works of Raphael and Titian!

It is great to have such power. God is great, and in his infinite greatness he causes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good. Jesus Christ is the Light of the world. To make sunshine in the homes and the walks of the world is to be in some faint degree like Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift. And so we often envy the rich and the powerful among the sons of men who are able by opening the hand to scatter blessings all about them. The man of Uz rejoiced in that the blessings of those ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He made sunshine in the abodes of darkness and gloom. But not the rich only, nor men of genius in letters and art only, not the kings and princes of men who have places and pensions and livings to bestow, not they only are "like gods" in their ability to make brighter the world in which we live. Were it so, this letter would not be written to *you*. The spirit of the message I send is in the blessed truth that the lowly and the weak, the humblest son or daughter of man who lives with others and walks with his fellows, may make sunshine in the dwelling he inhabits and along the life-path that he treads.

The father or the mother of the family is endowed of God with this miraculous gift of healing the maladies that infest every house and heart where poor human nature works out its wayward way. Coming home from a day of toil, tired and a-hungered, he is cross and sour, or sullen and cold, and the house is darker for his coming. But if the better spirit

that is from above dwelt in him, he would enter with the brightness of parental love on his manly brow, and words of cheer from a heart full of light would gladden the very walls. The mother, wearied and worried with household cares, frets and sulks and makes home intolerable, compelling the children to seek their pleasure elsewhere, and the father to prefer the tavern to his gloomy home. The wife and mother filled with the spirit that comes of God hides her cares, makes the best of everything, and her smiles and cheerful words illumine the house with the sunshine of heaven. It is a very small matter for an artist to paint a picture and give it to a friend; it is a small work to write a song that sings itself around the world, giving joy to the sad, hope in despair, peace to the tossed and wounded soul, rest to the weary and heavy laden. When we were singing in church the hymn of my dear friend Ray Palmer, "My faith looks up to Thee," I said in my soul, "Oh that I could write one such song, and die." It is not given to me nor to many of the servants of God to scatter such pearls along the paths that human footsteps tread; to set such suns or stars of light in the sky above us. But unto each and all of us it is given, in the sphere we inhabit, to make sunshine, to be sunshine, if it be our will and pleasure so to do and be.

This is no ideal, sentimental talk. It is the practical common-sense of the Christian life. You would think it a dreadful sin to strike in anger a friend or a stranger, especially one of your own house. But let me in all seriousness tell you that the sullen silence, or the peevish word, the frown or the chill, may have in it quite as much sin to be answered for, as there would be in an ugly oath or a wicked blow. Out of the heart are the issues of life. Streams to make glad the home circle and society, giving water to thirsty souls in whom poverty or disease has dried up the springs of comfort and hope, may flow from the heart, or sullen, turbid waters that have no health in them, and poison all the herbs and flowers in their course. Therefore it is a high and a holy duty to be a light in the world. If you cannot be a sun at noon, be a star in the dark. If you cannot be a star, then,

O friend, so live that men shall say of thee, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

TO DANNEMORA FOR TEN YEARS.

NEW YORK has three State prisons. One is at Sing Sing, one is at Auburn, and the other is at Dannemora in the far north, where the climate is severe and the work if wholesome is hard.

For a "gentleman" no one of these three is a very agreeable place. But it is sometimes the case that a man whose surroundings and associations are with gentlemen is found to be a villain, and is sent to meditate on the vicissitudes of life for a term of years in the walls of a State-prison. One of this sort is now in mind.

He is the father of a lovely family, his wife weeps tears of anguish and shame, and his mother at the age of eighty is going into her grave with sorrow because of her ruined son. That is a picture of sin and misery to rend a heart of stone. And now I will tell you the story, and you will see the moral of it. He was in business in one of the many cities of this State, and having gained the confidence of the community, was freely trusted with the funds of others. These he used for his own purposes, and when they called for their own, he had them not. He then added forgery to his stealings, and when his crimes were discovered he fled, was brought back, confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to Dannemora for ten years. There he is now, and it is to be hoped that no injudicious clemency or sentimental pity will avail to cheat justice and restore a bad man to society before his time.

When he was before the court for sentence he was permitted to say what he wished in extenuation of his offence, and these are some of the remarkable words by which he hoped to deceive others; he certainly did not delude himself. He knew their hollow mockery.

"I am going to prison to make to the State such reparation as is called for by its laws, which I have so grievously broken and set at naught; and yet, after all, broken and set at naught with no intention in my heart of injuring in person or purse one soul who had confided in me. The very fear of being thought dishonest may have the effect sometimes to make a man seem to be, to be if you please, dishonest. I dare stand before you and say, and call God to witness the absolute truth of the saying, that all my trouble and distress and the trouble and distress that through me has come to others may be attributed to a tender heart, a willingness to bear others' burdens, a disposition to believe in the honesty and honor of mankind, a bearing and forbearing with debtors to me, and not to one harbored dishonest thought or intent of my own heart or head."

All this twaddle proceeds on the false assumption that a man is not a rogue when he uses the money of another without his consent, provided he intends to replace it. This is the miserable sham and delusion by which young and old rascals in various departments, in banks and treasuries all over the country, away in the South and the far West, in rural offices in New England and New York, everywhere in Europe and America, in Roman Catholic trusteeships and Protestant church societies, all alike, everywhere, men who enjoy the confidence of the public and *of themselves*, persuade their own consciences to be quiet while they become robbers. Here is a widow now asking alms. She had just enough money in the hands of a friend to live on the interest which he paid her every quarter with commendable punctuality. When the explosion came, and he was blown up, it was discovered that he wanted money to go on with his speculations, converted the bonds of the widow into cash, with a mental resolution to replace them with his gains. Now, this trustee in Dannemora told the court, and called God to witness, that "he never had a dishonest thought or intent of his heart or head." Which is itself a flagrant and monstrous mistake! What constitutes stealing? Is it not taking the property of another without his consent? The in-

tention to replace it does not modify the wickedness by the shadow of a shade. It was his intention to *take*—that was the sin and shame: the intention to replace is another intention, certainly a good one, but it in no degree heals the first intention, which was a black and dastardly crime. If this could be driven into the mind of the young man, and of every man who has the handling or holding of money, perhaps we might save him from the fatal crime which involves him, and all who look to him for support, in untold misery and ruin.

Mr. Purdy was an honest elder in the church of White Plains. He was treasurer also, and had the care of all collections made in the congregation. He kept the identical money, paper and coin from gold to copper, and to each object he paid over the very self-same money that he received. He was laughed at for his extreme particularity, but he adhered to his trust and was faithful in few things as a good steward. His way may be putting too fine a point upon it, but it is better than carelessness, which is always the next door to criminality.

When a man has received money in trust, or is acting in any way for another, as an agent, or factor, cashier, or clerk, or manager, and resolves to take some of that money, or to borrow on some of those securities, in that moment he is a thief in heart, and when the deed is done he is ripe and rotten. He has cheated his conscience by the weak illusion of future restitution. But if that work of righteousness were ever done it would not blot out his transgression, or put him right in the sight of God. He stole his neighbor's goods. He was a thief. The world has invented the term *defaulter* to soften the ignominy of that strong Anglo-Saxon word *thief*, but there is no use in trying to dilute or disguise or cover up the intense meanness and wickedness of the man who takes advantage of his neighbor's confidence in him to do him a wrong. To say as this "gentleman" did, that he had no dishonest intention, is simply to use words as dishonestly as he used the money of his friends. To say that he forged his neighbor's name to a note without any dis-

honest intent is a mockery of language, and proves that the man is so deeply dyed in guilt and shame that he calls God to witness his innocence while he is dipping his hands into his neighbor's purse.

Revelations in this city have recently been made of a state of corruption in places of business and official trust that may well alarm the honest citizen. And it is hardly possible to read a daily newspaper without learning that nearly the same state of things prevails, the land and world over. The conscience of men is in a state of sleep. Sin does not seem to be that odious and awful thing it is. The beauty of virtue is not attractive to the ordinary eye. Perhaps the voice of the prophet is not so loud and clear in warning the people as it was in other days. But it is true that crimes against property, breaches of trust, defalcations and frauds, are multiplied enormously, and public opinion does not visit the sinner when unmasked, with the righteous retribution his sin deserves. Why, this "gentleman" continued the speech from which I have quoted by saying that he expects to return to his former place, and that "the people will respect and trust him as of old." Let him try to win and deserve their respect, and gain their confidence if he can. But let him never try to deceive them with his namby-pambyisms about good intentions and honesty of purpose. He might just as virtuously become a burglar or a highway robber to get money to feed the poor or build a church as to pledge securities not his own for the sake of making more money so as to replace the securities and pocket a handsome balance.

The love of money blinds the eyes of the soul. Daniel Lord, one of the great lawyers of the last generation in this city, told me that greed often destroys the moral faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong, and men supposed to be good are thus left to become dishonest, and land in prison before an asylum. It sometimes seems to me that financial vice is beyond remedy; that men have all gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good; no, not one: but I will not believe it; the right men are in the majority; they rule society; they hold the billions of the world's money

and render honest account thereof; while a few of the "gentlemen" now and then, who steal and intend to pay back their stealings, get ten years in Dannemora, where I wish they all were.

INFLUENCE WITH RICH WIDOWS.

AMONG the seventy private letters found on my desk on a recent return from the country were many of the same sort with the one from which is made the following extract :

"We are struggling hard, and I am very sure that if Mrs. — knew our circumstances she would send us the help we need. We know that you have much influence with good people in New York, and we write to you begging that you will use that influence in our behalf. It is only one of the crumbs that fall from the rich people's tables that we ask for. We have prayed for divine direction, and have no one but you to whom we can look."

This letter has the same idea running through it, that pervades the minds of thousands of Christ's dear people in all parts of the land. And so wide-spread is the thought, and so often and freely is it expressed, that I am sometimes tempted to think I am mistaken in supposing it to be a delusion and a snare. The idea seems to be that every needy object has a claim on the purse of every one who has a purse, and that it is my duty to be the medium of getting into it. I have near me letters in which allusion is made to five several and distinct ladies who have large wealth at their command, as their husbands have gone to their inheritance among the saints in light, where the riches are eternal and their wants none at all. But the widows being left in charge of earthly treasures, it is claimed that they must be willing to build a school-house at the Horsetown cross-roads in Kentucky, or the Millerton Bar in Iowa, it being only necessary that I should use my influence with the widows to get them to draw a check for the money.

I want to put a check on those ideas. There is nothing more insane and injurious in the matter of Christian giving and doing than this predestinating the use of other people's money. Every judicious and intelligent person, having a disposition to give as the Lord hath prospered him, has a plan and purpose in what he does. The more he has to give, the less willing is he to give indiscriminately. Constantly beset behind and before, and often by those who are encouraged with the hope that importunate begging will weary the widow into giving, these rich ladies must have a system in their benevolence, or they will soon cease to be able to be benevolent at all. Literally they would be stripped of their property, if they yielded to every well-indorsed call that is made upon them. Men and women often come personally to me with complaints that they cannot get admission to the private house of a rich Christian whose money they are after. They do not reflect upon the vast number of excellent men and women canvassing the city continually in quest of contributions for private or local objects one, two, or three thousand miles off—objects very important in themselves, but which have no conceivable claim on the charity of a man who is doing what he can for those objects with which he is intimately acquainted. To intrude on such givers is to punish them for giving. One noble deed incurs the penalty of being harassed by a hundred solicitors who press other objects. Hence many men insist, as a condition of giving, that their names shall not be mentioned. The happy agent who gets the subscription is so delighted with his success that he hurries to the *New York Observer* and says: "I have a great secret; you must not say a word about it: Mr. — has given me fifty thousand dollars for our cause." He manages to tell it in great confidence to about twenty men in the course of two hours, and the daily paper announces that "Mr. — has given a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the cause of —." To break the seal of confidence and to make the sum three times as large as it was, very naturally follows the gift, to the disgust of the giver, who resolves, perhaps, not to do so again.

It is even so, and more so when ladies are the gracious givers. Their sex and their natural preference for retirement and for avoiding publicity suggest that it is better for them to do their good works so secretly that the one hand shall not know what the other does. Especially is it offensive to them, and to all other intelligent persons, that a man shall be employed as an agent to use his influence to get them to give money. It is humiliating to be an instrument for such a purpose. It is more humiliating to be the victim of such an instrument. Every one likes to be considered able to judge for himself in his own business, to measure his own duty in the light he has, and to enjoy that great fruit of the Protestant Reformation, the right of private judgment. His own conscience is to be his guide, and it is an insult to dictate to him by direct constraint or diplomatic negotiation. A lady unused to the arts and the boldness of practised seekers after donations naturally shrinks from their advances, and, it is said, probably with truth, that they are less accessible and more unyielding than men are. They are certainly less disposed than men to hear counsel employed to convince them of their duty, and they are quite as likely to give a solicitor a piece of their mind.

Perhaps I have not yet made it plain that there are no rich widows with whom I have any influence whatever. There is not one in the world of whom I have ever asked a contribution for any object to my knowledge. There was a rich maiden lady in this city to whom I wrote asking for a donation in aid of a widow, and she sent me a sum so large that I was taken all aback, and wrote her a note of immense thanks; and what do you think she did? She sent me another donation for the same object just as large as the first! But she was not a widow, and she is now where they never marry. And so there is no one left to whom I can go with any of these many applications. It is of no use to send them to me. I could not go with them, and would not if I could. It is not in good taste. And it is better for us all to do with our own what we can, remembering that it is required of each according to what he hath.

A SOCIETY OF YOUNG THIEVES.

A CURIOUS discovery of a secret society was made in this city last week. It was composed of clerks in retail grocery stores, who were pledged to steal from their employers one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece each month. The sum was paid over to the treasurer of the society and divided among the members according to certain rules. Sometimes an amount equal to \$2500 was given to any one who was going into business for himself. This society has been in existence less than a year, and after leading to the failure of one or two firms, suspicion was excited which led to discovery. The confession of some of these rascals may be followed by the conviction of all of them. This is their ruin in all probability. They have made shipwreck of character before they are twenty-one years of age.

There are conditions of life in which children grow up to be thieves. Such are their surroundings, scarcely anything else can be expected. But when boys have attained to such an age as to become clerks in stores, and have had education and training to justify a tradesman in intrusting them with goods and money in a store, it seems at first view incredible that an organized fraternity could exist among them for the express purpose of robbing their employers. And what a degree of depravity it discloses: far more base than the burglar or highway robber. This stealing involves a meanness and ingratitude which are not among the peculiar sins of one who breaks into a rich man's house or knocks him down in the street. To betray a trust, to steal from one's parent or employer, taking advantage of confidence reposed, is a crime of such baseness as to incur contempt as well as indignation. It is smiting the hand that feeds: a serpent stinging the bosom that warms it into life.

I am told, and recent revelations justify the statement, that every department of business and trade, especially of public business where money is handled, is more or less filled with

agents who in one way or another manage to get more than their wages. In other words, many of them are thieves. It is very hard to prove it on any one in particular. The ingenuity of lawyers and detectives is taxed to the utmost to find out who has been stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the city during a long series of years. It is going on at this moment in all human probability. A society of young thieves, perhaps of old thieves, may be in existence, perhaps has existed many years, in which the members play into one another's hands, cover up tracks, and render detection almost impossible. There must be some secret affinity between rogues which helps them to know each other at first sight, so that they can trust one another with the fearful secret of their guilt. There is little honor among thieves—they know this very well, and hence must be careful how they put themselves into the power of one who may betray them at the first moment of danger, or on the first awakening of conscience. So they are hedged about with difficulties and beset with foes within and without.

The usual excuse made for the members of this society of young thieves is that their wages are so low that they are tempted to steal. This, of course, is no justification of their crime. But it is worthy of the careful attention of employers. To oppress a laborer is as great a sin as to steal, and it may be that employers who give "starvation" wages are responsible in part for the sins of those who are driven by stress of circumstances to help themselves to money which is not theirs. Yet it is not probable that one in ten thousand of the host of thieves, speculators in stores and offices, steals to get bread. They steal that they may consume it on their lusts. The young man who earns only enough to get food and raiment may, by strict attention to business, making himself indispensable to his employer, secure before long an increase of pay. But if he spends a few cents a day for some useless indulgence, if he treats himself and a friend to entertainments in the evening, if he joins with others in frolics which cost only a little money at a time, he very readily consumes a large part of his scant income, increases his

longing for more, weakens his moral principle, parleys with temptation, and joins a society of young thieves, or becomes a thief on his own hook. The way to ruin is very smooth, and down-hill always. It is full of travellers. And to stop while going down-hill is hard.

Is there no balm in Gilead? No remedy for this state of things? Well, I would say, in the first place, there always was a similar state of things—not so bad perhaps as just now. But pickings and stealings always were the prey of those who are intrusted with other people's goods. In many a store a clerk learns to steal by seeing that his employer cheats his customer. If the boy-clerk is taught to adulterate the goods, to mix poor flour with good, it is not strange that he learns to cheat and steal for himself. It was an old libel on pious tradesmen, which has been often repeated: The grocer calls to his clerk, "Have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes." "Have you watered the rum?" "Yes." "Well then, come in to prayers." This is designed to insinuate that the grocer is a great hypocrite. And there are thousands on thousands of honest tradesmen whose shops and stores are schools of the virtues, where young men are taught by a goodly example that to be just, upright, and true in trade is lovely in the sight of God and yields the fruit of righteousness in the life. And we know that the tricks of the trade are also such in many and many a shop or store, that the clerk is a pupil in a school of vice, trained to cheat and lie, and of course learns to steal. I would like to know how many of the employers of these dishonest clerks are themselves honest? In which of the stores is no advantage taken of the ignorance of a customer? Which one sells only at a fair profit? Never deceives in regard to the name or quality of the tea or coffee sold? Now the sin of the employer is no excuse for the sin of the clerk, but the sin of the one prepares for the sin of the other. The teacher was first in transgression: the latter readily followed the bad example.

Let the young man also learn this lesson: it was put in writing some thousands of years ago, and has been proved to be true in millions of instances since: It is written in the

proverbs of the wisest of men in these words, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." And it often happens that the joining hand in hand, forming a society, hastens the discovery and punishment. Bad people are not to be trusted. Conspirators are often traitors. And no evil secret is safe. Even murder cries out of the ground. There is no place on or under the earth where you can hide a sin and be sure of its staying hid. It is known to two persons the moment it is done. Darkness and light are both alike to Him whose all-seeing eye is on you. And that mysterious inmate of your bosom, called Conscience, sits there to accuse and condemn. God is working all the while to bring you to repentance, and Conscience commands you to confess and restore. Thus the two fearful witnesses of your sin are against you, and will infallibly bring you to punishment. In vain you run away. You carry your judge and executioner with you: and as you run I hear you cry, "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell."

"Run, speak to that young man," is an ancient direction. I am trying to obey it. Would to God that young men everywhere would hear and heed.

CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH.

As I was approaching a church where I was to worship that day, I met a troop of children going away from it. Wondering why they were leaving before the service was commenced, I asked the meaning. The explanation was a sad one.

"The Sabbath-school begins at half-past nine and closes just before the time for the church service, and this is the Sunday-school going home!"

"Going home!" I exclaimed; "the children of the Sunday-school going away from the church!"

"Oh yes, the Sunday-school is the children's church: they do not want any other."

Pursuing the inquiry, I learned the habit of the children to be this: If the school is held after the service, the children stay away from church and come to the school; if it is held in the morning, they attend the school and run away from church. This is the practice in the cities.

Probably no such evil prevails in the country, where the church and the school are held in such connection that parents and children may enjoy both. But the subject is one that demands vigorous and judicious treatment. The life and soul of the church and school are involved in this question. Doubtless the primary idea of the Sunday-school was to teach the young who are outside of the ordinary means of grace: in the highways and hedges, and not in the Christian houses, the abodes of virtue, piety, and intelligence. These schools for the ignorant and neglected were so useful they were established for children of the church also, and proved to be greatly useful for them, as well as for the others.

When they became so popular that parents neglected the duty of teaching their children at home, and the Sunday-school teacher was substituted for the mother in giving Bible instruction, the evil was obvious, yet very difficult of cure. The Sunday-school is better than the teaching children would get from thousands of mothers. The balance is largely in favor of the Sunday-school. But the parent who dispenses with the thorough instruction of his children at home, because a teacher in the school will put questions to them from a series of Bible lessons, is doing a sad wrong to those for whom he is responsible. The home is above the church in this regard. The father is prophet, priest, and king in the religious order of his house—the patriarch who must be faithful to his trust, and see to it that his household walk in the way of the Lord. The children should attend Sunday-school also, for the sake of others even more than for their own sake. But the highest of their privileges and the richest of their blessings is the church in the house. The Sabbath is not long enough for the many *services* that some of our friends try to crowd into it. It becomes to many a day of dissipation; to others of weariness. It ought to be a

day of rest and refreshment to body and soul. It is some thing far different to the young woman who goes to church three times, to Sunday-school twice, and to prayer-meeting once. Such excess of religious exercise is inconsistent with the design of the Sabbath, a weariness of the flesh that is not an acceptable sacrifice.

So with the children. It is even more important that religious exercises should not be made irksome and burdensome to them. Too much of a good thing is bad for them. I would not require them to be all the livelong day in a treadmill of religious work. They will be disgusted, and hate the service which should be always attractive to them and a delight. It is a serious question with ministers how to make the pulpit useful and pleasant to the young. Preachers with a gift for talking to children—a gift not so rare as is often thought—sometimes give a brief discourse to the children before the regular sermon. The objection to that practice is that children take it as their portion and dismiss the sermon that follows from their attention altogether. Now, the art of talking to children does not consist in baby-talk, or little stories, or poor jokes. A man need not be a mountebank, in order to interest the young in what he is saying. Children are not fools. If a man is simple in his words and earnest in his manner, children will hear with attention, and get instruction from a sermon that is designed for the whole people. And the wisest and best of the congregation will be more interested in a discourse that the children understand, than in profoundly abstruse dissertations which darken truth instead of making wise the simple.

Children should be educated in and into the church. Whatever our theory may be of the spiritual relation of the child to the church, this is certain and true, that children should be consecrated to God from their birth. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. We should assume this as the normal state of the case, and treat the child accordingly. He should be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His first intelligent lesson should be of God and worship. The happiest hours of child-life should be in learning of the

way to God through Jesus Christ. And so sweetly adapted is the child-mind to the gospel and the gospel to the child-mind, that they cheerfully coalesce, and the babe's milk is not more palatable and nutritious than is the bread of life to the new-born soul. No one can say how soon a child may intelligently apprehend divine truth. Many saints of God have no memory of the period in their early lives when Christ was not dear to their hearts. When they were born from above they do not remember any more than they can recollect the moment when they first breathed the breath of life. It is not so with all: perhaps not so with the most. But the true theory of the gospel is that children should be brought up on it, as their daily food, be nurtured by it: renewed by the Holy Spirit and made heirs of salvation. Parental fidelity in the judicious use of the means of grace will be followed by these results. We ought to expect them while we labor and pray for them.

I have thought this to be a fitting subject, at this Christmas and holiday season of the year. It is the time for festal enjoyment, and the hearts of parents are turned to the children. In their joy and gladness, parents are glad. Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less, and it never does. It brightens and sweetens every innocent delight. The old word merry has lost much of its ancient beauty, but it is a good, sound word for cheerful pleasures. Even an apostle would have the merry to sing psalms. And he would himself have found enjoyment in the frolics of childhood, the amusements of Christmas-time, and the salutations of the New Year. Thus he would make pure religion consistent with the charm of social and domestic life, embellishing the refinements and cheering the festivities of the happiest circles. Children thus taught will not be apt to seek their pleasure in the ways of the wicked. Virtue and happiness have to them the same meaning, as if the principle were true that to be good is to be happy. And thus I would work out my theory of children and the church. The church should begin in the house. The children should be carefully trained in the love and fear of God and his Son Jesus Christ. The

pleasure of his service and the evil of sin should be impressed on their infant minds. And by all the arts of parental care they should be won for Christ while yet they find a mother's knee the sweetest school. This, I believe, is the privilege of every Christian household, and may God in Infinite goodness grant it may be yours.

THE WINTER HOLIDAYS.

• IF one indulges so freely over-night in what he calls pleasure as to have aches and pains all the next day and some days afterwards, he pays too dear for the whistle. But there is not much danger of excess in the enjoyment of Christmas, New Year's, and the intervening days. At least, this is true of those families into which these letters are supposed to go.

There is a vast amount of indulgence that is not innocent among the high and the low, the rich and the poor: excess in eating and drinking, in senseless dissipation, late hours and risks of health, all of which are followed by painful reaction and positive distress. But this is not the case among the sober, respectable, and steady-going people whose society we most affect. Probably no people in the world have a more just and intelligent appreciation of what these winter holidays ought to be, than we have in city and country here in these happy and united States. The holidays are chiefly a series and season of domestic and social festivities. If we are favored with good sleighing, as in the North we often are, the out-of-door enjoyment is intensified a hundred-fold.

Up in the country where my young life was passed it was common for the young folks to have their sleigh-rides, and the married people to have their parties for the same amusement. Sometimes forty or fifty couples would turn out with sleighs each holding eight or ten, each sleigh with four horses covered with jingling bells; the company well supplied with buffalo-ropes and foot-warmers, and setting off in the middle of the day so as to make a display that could be seen, they

would ride twenty miles or more to a tavern previously engaged, and there have a party, a supper and, if the most of them were so disposed, a dance, and then return in the small hours of the morning. City people suppose it must be dreadfully dull and dreary in the country in winter-time. Far from it. If the sleighing is good, there is a constant interchange of social visits, a round of parties, that are quite as enjoyable as the gorgeous entertainments of the city on which hundreds and thousands of dollars are lavished. Winter in the country is the time also for religious life and work; when the labors of the farm are interrupted, and it is easy to have meetings for prayer and preaching. These are pleasures. A right-minded Christian finds more enjoyment in such assemblies than in any others, though it is very hard to persuade a man or woman of the world to believe it. The literature of the day has done its worst to make religion a brother of gloom. And now there are few outside of the church who believe that the highest sort of social pleasure is found in the contact and communion of Christian minds and hearts. But so it is, and nowhere is it more observable than in the country and the holidays.

We are always overdoing matters. That is our national foible. We cannot take things moderately. And this trait of ours has its illustration in the excess to which we carry the beautiful custom of holiday gifts. The good old practice of filling the children's stockings with toys and pretty little gifts of fruits and sweets has grown into a custom of making, expecting, and getting presents, that has become a burden if not a plague. Where five or ten dollars, or even less, sufficed to make the little ones happy, and to keep up the practice of the Christmas-tree, or the more quiet distribution before breakfast on the morning of Christmas or New Year's, it has come to pass that every one in the house, and the kindred to the farthest remove, on both sides, must be remembered. Nor will a trifling token of kind regard suffice. It must be a substantial gift, with some considerable money-value, or even the children do not feel any gratification on receiving it. This custom lays a heavy tax on many who.

feel it sensibly, because they can ill afford to throw away so much money. In the family-circle it is not unusual for each one to designate the things most needed or desired, and then the others can arrange among themselves who shall make the present. They can do this singly, or making up a purse give it in common. The custom of making presents to those around us, to parents and children, brothers and sisters, and to servants whose faithfulness has entitled them to our esteem, is a good custom, and should not run into such extravagance as to make it a nuisance.

But let us beware of doing or saying anything that shall discourage the domestic and social pleasures of the winter holidays. They are for the most part such festivities as tend to strengthen the family bond, which is the security of the Church and the State. Whatever makes home-life attractive is a positive good. The children who are away at school come home at such time to the frolic and feast in the father's house, and return to their studies after the play is over, with their hearts all aglow with filial and fraternal love. He is a very bad boy and she is a very sad girl who does not prize a holiday at home as the chief joy of youth. So I would hope that every returning season of such pleasure would be a new bond of affection around the children's hearts, holding them to the old roof-tree, and to the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. They will have cares enough and troubles and bitter pains by and by. The days are coming when they will say, "I have no pleasure in them." Therefore, let them have as much of the innocent play of childhood and youth as they can. The devil is on the lookout for them, and is laying snares for their little feet. Let us watch them lest they stray away from us in search of forbidden fruit, and so fall into the traps of the evil one.

When these Christmas holidays come and go, and then return with these revolving years, I ask myself, as I have for more than half a century, is the world growing better? Is it feeling more widely and deeply the true meaning of that mission of peace and good-will which the Christ came to fulfil? His birthday is celebrated with thanksgiving from

the rising to the setting sun, and there is not a kingdom or people where His name is known that is not the better off because the Son of God became man. But do men love one another more than they did fifty years ago? I think they do. The brotherhood of the human race is more general. Benevolence is wider and deeper. Giving is ten times more common and more generous than it was. The proper use of money is far better understood and practised. The gradual improvement in the condition of the poor; the increase of hospitals and asylums and homes for the sick, the aged, and the destitute; the vastly augmented revenues of institutions for the diffusion of knowledge and religion in the earth—are directly in proof of the fact that the life and death of Christ are more and more extending their benign and saving power over mankind.

There are writers and orators who reckon this progress as the fruit of science and philosophy. I read in this evening's newspaper that a speculator in San Francisco had purchased the whole sugar crop in the Sandwich Islands, some forty or fifty thousand tons. Neither science nor philosophy has had much to do in making the Cannibal Isles a sugar-growing country. The gospel of Christ did it. And as the Christmas song of peace and good-will goes singing itself around the world, men give the good gifts of science and philosophy and the arts of peace to peoples long enslaved by ignorance and sin; the wilderness blossoms and the fields made fat with the blood of war bring forth the harvests of civilization and commerce to the praise of Him who shall one day be Lord of all.

When something far off is said to be coming we say "so is Christmas." It is sure to come, though weeks and months intervene. So we are sure this good time is drawing nigh. We may have it now within us; and we may make it here and now all around us. Christmas in the house and the neighborhood; giving good gifts to men, to the poor, to the weary and the heavy laden; to every one according as he hath need, even as Christ also ministered unto us. This is the millennium dawning on our hearts, dispelling the dark-

ness, lifting off burdens, and making the wounded spirit sing for joy. The bards of all ages have sung its coming. We are living in the morning of its advent, and may, if we will, have a hand in ushering in its noonday reign.

THE ERROR OF A MOMENT

MAKES THE SORROW OF A LIFE.

MANY an example of this great truth has been seen since the error of Esau. His story has been on the pages of sacred scripture through these long thousands of years for the warning and instruction of mankind, but young men and young women who have read it from their childhood and have often said, "What a great fool Esau was!" turn out to be as great fools as he, and all the rest of their days lament that the error of a moment made the sorrow of a life.

I read the other day the very sensible remark, that in the most serious and important matter, one that involves more intimately and completely than any other the happiness or misery of a lifetime, young people exercise the least judgment, and act with the greatest possible precipitation. That is, in the matter of marriage! It is quite likely that most men take far less pains to be sure they are right before deciding the question of a wife, than they would if they were buying a house for her to live in. And many a young woman answers the question that fixes her state for life with less reflection than she gives to the choice of a dress or a bonnet. These matters of the heart are, with the young, determined intentionally without the cool exercise of the faculty of reason, the highest of human endowments, and which has no nobler and better opportunity for its employment than in coming to a wise decision as to the choice or acceptance of a companion for life. Yes, it is an affair of the heart, and if the heart is not in it, all other things go for nothing. Call it a love affair. Let it be a love affair. And if you cannot make it a love affair, by all means give it up. For be assured

of this, if the heart is not in it, the whole heart, all the strong and tender passions that help to make up the world of human affection such as every true man or true woman lavishes on the partner of life's joys and pains, if the whole heart is not in it, it were better to hang a millstone around the neck of that contemplated union and drown it forever in the depth of the sea, than to make it a reality. The error of the moment that completes the engagement with no heart in it, becomes the sorrow of a life. The twofold nature of every human soul is made up of reason and emotion: both are inseparable from the being. They ought to be equal in power. Nobody is complete without both in lively exercise: in some natures one is in excess, and in other natures the other; one is more frequently dominant in man, the other in woman. If both have not their highest and intensest development in the decision of this question, then all the future is the result of blind chance, or, what is better, the mercy of Providence, that is far better to us than our deserts. But as this question is often decided in the immaturity of the mind, in the veal time of life, when even love itself is sometimes profanely called calf-love, before either of the little couple of people know what their minds are, if they have anything fit to be called mind, before they know what they are going to be and do, and therefore before they know what they want, stumbling into a passion that sets judgment aside as an impertinence, and being governed solely by an impulse which is as fickle and transient as it is sudden and silly, they fall into an error that makes the sorrow of a lifetime.

I do not care to consider the vexed question of the comparative number of happy and unhappy marriages. In the church and in those circles of society by whom we are surrounded there are doubtless hundreds of happy households to one where the married state is long-drawn-out misery. But the records in the daily newspapers of separations, fights, murders, flights, divorces, that project themselves upon the public horizon so that they smell to heaven in their wickedness and shock humanity by their wretchedness, are

so many, so tragical, and deplorable as to prove beyond all denial or doubt that these marriages were made unwisely, and the error is punished with sorrow that no tongue can tell and no imagination conceive.

And underneath the surface of fair society, smooth and pure to the eye of the world, how many fearful tragedies are performed! A husband converted by wine into a fiend, and a wife with unconquered temper turned from a ministering angel into a fury; homes with skeletons in every closet, and walls echoing forever the sighs of crushed affections and blighted hopes. Over these the pall is thrown to hide them from the sight of men.

Now, I abhor the advice of that cynical London newspaper which says to young people about to marry, *Don't*. The satire it implies is undeserved and despicable. To all young people who have the means of being comfortable in the married state I say, *Do it*. It is the ordinance of nature, the voice of God, who sets the solitary in families, and who will bless the basket and the store of them who walk in the way of His commandments. Get married, by all means. But if your reason and emotions both are not in it, then, with *Punch*, I say *Don't*.

The wisest of men, under the inspiration of the Almighty, said: "With good advice make war," and I say with good advice make love. And in this I think I have the mind of the spirit.

When I took my pen in hand to write this epistle it was not even in the thought of my heart to speak of mistakes in marriage as one of the examples of those errors that beget life-long sorrows. My eye was fixed on the young man who, in an evil hour, was tempted by his friend to go into a saloon where the wine and then the game allured him to drink and to gamble; and in one moment of folly and madness he threw away his birthright of virtue, and like Esau forfeited immortal hopes. I was thinking of another youth who put his hand into the treasury of his employer and stole a little money that he might indulge himself in pleasurable sin. From that moment he saw a thief whenever he looked into

a mirror. It blazed right out on his forehead, and it seemed to him the world must know he was a villain. Self-respect was gone, and so was honor and honesty and enjoyment. That error of a moment was the sorrow of his life. I was thinking of the young woman of whom we all read in the daily papers last week, "the foolish virgin," who, in a moment of unspeakable folly, mistaking hot passion for love, and trusting to the seductive words of a scoundrel in the garb of a lover, flung away the joys of parental affection, the wealth of brother and sister's hearts, and all the sweet endearments of fireside and home, and alas! made wreck of body and of soul. Thousands of such poor, lost creatures are weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth in the anguish of remorse, because of the error of one moment!

Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider the end! At first it is sweet, but in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. One blunder, one mistake, one error, one sin, makes the sorrow of a life. It is a little sin—what does God care for that? Is it not too tiny for the Infinite to notice? It is a mere speck on the surface of the character. Yes, but it is sin, and the waters of all the oceans cannot wash it away. You will weep over it, but it is beyond the reach, though you weep bitterly, of tears. It is to be the sorrow of a life; God grant it may not be the sorrow of eternity!

To err is human. But there is One who sticketh closer than a brother, One whose arm is about you in the time of temptation. You feel it as you struggle to get away to do what you know is wrong. It is against that love you go in the first step of the downward way. Trust Him, cling to Him, Hold him closely to the heart. So Joseph did. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" So you will stand. Temptation will not be your destroyer. And the triumph of that moment shall be the joy of a life, and immortal glory its great reward.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

WHEN the greatest of letter-writers said in his second Epistle to the Philippians, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," he showed himself to be about as near human perfection as men or women come in this trying world. With him that state of mind was not consistent with laziness or indisposition to make higher and still higher attainments in the religious life. Forgetting the things that are behind, he was pressing onward and upward. Not as though he "had already attained or was perfect," but reaching forth unto those things which are before. And he adds, "Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." Still he knew how to abound and how to want worldly goods, and it was of this he was speaking when he said that he had learned to be content, whatever was his state.

Here is the secret of far more than half the happiness and misery of this present evil world. It is almost universally believed that enjoyment consists in, or is to be had only with prosperity. Hence the poor count the rich happy. Hence it is that few think it possible for them to take real clear comfort, till they attain more wealth than they have now. It is always *more*, and they never say it is enough, and therefore are not content. It is quite likely that far more happiness is found and permanently enjoyed in homes where virtue, peace, industry, and the fruits of daily labor are daily found, than in kings' palaces or the mansions of the wealthy. It was Infinite wisdom and benevolence that set the world in families, and so arranged the lot of mankind, this inequality of condition and variety of pursuit, that one should supplement the other, and each should contribute to the good of the whole. This competition in business is wholesome. Industry is excited by the success of those who have gone ahead. In a race all run, but one wins the prize.

We have not yet begun to learn one of the greatest and best lessons of life, that happiness does not depend on surrounding circumstances. These may be altogether favorable,

while the envious disposition, the complaining spirit, the carking care, may fill the gilded apartment and downy beds and loaded tables with exceeding great misery. While, on the other hand, a modest home, where love and peace abound, may be a paradise without a serpent in it, though there is no money there except what honest industry wins. This is God's wise and kind arrangement. It is his will that all men and women shall be happy, and none of them fail of it but through their own neglect or abuse of the means he gives them. All the schemes of human invention to pervert the divine economy, and to reform society, are rebellions against the will and wisdom of God. Notably is this true of the "woman's rights" crusade, and the war on property under the plea that all things belong alike to all. The mutual relations of men and women, as constituted of God in nature and illustrated in the wide experience of ages, are so ordained as to yield the greatest possible amount of happiness to them who have learned, in whatever state they are, therewith to be content. Love rules the world. God is love. And love is the house-band, the husband, the father, the wife, the mother—all words that in their very nature are saturated with love. It is greater than all other graces, because it is the sire of them all. And He who made families and defined the position of each member of the cabinet in that first and most important government in the world, made love the ruling, regulating, and glorifying principle in its administration. To upset such a government, to proclaim it tyrannical, oppressive and to be subverted, is an offence against Him who is the Father of us all. But the wide diffusion of these treasonable ideas about the rights and wrongs of women has instigated thousands of little domestic feuds and filled the courts and newspapers with tales of scandal and suits for divorce. The divine plan is always the best plan; and if the noisy reformer would study to know what is the mind and will of God, he would be a wiser and better man, and perhaps would turn his feeble mind to some useful exercise.

It is on this same truthful basis we stand when holding to the principle that the gospel has the only possible solution

of the wage-and-labor problem. Employers must learn from the Bible to give to their helpers what is "just and equal," what is right and due to them in their situation. And the laborer who receives must be content with the reward that his labor fairly earns. There is a conflict of opinion here that arithmetic, political economy, arbitration, or human law will never adjust. One party seeks to get the most for the least, and the other wants just the same. There is but one rule to govern the parties, and that is peculiarly appropriately called the golden. Apply and employ that brief sentiment and the quarrel comes to an end.

Deeper down into the heart of human suffering does this principle go when we try to solve the problem of poverty. It is very hard to be very poor. And to preach the gospel of contentment to the hungry and the freezing is as if we were telling the drowning in the swelling of the Ohio to be contented in their under-water homes. And there are greater sufferers in the depths of a great city than in the Western floods. Where ghastly poverty and awful vice breed in secret, a progeny of misery grows or dies in filth, disease, and woe unspeakable. Shall we tell these children of despair to be content with such things as they have? No; but tell them what you will, there is little hope for them, only a very little hope. But we may tell them, as the rich man wanted his friends to be told, that this hell of torment comes of disobedience, and our words of warning may save some from coming to that place. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." But you must have godliness. Charity that goes into the realms of wretchedness without the principles of God's sociology, only alleviates while the sore festers and rots and the patient perishes twice. There is a science of social life which teaches that industry and virtue are the parents of prosperity, and laziness and vice go hand in hand to the prison and poor-house. The honest man contented with his lot sits not down to count his money and see how long he can live without work, but under the pressure of a virtuous mind and inspired by faith and hope, he makes use of the means and opportunities which God provides. Add-

ing daily to his modest store, restricting his wants to his abilities, he goes from strength to strength. Discontent, fretfulness, repining, are vices of which he is innocent. He has more real enjoyment in being what he is and doing what he does, than any rich man whose cares to keep often disturb his nerves. Thus the poor man is happier than he perhaps will be when he is rich. One of my friends being greatly prospered in business removed from his modest down-town side-street house to a palace on the Avenue. In reply to my inquiry he said he enjoyed himself far more before he moved. "There I was perfectly comfortable; now I keep a servants' boarding-house."

It was much harder to be content in splendid luxury than in modest comfort. And the conclusion of this dull discourse is that the heart and mind are the seat of pleasure or of pain, and externals count very little in the sum of enjoyment. Be thankful for everything and rejoice always.

WETTING THE ROPES.

LAST week was mentioned the decease at Newark, N. J., of the Hon. Beach Vanderpool.* The power of association is great and peculiar, and the sight of his name recalled an incident of interest in itself, and its recital will be useful.

Mr. Vanderpool was the young and worthy Mayor of that city in the year 1846. At that time, as now, several professional men having their avocations in New York City had their private residences at Newark, for the sake of economy, coming out of and into this city every day. We paid about \$75 a year for our commutation fare on the railroad, and could get a better house for \$200 than we could for \$1200 in New York.

One morning as usual the Rev. Drs. Charles Hall and J. H. Agnew were riding to town with me, and the importance of

* Died March 12, 1884.

a public library in Newark was the topic of conversation. We proposed to put our private collections of books into one, and form the nucleus of such an institution. William A. Whitehead, Esq., joined us, and became the leader of the movement. The Hon. William B. Kinney powerfully promoted the work, as did William Rankin, James B. Pinneo, Peter H. Duryee, and others whose names do not now recur. The idea of a private collection was abandoned; a joint-stock company was formed; subscriptions were solicited, and the plan for a large library building was adopted. The work went forward with much favor, until we came toward the amount required to justify us in making a contract. A public meeting was held, with the Mayor of the city, Mr. Vanderpool, in the chair. Reports were made of the state of the subscription to the capital stock, and it was admitted that all efforts had been exhausted, and the last shares could find no takers. The thing had failed. At this crisis one of the ardent promoters of the enterprise rose to his feet and said:

“Mr. Chairman and Mayor, I have this day read an incident in the history of Rome. The citizens were assembled in vast multitudes to behold the inauguration of a statue on the summit of a column standing in the middle of a public square. By means of ropes and pulleys the marble statue was to be raised to its place, and at the word of command the enginery was set in motion, and slowly, steadily, and truly the statue went up by the side of the column. The breathless multitude gazed as it was nearing the summit, when it ceased to rise; for as its base came within a fraction of an inch of the top of the pillar, the ropes proved to be so much too short, the pulley-blocks touched each other, and the statue hung in mid-air. A murmur of disappointment arose from the multitude. The thing was a failure. The Pope was presiding, and it is said that he ordered the people not to speak of the disgraceful affair till arrangements could be made for the more successful accomplishment of the undertaking. At this juncture a sailor cried out, ‘Wet the ropes, wet the ropes.’ The hint was taken. Water was applied to the ropes, which immediately contracted, and by the

contraction the needed inch was gained and the statue stood in its place, erect and sublime. Now, Mr. Chairman, if our scheme has failed, I beg that you as Mayor will issue an order that the word 'Library' shall not be mentioned on the streets of the city till we have invented some new machinery and brought this matter to a successful issue. But in the mean time let me cry, 'Wet the ropes.' There are men here who could easily throw on a few pails of water and pull this thing through to-night."

Peter Duryee—a noble man he was, quick and willing to every good work—cried out from his seat, "I will pour on five pails of water; I will take five shares more." Mr. Rankin, who was the largest subscriber already, said, "I will take ten more;" and so it went on until within half an hour all the stock was taken and the work was done.

To finish the Roman incident, let me add that the sailor who suggested wetting the ropes was from Bordighiera, a village on the Mediterranean, near Mentone, where was an abundance of palm-trees, the leaves of which had large sale in Rome at Palm Sunday; and it was ordered that this village should have the monopoly of the trade in palms for this holy purpose—a privilege enjoyed, it is said, until this day. And in order that a score or more readers may be saved the trouble of writing to me to say that I am mistaken about the Roman story, and that it was the erection of the obelisk in front of St. Peter's Church, under Pope Sixtus, in 1586, I will add that I have read the incident as I have related it; but if you prefer it as some guide-books give it, you have perfect liberty of choice. The moral is the same either way, and one story is quite as likely to be true as the other.

And the moral of it is this—as we used it in raising money for the Library: "Never despair of success until you have exhausted your last resource, and do not call upon Hercules, or any one else, till you have done all you can yourself." It is very certain that we would have had no library if at that crisis we had requested the Mayor to be chairman of a committee to visit New York and solicit funds to complete our important undertaking. What a powerful argument we could

have constructed out of our overburdened community; the few men of wealth among us, the fewer still who appreciate the benefits of books, and the great multitude who need the advantages of such a public institution. It would have been as strong an appeal as it is possible *now* to make in behalf of three fourths of the objects that go away from home for help. But we did no such thing as that. Nor did we give it up. Between the sum we had raised already and the necessary amount, there was a gap. Not very wide, indeed. But an inch on the end of a gentleman's nose is a great extension of that important organ. And the inch on the statue as it rose toward the summit of the column was as fatal to its inauguration, if it could not be overcome, as though it had been a mile. And when the call was made to wet the ropes each man vied with the other to see who could and would put on the first and most water. Thus faith and works combined to give victory. Peter Duryee was as quick to respond as Bresca, the sailor of Bordighiera, to shout the order. And the energy, the will-power, the self-devotion of the citizens who followed the lead of Peter Duryee, closed up the fatal gap, and placed the library, like a statue on the summit of a column, like a city on a hill, like a lighthouse on the rock, an ornament and defence, a beauty and blessing, in the midst of Newark. With the funds thus raised we went on and erected a solid structure, fifty feet wide and one hundred feet deep, endowed it with a large and valuable library, reading and lecture-rooms, and now, after the lapse of forty years, it stands more useful than the obelisk before St. Peter's, a monument to the memory of its founders dead, and a proud satisfaction for those who yet live to remember the cry that rang out that dark night in Washington Hall, "Wet the ropes, wet the ropes!"

STORY OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN'S PRAYER.

ONLY an hour's journey from the city of New York, let us suppose it was in the county of Westchester, a wealthy Christian citizen had his country-seat. Mr. Robinson was of the Scotch-Irish persuasion. It is good stock, and no better citizens and Christians have mingled their blood with Americans, or have more nobly served the Church and the State, in New Hampshire and North Carolina, and elsewhere, before and since the War of Independence.

Mr. Robinson was a member of one of the oldest churches in this city, of which Dr. Phillips was long the distinguished and excellent pastor. His parishioner was a large giver to objects of Christian benevolence, but he was fitful, impulsive, and crotchety; not always wise in his gifts, and often very unwise in withholding. But he had great confidence in the judgment of his pastor, and a line of indorsement from him was as regularly and promptly honored as his own note of hand. Dr. Phillips was too good and too judicious ever to abuse this confidence, and therefore was very careful not to lend his name to any man or any object that was not above suspicion. Mr. Lawrie was an elder in the church in Western Pennsylvania. He came to New York to obtain donations from wealthy Christians to a church work of a local but very important character, of which Dr. Phillips had knowledge. To him Mr. Lawrie applied for introductions to men who would be likely to give him money. This is one of the most delicate offices a pastor is called to discharge. It is not a pleasant service to send a solicitor of contributions to a friend who would otherwise remain unapproached. The banker or merchant thus visited may feel that his pastor has not done a kindness in directing the agent to call on him. All men do not feel so. There was the late Hanson K. Corning, Esq., a rich merchant in this city, who never in any one instance failed to respond favorably to applications I made to him by letter or by sending worthy men to him, and uniformly he thanked me for having called his attention to the

case. Mr. Lawrie met Dr. Phillips in a book-store and asked him for an introduction to Mr. Robinson, who was now out at his summer residence in the country. Dr. Phillips took a bit of paper lying on the counter, and with his lead-pencil wrote a few lines of introduction, commending Mr. Lawrie and his cause to the kind consideration of his friend Mr. Robinson. The good elder immediately took the railroad train, and reached the elegant mansion of Mr. Robinson just as the family were assembled to take tea. Being told that there was a man at the door with a letter from Dr. Phillips, Mr. Robinson invited the stranger into the dining-room, and took the letter from his hand. The instant he looked at it he exclaimed, "This is not from Dr. Phillips; he never sent such a scrawl as this in pencil; you are an impostor—I know you are; I don't want to hear anything you have to say." Mr. Lawrie was a Scotch-Irishman also, and was quite as blunt and decided as the rich man whose table was before him. He repeated his assertion that the letter was genuine, explained the circumstances under which it was given to him, and said that he would return to town and vindicate his character from the aspersion so unjustly cast upon him. Mr. Robinson was somewhat mollified, but like all of his blood, very much set in his way, he was slow to give in. He said to Mr. Lawrie:

"Sit down and take tea with us before you return."

"No, I thank you," said the plucky elder; "I will neither drink nor eat with a man who calls me an impostor;" and he resolutely kept his chair by the window, looking out on the beautiful lawn, very lovely with its lights and shadows in the setting sun. Conversation, in which he joined, went on, and Mr. Robinson could not fail to admire the intelligence of the stranger whom he had so rudely assailed. After tea the family, including a retinue of servants, had evening worship. The head of the house read a portion of Holy Scripture, a psalm was sung, and Mr. Robinson, addressing the stranger within his gate, said, "Mr. Lawrie, will you pray?"

Without a moment's hesitation the elder kneeling in the midst of the family led in a prayer like one of the old prophets

or Scotch worthies. He was a man of large gifts. I have seen and heard him in debate in the General Assembly, holding his ground against eminent divines. He was mighty in prayer and he prevailed with God. Doubtless the language, tones, and accent of that family prayer filled the mind of Mr. Robinson with holy memories of childhood and youth when "the big ha' Bible lay on the stand," and his father was the patriarch and priest offering the morning and evening sacrifice. The scriptural terms in which the soul found expression were familiar, and all their associations were with honest piety and the fear of God. It was probably a long prayer, for such was the custom of the people from whom the stranger and his host were sprung. But it came to an end, and as Mr. Lawrie was rising to his feet Mr. Robinson fell on his neck, exclaiming :

"You are no impostor, sir ; you are no impostor, you are a child of God !"

Strong men sometimes shed tears, and these two men, now brethren, wept together. Mr. Robinson begged forgiveness for his unjust suspicions, compelled the elder to stay with him over-night, and on the morrow sent him away with a lighter heart and a much heavier purse than he had when repulsed the day before.

Christians recognize one another more clearly and intelligently in prayer than in conversation. Doubtless the soul is more unveiled in the eye of man, as it is always unveiled in the sight of God. Men may dissemble even at the altar and deceive their fellow-men, when bringing their gifts ; but there is a deep and tender sense in which the heart answereth to heart, and the speech of the soul in prayer betrays the character. And this explains the wonderful likeness of Christian doctrine and experience as revealed in the prayers of the people of God. Argument in debate or in books may prove that Jews and Samaritans have nothing in common, but the time has come when the worshippers of God in spirit and truth are all one and the same in Him who is their common Saviour. We pray alike, and therefore we feel alike, and this is the union of heart and mind that realizes the

answer to the most wonderful of the Divine Master's prayers for his people that they all might be one.

THE GREATEST THIEF IN THE WORLD.

Who steals my purse steals trash ; but he who takes my time robs me of that which enriches him not, but makes me poor indeed.—*Old Play improved.*

WHEN we were learning to write at school one of the most common of the copies set for us was, "Time is precious, and we ought to improve it."

Very few boys, whether they have that for a copy or not, get any proper idea of the value of the moments as they pass, and ninety-nine boys out of a hundred set more store by a dozen marbles or one kite, than they do by a solid hour to be improved in getting knowledge. Well, there is a time to play as well as to work, and in childhood time is often as well improved by healthful play as by hard study. Old people think young folks fools because they waste so much in that which brings no return, except in health and fun ; but all work and no play make Jack a dull boy, and we do not want the boys to be dull. But the boy is father of the man, and in nine cases out of ten as the boy is in this matter of employing his time, so will the man be. The same may be said of girls, and we are now speaking of the human family. *Therefore* the child should be taught the value of time so soon as he is able to learn anything. Habits acquired in the morning cling until the evening of life, and the "twig" proverb is as true now as when it was first made.

Spare moments are like bits of gold, and he who improves them will learn that they are worth more than money. It is well to have something to do that can be done at odds and ends of time so that the fragments may be gathered and nothing lost. This may be carried to excess, and would have been if the rural pastor had followed his hired man's retort. The minister told his man to keep the hatchel in the barn and

some flax ready so that he could have something to do whenever driven in by the rain or while waiting for dinner. "And would it not be well," said the man, "for you to have a hatchel in the pulpit and do a little work while they are singing." This would be out of place, but still the rule is a good one, to have some work on hand, of a useful character, that no moment may be spent in idleness.

Each one will divide his time among his duties, according to his own judgment, with regard to health and pleasure. Eight hours for work, eight hours for refreshment, and eight hours for sleep, divides the day into thirds, and makes a fit programme. Moralists and physiologists have disputed over this division, and no rule can be made to cover all cases. Some kinds of work may be pursued successfully more than eight hours a day, and the attempt to regulate a day's work by statute law proves a failure always, because a man's time is his own, and he must be free to use it as his own judgment or wants may dictate. Some men's work is never done. They give every waking moment to it, and when time has come to go to bed, there is still something not finished. Such workers want ten days in a week and thirty hours in each day.

A young man comes to me and wants me to put him in the way of getting something to do. "What have you been doing?"

"Not much of anything: a job here and there just as I could get a chance. I would like a steady place."

So we talk it over and I give him the best advice in my power, and promise to keep an eye out and let him know if I can see or hear anything to his advantage. This being done, it is time for him to go and leave me to do what my hand finds to do. Instead of that he talks on, asks questions, looks at the wall, shifts in his seat, and waits as though he were expecting something to drop from the ceiling into his lap. In this way he consumes half an hour of my time, makes me sick and tired of him, and less disposed to do anything for him. Then I learn why it is that he is out of work. He does not like to work. He is idle, lazy, and will prob-

ably never earn his living. There is no need of saying to him, "Go West, young man." He would starve on the richest prairie in Illinois. He is a prodigal, wasting his own time, and a thief when he takes mine. And that is what I mean by the greatest thief in the world: he is one who, doing nothing himself, steals the time of one who wants to work and has his hands full.

Thus it is often said if you want anything done, ask a busy man to do it. He is busy, full of work, because he is able and willing to work. Rivers to the ocean run. The workers are the few. The successful are the few. It is time improved that makes money, character, usefulness, yes, and gets heaven. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

"The world owes me a living" is the plea of idleness. The world owes you no such thing. What did you ever do for the world? How came it into your debt? All that you are and have God gave you, and to him you are in debt, infinitely beyond what you will ever be able to pay. And this gift of time, this loan of time, this grand opportunity for work, is the evidence of God's willingness that you shall have a chance to do something for Him to whom you owe life, health, and everything besides.

Time rises and spreads out and clothes itself with splendor and wealth and blessedness unspeakable. As a vast tract, an ocean, a prairie, a continent, it seems a portion of eternity, and beyond all price valuable to him who stands on its edge or floats on its bosom. But cut up into sections, portions, little bits of time, called hours or minutes, each one of them is like an ingot of gold, and to waste them is sin and shame worse than his who casts golden eagles by the handful into the sea. For, here is the solution of the problem of poverty: Time improved wins enough for everybody, and with here and there an exception where circumstances control the fate of individuals, he is comfortable who makes right use of his time, and whose wastes it is poor.

And this takes hold on eternity. Time ends with the letter that begins eternity. And so eternity is time indefinitely ex-

tended. The one wasted makes the other an infinite waste and want. The one improved makes honor, glory, immortal life. This is the doctrine of the gospels and the epistles, and the teaching of the Apostles and the experience of the people in all ages and everywhere. What a man soweth that shall he also reap. It is not hard work to go to ruin. Only let go your hold on eternal life, and the descent is easy, the fall is swift, and the abyss is deep, dark, and has no bottom. Waste these precious hours of life in idle living, do nothing, swing on a gate all day while others strive to enter in, and you will suffer as a thief and a murderer, and perhaps will become both. For there is no greater thief in the world than he who robs God of time lent him: he is a murderer who by listless idleness destroys his own soul.

MORAL CULTURE OF POOR WOMEN.

IT is advertised that a prize of \$500 will be given to the writer of the best poem on an elephant now making a tour in the United States. It has been wittily said that anybody can write a poem on an elephant if the animal will stand still long enough. I would cheerfully give a purse of \$500 to one who writes a poem or an essay solving the problem of poverty, and teaching us how to do the best thing to help those who will not help themselves.

Here we are in a world made by the wise and good God. It is a good world. It has enough for everybody, and there is no need that any son or daughter of man should suffer for the want of any good thing. It is an old, easy, and true saying, that all the misery comes from sin, and the way to make the miserable happy is to make them good; but how to make them good—that's the trouble. We have the poor with us always. And we shall have them till the good time comes when the leopard and the lamb shall be led by a little child. Then there will be no more misery.

Because Felix Adler and unbelieving reformers have

sneered at moral culture by pious people as a means of improving the condition of the poor, it has become fashionable to undervalue religious instruction as a means of elevating the condition of the very wretched ; but it should be remembered that cleanliness and godliness are near akin : the gospel of Christ is a foe to dirt. I have been led to these words by receiving a printed pamphlet which you can get for ten cents by sending to No. 6 East Fourteenth Street, in this city. It is on the "Moral Elevation of Girls, with suggestions relating to preventive work, by the committee on the elevation of the poor in their homes." If I thought that you would take the trouble to go or send for this story, I would not inflict upon you this letter, which is intended to give you some idea of what is to be done and what is done in this city and other cities, and by the multiplication of what agencies the revolution must and may be effected, to the infinite advantage of poor women. The class to be reached is described by the sketch of one typical woman :

"She was born into a large family, where she received little or no personal attention from her parents. From the age of six to that of fourteen she spent her mornings in school and her afternoons in the street, or she 'minded baby.' After fourteen she worked in a factory or shop, where the influences fostered a love of dress, which was strengthened by maternal vanity at home, and instead of saving her wages she spent them chiefly on finery or sweets. Her evenings were devoted to such amusement as she could find, without any improvement to herself. She never had any opportunity of studying hygiene, and grew up in total ignorance of the laws governing her own physical being, as well as of household management, or care of children.

"At the age of twenty, being then an ignorant and irresponsible creature, she married a workman making small daily wages, and assumed cares for which she was unequal, and duties for which she was wholly unfit. Not knowing how to economize either money, time, or strength, her household matters were irksome burdens, and when chil-

dren came to increase these cares she sank beneath her load into a cross, untidy, overworked drudge. We find her at this stage of her existence with dulled senses, trying to feed and clothe her children, possibly sending them to school, glad to be rid of them, and willing, in their playtime, to leave them to chance influences, only too apt to be demoralizing. Mother-love is known only as an instinct that survives when all other mental and moral processes have been crushed under the pressure of her overburdened life.

"There is a dreary monotony in such lives, and circumstances of time and place afford little variety. In the crowded cottage-home in summer there is the red-hot stove, the wash-tub full of steaming clothes, the rocking-chair in which the crying baby is tied, the impatient children home from school, hurrying and worrying the tired mother for the dinner which is cooking, and must be eaten quickly, and some of it carried to the absent father working in the shop. The mother, vainly trying to do everything at once, still finds time to scold, often to strike first one, then another, till all are alike irritable under this her only system of management, her only idea of discipline.

"Or, in another home, in winter, there is the cold stove, the bare shelf, the empty pocket, the baby pinched and wasted in its cradle, the children shivering with cold or burning with fever; sickness, poverty, and gloom, influences which the poor, pale inefficient mother has no power to dispel. Sometimes, worn out with toil, she lies helplessly ill, watching with hopeless eyes the struggles of her daughter, who with the courage of youth is trying bravely to carry on the household with little help and small success. Sometimes the added weight of sin on the father's part comes like an avalanche of woe on the wife, who, thankful for the drunken sleep which secures her and her children from drunken fury, employs her opportunity to finish the dozen shirts for which she is to receive the thirty or forty cents which will feed her hungry little ones. These scenes may be found by the thousand."

Thousands! Yes, and because they are so many, even

Christianity staggers and fears to essay the hopeless task of making these homes better. The Son of God saw a world lying in sin and misery, and oh! amazing grace—he came and bore the mighty load on his heart of hearts. And there are those in this and other cities who are not deterred from doing something, if they cannot do everything. They leave the tremendous work of building better houses for the poor to those who have the wisdom and the means to work out that intricate problem. In some places it is worked out well. But woman's work among the poor is going about like Christ doing good. It is coming into actual, personal contact and association with these mothers in their own rooms, called by courtesy *homes*. The ladies who have become missionaries to their own sex in the lowliest apartments in a great city find themselves confronted by the fact that *one* room is the whole of the *home*: here five or six, sometimes more, of both sexes sleep and live! What a life! All sense of modesty, decency, and virtue is destroyed. Is there aught more hopeless or helpless than the moral elevation of such a nest as this: perhaps a den is a better word, for the inmates must be more like beasts in a den than birds in their little nests. The first step toward improvement is to get the family to put up a curtain and so divide the male denomination from the female during the night. Mrs. Janes gave a poor woman such a curtain, and she says: "The pleasure and pride taken in that one piece of modest tapestry was beyond the expectation of the giver. Not only was it kept in constant use to divide the one room into two, but soon there were six other tenement-house rooms similarly screened, and consequently rendered more decent and pure."

Going on from this simple beginning these enterprising Christian ladies inspire their poor friends with notions of order, neatness, and even beauty, to make the humblest apartment more attractive. Then they are taught the simple elements of health-keeping and the management of ailments, while the book and the picture, the pleasant story and the song, with lessons of purity and religion, come in to enliven, comfort, and bless the renovated home.

These poor mothers are gathered into pleasant vestries and chapels to hear such lessons as will help them to higher and better living. They are taught useful and delicate arts, the use of the needle, and how to make a little go a long way. One lady was speaking to three hundred women of the joy of a well-ordered home. As the picture grew of the little girl-child left to herself, and learning lessons of vice outside the mother's knowledge, of the factory life, the dancing-class at night, the final ruin of the girl—some women began to cry, others clasped their children closer in their arms, and at last one said, "O lady! why didn't we know it before? We might have saved our girls!"

Even more interesting and hopeful is the work going on among the girls themselves—girls who work all day and have their evenings dedicated by them to amusement, treading the pavement of the road to hell. Hundreds, would that I could say thousands, of these bright, smart, wild girls have been gathered into evening classes and entertained with useful and pleasant employments, restful, cheerful, and elevating. Young ladies of our best Christian families leave their own elegant homes and give their evenings gladly to this blessed mission of love and good-will to their lowly sisters for whom nobody cared.

It is a grand mistake to suppose that the poor hate to be helped to higher life by those who are far above them in social position. It requires tact, wisdom, as well as zeal. Especially is every feeling of condescension to be avoided. God only has a right to condescend. We are all sinners, brother sinners, sister sinners, fellow sinners. And if the grace of God has made us to differ, let us not take airs on ourselves, as if we were better than they. In *His* sight we are all unclean. God be merciful to us sinners. The poor love sympathy. They instinctively know a sympathizing friend. Silks and laces may cover a warm and loving heart, and the poor feel its beats and rejoice in it.

"Send me," said one day a poor woman, "the lady with the sweet smile and the bright golden hair."

I have not given you one line for every page of this story

of what noble women are doing. I have sought to enlist you in the same work, that hundreds may become thousands, and the cities and villages and all the churches may abound in these labors of Christian love.

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE RICH.

THERE are some bad signs in the heavens just now. I am not apt to be scared at trifles, and would not readily mistake the hooting of an owl for the roaring of a mob. But there are evil omens, and he is not an alarmist or a coward who lifts up a voice of warning when the heavens gather blackness and hoarse thunders growl in the distance.

One morning last week I read in the daily papers of a banquet given to Henry George in a large theatre in this city. It was in honor of the man and his principles. I have nothing to say of his private life and character, of which I know nothing. But of his principles, set forth in his writings and speeches, it is a duty to speak, and in terms of righteous denunciation. They are worthy to be had in universal detestation. It is a marvel of marvels that they find favor with any good men anywhere. His main principle is that the State should rob the owners of land, take it all from them without compensation, and let it out to the people. This form of socialism he travels over the world to preach, and tens of thousands hail him as an apostle of a new dispensation. It was amazing to read the names of our citizens who gathered to do this man honor. The names were, some of them, of men of education, position, and property, and I would not have been more surprised to read that they had all of them lost their reason and had been sent to lunatic asylums, than I was to find them publicly committing themselves to the revolutionary socialism of Henry George. It proves that the foundations of society are shaken up. We know that life has not been as safe of late years as it once was, and we may know now that property is not. The

Communistic sentiments of the Old World have been rapidly gaining ground in this country. They assume a different form with us from that which obtains in Russia, Germany, and France. There the Socialists seek to extort their demands by force, terror, and blood. Here they make the laws, and gradually frame their socialism into the legislation of the State. In addition to the higher education the State now gives to all its children, it is hinted, and not very softly, that they should be furnished with food and then with raiment. Already the prisoners are assured of board and lodging without labor. The whole trend of things is to the distribution of loaves and fishes among the multitude.

The danger is that this tendency will get beyond control. The hardest problem that statesmanship has to solve is to reconcile liberty with order. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" may just as wisely be spoken to the proud waves of the sea as to the roused wrath of an angry multitude. And in a country like ours, where the people bear rule, and make and unmake the laws, liberty rushes into licentiousness and sweeps away all barriers in the mad zeal of many for what they call reform of abuses and the establishment of equal rights.

The rich have duties, and those duties would be binding if there were no dangers. The right of property is perfect, but that does not make it sure. Rights are constantly invaded. The law comes in and robs the citizen in the name of the public good. The thief breaks through and steals the property to which you have a perfect right. And in a city and a nation where the majority may become the most heartless and brainless tyrants in the whole earth, what safety is there in laying up treasures? The cyclones, the floods, and the fires are not half so much to be feared as Henry George and the social reformers who feed him in a banquet-house under the banner of "no property in land." Yes, the rich have duties, and they are far, very far from making any appropriate attempt to discharge them. They, the rich, are accumulating, as is their right, but they are not giving in just proportion to their accumulations, and there they are doing wrong;

If rights and duties go together—and certainly they do—and a man has a right to possess great wealth, the duty to use it for the benefit of others is a binding duty. It may not be enforced by a human law. It is duty under the highest law that God ever gave, a greater law than any of Sinai's Ten, the Law of Love. Probably every thoughtful man, without being rich, has often said to himself, "If I had vast wealth I would use it as God uses his infinite stores." But when the riches came the mighty purpose perished, and the man of noble intentions was only one more rich and prosperous property-holder. What, then, would you do with the money of the rich?

I would employ millions on millions of dollars for the moral elevation and improvement of the people. There is one and only one cure for the evil that now threatens society and puts life and property in peril. That cure is purely moral. Science does not touch the evil. Education, in the usual sense of that word, is wholly powerless. There is in the gospel of Jesus Christ a remedy, and that should be brought to bear on the rich, and through the rich on the poor. The wealth of the city ought to be with judgment and wisdom employed in the improvement of the temporal, social, and moral condition of the masses of humanity festering in their own corruption and ready to break out in a pestilence that will fill the streets with riot, and make their palaces a desolation. It is wise to anticipate and prevent the evil day. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. And he is working with the Lord who works for the salvation of men. It would be wise economy, a judicious employment of money, if the knowledge of God's truth and man's obligation were brought home to the mind and conscience of every man, woman, and child. It would be wise to improve the dwelling-places of the poor; buy for them light and air and room; make friends of them by being friendly to them; expel from their neighborhood all sources of disease, and supply them with means of rational, innocent, and healthful enjoyment; and with church and chapel, and house-to-house efforts, bring the holy influences of Christ's work to each and every one

of those for whom he died. To make these reforms would cost a vast amount of money. The rich ought to give of their abundance to do it. They are in danger. Their property is in danger. The floods are coming. The foundations are quaking. Society is honeycombed with the principles of communism. The cave of Adullam is full. And when its inhabitants come forth they cannot be scourged back again.

MORE THAN THERE'S BUSINESS FOR.

PASSING the night at a wayside inn, in the course of my travel this summer, I asked the landlord "How many churches are there in this village?"

"More than there's business for," was his ready and very suggestive if not definite answer.

Pursuing my inquiries I learned that there were five distinct congregations, each with some sort of a house for public worship, two or three of them have ministers most of the time, one or two have settled pastors, but most of them depend on supplies, living as it were from hand to mouth, all having a name to live, but not one has a vigorous existence, not one is a thriving, efficient organization.

The landlord used a commercial phrase, but very expressive, when he said they have more churches than there's business for, and I know very well what he meant. He was a tavern-keeper, and if there were five men keeping as many taverns in the place, they would all starve or close. The travel was not enough to warrant more than one public house, and the law of demand and supply limited the number.

In many villages I find the same state of things existing in regard to churches which the landlord so aptly defined. It is very true of new villages. A few families of one denomination struggled hard to get a church established of their denomination. Another set of people have been always of another name, and they want a church of their own. And

so they go on, each little community dividing and subdividing. They have missionary societies and church-extension boards, and to them they all make appeals for help, and for the most part they each get a little aid, just enough to keep life in them, and they struggle on year after year, making very little progress, and rarely becoming able to support themselves.

What is the duty of Christian people in this matter? Is there no principle involved in the question? May not every one properly seek a church of his own faith and order, and build it up for his own edification and that of his children? Certainly. And this is his privilege and duty when it is in his power to do so. But in any community it is better to have one or two vigorous churches than half a dozen feeble and fainting. It comes to this, that the Christian spirit of a community is to be exercised in sustaining the ordinances of religion, and sectarianism should not be so strong as to forbid hearty co-operation in the support of the gospel.

“Where would I draw the line?” It is hard to do it, but some general truths can be stated that may help us in ascertaining what is our duty.

I would not attend on the preaching of a minister who does not believe and teach the vital and essential doctrines of the gospel; who does not hold to the divine inspiration of the whole of the Bible; or who teaches such error as will have an injurious effect on the minds of the children and young people. This is not very definite, I am aware, but it is so nearly the rule of faith and practice that I am willing to believe it may serve to indicate an opinion as to what Christians ought to do when placed in communities where they may not be able to have a church of their own order.

In the *New York Observer* of June 19, 1884, was published the masterly letter sent to the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga by the General Conference of the Methodist Church meeting in Philadelphia. The statement of truth there made is a remarkable illustration of the approach to unity in sentiment by two denominations supposed to be more strongly contrasted than any other two branches of the Christian

church. If the spirit of that remarkable letter were prevalent in all the churches, the sectarian element would subside without diminishing the denominational sentiment which is not necessarily opposed to the spirit of Christ. The older we grow the stronger becomes our attachment to the forms and opinions in which we were educated, or which we have intelligently adopted. At the same time it ought to be true and for the most part it is true, with increasing age and knowledge we should be more charitable toward those who differ from us. Let them hold the faith in such form of words as to them seems the most fitting. And if they are one with Christ the head, they will be one with all who are members. And so as I go from place to place, mingling with God's people of every name, I find them to be so nearly of one heart and mind that the oneness of Christianity appears in all denominations of worshippers who have held fast to the fundamental truths of our holy religion. I do not forget that there has been a falling away of some. The tendency has been of late years to attenuating the word. Even gold may be beaten out so thin as to be nearly useless. And the truth itself is made very thin indeed in the preaching of many. From such preaching it is well to stay away. But if I were settling down in a Western village where there were two churches of different names and neither of them of the same name with the one to which I belong, I would find out the one in which the saving truths of the gospel are preached with the greatest purity, fidelity, and power, and instead of trying to get up another feeble church after the pattern I prefer, I would cast in my lot with those who are trying to serve God, and save the souls of men.

It might be a Baptist church. It is not important that I should hold the same views in regard to the sacrament of baptism that the church hold, in order to be edified by the ministry. If I were excluded from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper because I did not receive the other sacrament as the church receives it, it would be a great trial, and I would seek the privilege of communion elsewhere, when it was possible to find it. But even this deprivation would not make

it impracticable for me to be edified under a ministry of a denomination to which I do not belong.

So could I work heartily and hopefully in almost any evangelical church where the whole Bible was received as the word of God. I would not sit under the preaching of a minister who tried to prove that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch, or that Jesus Christ did not know what is meant by the law and the prophets; I would not sit at the feet of any man who denies the true and proper divinity of the Lord who bought me with his own blood. I would not have for a spiritual teacher one who says it shall be well with the wicked who die in their sins, or that one so dying will have another opportunity of repentance and faith when the door is shut. But with any faithful servant of God, who teaches a pure gospel, I could work and be happy, whatever the name by which he and his church were called.

And this ought to be the evidence that they who love Christ in sincerity and truth are one, whatever diversity may prevail in the order of their church and ministry. What a weight and world of sense there is in the old form of words, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity!" On that platform we stand up for what we know to be vital; we cordially unite with those who differ from us in things not fundamental; and towards all men we have that charity which never faileth.

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM;

OR, THE PLEASURES OF GIVING AND RECEIVING COMPARED

IT was in the time of the war, the late war, I trust the *last* war. At my country-place on the Hudson River, some twenty miles above the city, I had a number of friends at dinner. The strawberries of the dessert were from my own garden, and their size excited the admiration of the party. Some one observed that he had seen strawberries so large

they could not be made to pass through a napkin-ring. The experiment was made, and every one had strawberries before him that would lie quietly on the top of the ring. Then the conversation turned to the prolific qualities of the vine, and one stated that a single root had been known to produce three hundred berries. This was quite as surprising as the size of the strawberries, and by and by we made a personal visitation of the garden and found plenty of vines with more than three hundred berries on a single root. Thus in size and number these equalled anything hitherto reported.

Among my guests that day was a newspaper man, who made a note of what he saw and printed it. The story was deemed incredible. A pastor in the West was so shocked by the exaggeration, as he considered it, that he caused to be published an offer to supply the Synod of Ohio with plants if I would send him some specimens and they produced such fruits. In response to this challenge I made the public offer to send by mail, post-paid and without any charge, specimens of the plants to every person in the United States who would send me his post-office address!! Very soon the names began to come, by tens, by scores and hundreds. The gardener put up a dozen plants in a package with moist moss about the roots, and each evening on my return from town with a new batch of names I directed them and they went into the mail. Under the Post-office laws regulating the distribution of seeds and plants a packet weighing four ounces may be sent to any part of the United States for four cents. Names came to me from every State then accessible by mail. Frequently money came with the address, but it was always returned. Including what plants were sent for by neighbors and friends and taken away personally, it was calculated that we gave away in the course of the month of August more than three thousand strawberry plants. If only two hundred packets went by mail the entire outlay was only eight dollars, and many a good man spends twice that sum every month for things that I never use and would not if they cost nothing. But I am quite free to say that the same amount of money never brought me so much enjoyment. The next

year and the year after that came letters from distant States telling of the wonderful success of the plants. They arrived in good condition, were carefully set out and tended properly, and answered all expectations. I have no recollection of receiving one expression of disappointment, although it is quite probable that in many cases they failed to do well, but the people to whom they were sent were too polite to make complaint.

Twenty years ago those plants went into the rural regions of this wide country. And from that time to this they have gladdened more families than I shall ever hear of, for the originals have multiplied and gone into fresh fields and gardens new, until their number is not to be reckoned. Several bishops are credited with the remark that "Nature might have produced a more delicious fruit than the strawberry, but certainly nature never tried to." And there is no fruit that yields so much enjoyment and profit at so little cost. Therefore if my three thousand plants have in many instances continued to multiply and replenish the earth, furnishing a pleasant treat and refreshment to hundreds of families whose names I have forgotten and whose faces I do not expect to see in this world, great is my reward already and I ask no other, being more than paid. For in the strawberry season every year there is an hour each day when I am reminded of those splendid vines and rich, ripe fruit, which were my pride, and then in quiet thought I go from one end of the country to the other and unseen by them I sit by the board of those good people who sent me their names, and as they pour the rich cream (I wish I had some of it myself) over those big, salmon-tinted, oval, luscious strawberries, I have not a doubt that I enjoy the dessert more than they do. Then multiply that enjoyment by the number of households into which those delicious fruits have gone by the successive propagations of twenty years, and give me one good heart jump for each house and you see that with only a moderate degree of exercise my heart would jump out of its place if I did not regulate its movements with some considerable care. And that finishes my story of strawberries and cream. You say

that it is a boasting, egotistical story. Well, I can stand that : I have been telling you how I made a vast sum of personal enjoyment by the expenditure twenty years ago of less than ten dollars. I never made so profitable and paying an investment in all my life. And the income it yields is in harmony with religion, philosophy, history, and the personal experience of every one who has tried the experiment.

The Bible is so full of examples, illustrations, precepts, and principles bearing on this matter, that it evidently is of the essence of the Christian religion. It is too much to say that the sentiment cannot exist outside of Christianity. But it is right to say that no one has any sort of claim to be a partaker of Christianity, to be a partner of Him who gave himself for others, who does not enter with all his nature into the spirit of this doctrine. It is of the essence of that love which is the essence of Him who is Love. It makes the whole world kin.

An aged man—yes, the weight of more than fourscore years was on him now—lay dying. He said to me with deep emotion : “What pains me most is that I have never lived for any one but myself ; I have not sought to make others more comfortable or happy.”

But the case is not to be argued from a selfish point of view only. It does pay to be good ; the good man serves the best paymaster in the universe ; but it is well to make fruits and flowers grow all over this earth, and especially where they would not be if we did not send them, even if we never know that they gladden any hearts. A word in season may be more than a purse of gold to the hearer, and he who said it may never hear from it again. But the word is a treasure laid up in heaven. Hoarded wealth is no blessing to him who hides it in his strong-box. But when he touches the lock with the key of love a river of life flows forth to make the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose ; the widow's heart sings for joy ; ignorance yields to knowledge, as darkness flies before incoming light ; the word of God is multiplied, and the living messenger of the cross, the angel with the everlasting gospel, goes forth on his errand of sal-

vation to the ends of the earth. This is what the good man does with his money when the principle of these truths gets to work in his soul. He cannot buy happiness here, nor immortal bliss hereafter. But if he does what he can with his money now, and believes it to be more blessed to give than to receive, he shall have houses and lands and gold fourfold and in the end life everlasting.

“OUR SOUL LOATHETH THIS LIGHT BREAD.”

THAT was said of bread that came down from heaven. I said it of quite another kind of food. It does not come from heaven. Some of it comes from the other place, and is evidently baked by the devil and his angels.

A parcel of new books was lying on my table, and late in the evening, when there was nothing else to do, I turned to them for soothing influence before going to sleep. Of the figs of Jeremiah it was said,

“ The good were very good,
The bad too sour to give the pigs ;”

but in this bundle of books there were none of which I could conscientiously say “ the good are very good,” and perhaps there were none so bad as to justify their being destroyed. If books are to be separated into three classes, good, bad, and indifferent, the most of them would come readily under the last class. There is nothing in them to commend them as intellectual food ; there is no active poison in them to kill the innocent reader ; but there is also nothing in them wholesome or entertaining. I spent an hour or two in seeking one good book, a book that had solid information or sparkling wit, sense, or fun—something to feed one’s mind with useful information or to make one laugh a right hearty laugh. And the quest was vain. Tired of reading insipid pages, and vexed with the shallow platitudes of religious, moral, and literary tales and essays, I turned away from them all, and cried

out aloud, as did the manna-fed men in the wilderness, when they became sick and tired of a good thing, "My soul loatheth this light stuff."

Milk for babes; yes, and some babes must have even milk diluted with water. And I do not beg that strong meat may be prepared for them who are not yet able to digest it. Light reading is good in its way. If grown-up men and women, business men, ministers, and other professional men would find relaxation and refreshment in light reading, they would get great good in it. The mother wearied and worn with cares many and trying may with profit and pleasure divert her thoughts, rest her mind, and benefit her health by seeking the illusion and exhilaration of a pure, wholesome, and enjoyable story of real or ideal life. It will take her out of her own troubles, and bring her into sympathy with the joys, perhaps the miseries of others, and so help her to forget or to bear the plagues by which her daily life is beset. It is very easy to tell me just here that in the sweetness of her religious faith she ought to find all that in the best of books, even the bread that cometh down from heaven; and in soul-communion with Him who is the fount of life and the sovereign balm for every wound. Certainly, but that blessed truth does not make medicine needless when malaria has poisoned the system. Remedies for weaknesses of the body and soul are kind provisions of the great physician, and the Christian believer is wise who takes them in time. So the wisest and best of men, great authors, preachers, statesmen, captains, and financiers, have rested their wearied brains in the bowers of fiction, flying from the cabinet or the camp, from the study and the bank, to some quiet solitude, where with book in hand they could read without fatigue and be carried in fancy away from harassing cares into realms of the unreal, and therefore the enjoyable.

All this is true, but none of the men and women to whom light reading is thus commended could stand such stuff and nonsense as now lies in heaps of foam, like whipped syllabub, all around me. Here is nothing to satisfy the healthy hunger or thirst of a sensible soul. There is lightness indeed,

but nothing else; bubbles only; of which millions would not quench the thirst, nor satisfy the desires of any living mind.

Lightness is not necessarily an evil; it is a positive good often—certainly always in bread and in some books. But there may be too much of it in bread and books, and then it makes them both like the sour figs of the prophet.

This light literature is the staple of the cheap circulating library. It abounds in the libraries of too many Sunday-schools. It is sent forth on the wings of its own wind from the many presses driven night and day to supply the horse-leech cry of the times. The supply soon creates a demand for something more stimulating. The wine-bibber by and by wants stronger drink. This light food does not satisfy the craving of the young. They want the spice of wickedness in tales of lust or blood, or both, which the devil and his angels in Paris and New York issue from their ovens every day in the year. The sugar-coating of the pill does not weaken the deadly power of the poison it conceals. The bad novel, with a pious title, professing to be made in the interest of virtue as an exposure and a scourge of vice, is but a stimulant of unholy passion, stirring thoughts of unlawful pleasures undreamed of before, luring the unlearned and unstable to their ruin. It was astounding to hear the wardens of prisons, in a recent convention, when called upon to give their opinions as to the causes of crime. They were free to declare their convictions that bad books, the cheap flash literature flooding the country, might be justly charged with a large part of the abounding evil. They spoke of what they knew from personal intercourse with tens of thousands whose crimes had thrust them into prison walls. Victims of vile literature! It was a strange revelation, extraordinary testimony to come from men who made no pretensions to being saints, and certainly had not a particle of sentimentality about them. They were for the most part plain, blunt men, who spoke right on and said what they knew, and this they did know, that the popular novels of the day make thieves and robbers and man-slayers and libertines,

to the ruin of morals and crowding of prisons. There is not one book in the heap near me that would inspire any one with an evil thought. In most of them there is not force enough to inspire a thought of any kind. Thinking is not the effect they produce. I wonder greatly that anybody reads them, and to buy them, paying good money for them, money that would buy beef and bread, this the greatest wonder is.

During the last three weeks (since coming home) I have read ten or twelve volumes of three or four hundred pages each, all of them published in this country by the great book-makers, whose works go out into all the earth and their words to the end of the world. What charms invest these pages! They bring us into the society of the wise and good, heroes and heroines of religious life and victory, into regions of romance and chivalry, realms of history and fancy, illumined and enlivened with song and art and story, filling the chamber with the companionship of the greatest and brightest and best of the sons and daughters of men. If evil enters in the form of villains of history or fiction, the stern features of justice, armed and wakeful, appear, and the lesson learned is wholesome. The men who write and they who multiply such books are benefactors of their race. How great the debt we owe them! If they have become rich by writing or by publishing such books so much the better, and every right man wishes them happiness in their prosperity. But to them who strew the land with good-for-nothing, empty, frivolous, inane, jejune books we are 'compelled to cry, "Our soul loatheth this light food."

ON TRAINING BOYS TO BE GOOD CITIZENS.

PERHAPS you think it were better for me to speak of training them to be good Christians. And that is the highest style of man. We will talk about it another time. Now, in the wake of the great national election, when all minds are

exercised with the duties and privileges of citizens, it may be well to think seriously of the boys who are coming to the front and will soon be the actors in such dramas as the one on which the curtain has just fallen in the sight of fifty millions of people.

After the fathers shall be the children. The boy is father of the man. Just as the twig is bent, etc. From such sayings we have the simple truth, known from the beginning, that the germ of the man is in the boy. We shall see in the meat what is bred in the bone. I do not insure the character of any coming man. With perfect trust in the promises of God, I know the conditions of success in the education of children are so many and so hard that it may easily be shown to be the fault of the parent when the boy grows up to be a bad man. Nevertheless the promise standeth sure, and the facts in the history of families verify the promise. It is a gross falsehood to say that the best parents have the worst sons. It is an old slander, refuted a thousand times, that the sons of ministers are the wildest boys in the parish. One prodigal from the parsonage makes more talk and scandal than a dozen among the people. It remains true in spite of all the gibes and sneers of a censorious world, that the home life is the atmosphere in which the foundation of character is laid, and the parent is responsible for the principles which the son imbibes while yet beneath the parental roof, and which for the most part make the character for life. I am writing these lines to fathers and mothers, teachers, guardians, and to all who have the opportunity and the power to impress upon the minds and hearts of children and youths that moral purity of life and heart is essential to the character of a good citizen. A boy who is not truthful is a bad boy, and a man who is not truthful is rotten to the core. A boy may be tempted to tell a lie and be very sorry for it afterward, but when the fault has grown into a habit the little fellow has become a scamp, and there is a strong probability that he will go to the bad. Growing up to manhood without regard to truth, there is no vice into which he may not fall, for the sheet-anchor of an upright life is lost, and he drifts

at the mercy of storms and waves. A minister of the gospel once came to me from a neighboring city and said, "A dreadful thing has happened in our ministerial circle: one of our men has fallen."

"And I can name him," said I, "though I never heard a word against him."

I did name him, and when called on to give the reason for thus singling him out, I replied, "In a controversy had with him some time ago I discovered that he would lie, and ever since I have been looking for his fall."

Want of truthfulness implies weakness as well as wickedness, and without courage and fortitude a tempted man falls into the first trap that is set for him or the first pit in his way. It is often and truthfully said that civilized society cannot exist without confidence between man and man. We live on it every hour. In the deepest recesses of domestic life and in all intercourse with our fellows, if we could not rely on the word of those who are near us, the wheels of society and business would cease to move. This is true in every-day affairs as well as when we come to the matter of witness-bearing. How the law seeks to prevent lying when the property, life, or character is at stake in the court of justice! What unspeakable mischief is wrought by the wretch who bears false witness. The greatest danger a good man has to fear is the tongue of malice or envy or avarice, wagging to take away his good name. And no sadder sight in all this world is ever seen than a good man sinking under the poisonous wounds of slander. Honest men have often suffered extortion and paid large sums rather than to endure the pain and injury of a false accusation. Others, braver and wiser, have defied the evil one, and, clad in the panoply of innocence, have said, "Do your worst. God is my witness and judge." Two persons entered the hall of one of the noblest and best pastors in this city, asked for a private interview, told him they had unimpeachable evidence that he had been living in secret vice, and unless he would pay them a sum they named they would expose him to the world." He defied them. They tried their cruel game. Their lying

conspiracy was exposed. They got into prison, and he came forth like gold from the fire.

As lying begins in cowardice, and is the refuge of one who is afraid of the consequences if he tells the truth, so courage is a virtue to be taught, and always to be had in honor. Especially if the disposition of the child is timid, and he easily yields to discouragement and fears. Brace him up. The martyr-spirit does not run in the blood of all of us. But the youth may be trained to stand fire. The weakling may become a hero. Boys should grow early into manliness in duty and danger, scorning the wrong and sticking to the right, in the face of reproach, or loss, or death itself. There is not much martyr stuff now to be had. There never was too much of it in this world anywhere. But the good citizen must have enough of it to uphold the right, and when he has done all, to stand.

These are homely virtues, and honesty is another, of which there is an abundant lack in our day, and in all other days of which we read in history, sacred or profane. We are not wise in saying the former times were better than these. Human nature is the same in all ages and places. Probably, if you take the world as a whole, there is more good and less evil in it than in any age since all flesh corrupted its way into the earth and the flood came and swept them all away. And yet it remains true that the boys of this land, in the midst of homes and schools and churches and bibles and good books—yes, and good newspapers, too, are growing up in great numbers without those safeguards of character essential to good citizenship. They may know more of books and the world, they may be more refined and manly; but knowledge is not virtue and refinement is not strength. The boys need stability and bravery, a moral courage that dares to be right, that they may be neither coaxed nor driven into the ways of the wicked. In schools and colleges those cowardly vices of the many inflicting bodily and mental suffering upon the few and defenceless are vices tending to the destruction of every high, manly, and noble virtue in a young man's breast. Brutality develops the

brute, not the man. Chivalry has its highest ambition gratified in defending the weak and delivering the oppressed. The greatest deficiency in the character of the boy and young man of to-day is the want of reverence for those who are older, wiser, and superior. Indifference to parental authority, contempt of law and order, a spirit that laughs at restraint and scorns to obey, is the feature of the times. But this respect for that which is above is the first lesson to be taught to the child in the cradle and impressed on him till his beard is grown.

Let every young man seek first and before all else to be a true-hearted follower of Him who is the pattern of all that is noble, generous, and good. And having enlisted under His flag, let him fight manfully the good fight, warring against the world, the flesh, and the devil. For such young men the country cries out as for volunteers when the enemy is at the gate.

PHILOSOPHERS GETTING KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN Dr. M'Cosh, now the President of Princeton College, came to this country on a visit for the first time, he made a tour of the Western cities. I was his travelling companion from this city to Niagara and beyond. The day after his arrival we took our seats in the cars at the depot of the Hudson River Railroad, and when we were out of the city and fairly under way, Dr. M'Cosh said to me:

"Now tell me of the cities of the West I am to see: what about Chicago?"

"Chicago," I replied, "is the great grain market of this country: indeed the greatest in the world, unless Odessa in Russia ships more wheat, and of that I am not sure."

"And Cincinnati," he inquired, "for what is it famous?"

"Cincinnati is the greatest pork mart in the United States," I said. At this moment the head of a man sitting on the seat behind us was thrust between our heads, and

opening its mouth the head said "I beg your pardon : Chicago killed thirty thousand more hogs last year than Cincinnati." It withdrew after this deliverance, and when we had recovered from the amusement and surprise this sudden communication had produced we resumed our conversation. I said to the foreign traveller :

"Dr. M'Cosh, I had hoped you would make your journey through this country, and go home without an occurrence like that : and here it has happened in the first half-hour of your travels." He smiled, and said he ought to be thankful for information, and the manner of giving it was of no importance. Soon afterwards I had occasion to leave the seat for a moment, and on returning found Dr. M'Cosh in free conversation with the Western man whose head had been recently projected between us. So far from having taken any offence, Dr. M'Cosh reasoned if the man knew so much more than I did about the pork market, he probably knew much more on other matters, and so he drew him out. By and by they got side by side, and the learned Professor was more learned when he had extracted a great amount of knowledge from the stranger.

John Locke was a great mental philosopher ; so is Dr. M'Cosh, as the world knows. And Locke was given to asking questions of those who knew more than he did of a subject he had not studied. Indeed he regarded the conversational habit as the great agency in the cultivation of the mind. His work on the Human Understanding, though far from being a safe or sufficient treatise on mental science, has made him famous in the world of thought as one of the great teachers of the seventeenth century. When he was asked how he had contrived to get a mine of knowledge so rich, extensive, and deep, he said that for what he knew he was indebted to his habit of not being ashamed to ask for information, and that he made it a rule all through life to converse with all sorts of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own particular profession and pursuits. This is evidently the habit Dr. M'Cosh has. If we would not expect to discover it in the case of great mental philosophers, here

are two examples of its indulgence and success which may well commend it.

This is quite a different habit from that of asking questions simply from idle or impertinent curiosity. Inquisitiveness is a vice, not so bad as stealing, yet resembling it somewhat. It is prying into other people's affairs, which the inquirer has no business to meddle with. "Just let me ask you one question," says this intrusive individual; and then follows a stream of inquiries of no possible use to him who asks or him who is compelled for the sake of good-nature to answer. Some of the most disagreeable persons in the world are these persecuting questioners. Hence the *question* came in former days to mean the examination of a person by torture: putting him on the rack or over a fire to extort answers to questions which the victim was unable or not willing to give.

But it is a positive pleasure to every intelligent person to impart information to a sincere inquirer after useful knowledge. And this pleasure is the greater when the inquirer is the superior in general information. When Dr. M'Cosh turned upon the champion of Chicago, and began to ply him with questions about the city of whose fair fame he was justly jealous, the man could see in a moment that his questioner with his Scotch accent and handsome, scholarly countenance was a man of mind, and being learned wanted to learn more: at once he becomes a teacher of the wise, and he is proud to tell all he knows. It is an art to extract the knowledge such a plain man has. He may be unlettered, but he knows his own business, and of course more about it than a philosopher could ever get out of the books or schools. And it is an attribute of greatness to observe little things, to master minute details. The world is made up of small matters,—little grains of sand,—and he who despises them makes a fatal mistake. The commanding officer who lets one point be unguarded may be sure the enemy will find it, and tell him so to his cost. Mr. Locke considered the conversational *capacity* to be a discipline and a talent, the means to a most important end; and he pursued it, not with

those only who were wiser and better than he, for he was one of the most thoroughly and variously read men of his day when great learning was common: but he pursued the art among the "common people," the people who heard the great Teacher gladly. A wise man gathers this varied information into a well-ordered mind, arranges and assimilates it, labels and puts it where he can find it when he wants to use it, and becomes a practical and useful man whatever may be his calling. No one needs this general information more than the preacher. For lack of it he fails to make himself intelligible or interesting. With it, he reaches the understandings of his people, and even their affections are apt to be won when he manifests interest in their affairs, knowledge of what they know. How the Master walked into the hearts of his hearers by illustrations drawn from their avocations and experiences! He was not abstract nor abstruse, didactic nor dogmatic, but he was very interesting.

Parents make a great mistake when they discourage their children in asking questions. True their questions are often hard to be answered, and many a child has been snubbed or sent away because its question was too much for the parent. But the little inquirer should be always treated as a rational being, and if the answer is not ready it should be sought and found if possible. This is the way to learn. Ask, and it shall be given. Seek, and ye shall find. This applies to the highest of all learning—the knowledge of God; and he that is in the lowest class in the school of divine wisdom, by asking continually will be filled with the knowledge of Him whom to know aright is eternal life.

ANOTHER WAYMARK IN THE MARCH OF TIME.

WHEN the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was Chancellor of the University of the City of New York he called the attention of the assembled students on New Year's Day, or just afterwards, to the "Letter" suggested by the return of

that anniversary, which he had been reading in the *New York Observer*, of that week, and he commended the thoughts therein to their serious consideration.

This little incident I now recall, as he mentioned it to me, because it is one of the reminders of the march of time, and helps me to courage and strength in the work set before me. Many teachers, besides that illustrious philanthropist and Senator, have told me that this weekly "Letter" is regularly read to the school, as one of its exercises, and they give me such kindly assurances as make it more of a pleasure than a task. But it is increasingly wonderful that the reader's patience has not long since been exhausted, and in place of words of cheer that I have not been greeted as was the tedious speaker who said to the wearied Sunday-school, "And what more shall I say?" "Say Amen," piped a rude boy, and the chorus of the school brought the speaker down. If any goodly number of my readers would come to my relief in this way, I would cheerfully yield the floor.

We do not make enough of these waymarks on the pathway of human life. When I have seen a merchant with all his clerks and aids of every name engaged in "taking an account of stock," thus ascertaining how he stands with the world, what he has sold and what he has on hand, I have thought the same process ought to be pursued every year with us all as intellectual and spiritual creatures. What have we gained and what have we lost in the year just closed; and what do we propose for the year to come? In fact, the great *want* of the day in which we are living is a habit of reflection, or meditation, or any way of thinking at all. We have so much to *do*, that we take no time to *think*. I have seen a line on tombstones taken from a hymn,

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and THINK;"

and it would not be an unprofitable inscription for a marble set up in the market-place or the street, where we, poor sinners all, might see it and be reminded of this neglected duty and pleasure.

One of my many duties and pleasures is to write to you

once a week. And it fills me with gratitude to God to *think* and know, that year in and year out, so far back as I can associate this work with weeks, there has been no week, in sickness or in health, in heat or in cold [it is zero now], at home or abroad, when I have not been able to keep this voluntary appointment with you. And how great is the sum of them? When the Rev. Dr. Manning of London, a great literary and religious worker, was in this country a few years ago, he asked me to explain the secret of doing the greatest amount of work without sacrifice of life or health. I condensed the answer into two words,

“CHEERFUL INDUSTRY.”

He thought a moment, repeated them, and said, “It is all there, I do believe.” It is. Industry without cheerfulness wears out, wastes, and perhaps kills; cheerfulness without industry begets idleness; all play with no work brings nothing to pass worth living for. But yoke the two into one team, and business hums and spins; the work is done with a will and the joy of the craftsman is that of him who taketh great spoil. For there is no higher intellectual and moral enjoyment in this working world than in duty done and well done, and then paid for. In such doing there is great reward. So God has appointed our lot and task, giving to each of us a job to do, according to our ability and his will, with the price marked on the piece. In part he pays as we go, and the remainder is laid up where neither rust nor thieves will hinder us from entering on full possession when “the whole world turns to coal.” Mr. Lincoln, when asked what he was going to do next, replied, “Only keep pegging away.” And that is just about all that any of us can do, with the work God has set us to accomplish.

A year begun teaches us to count the value of days and then of hours. Men in business, men who have hard and much work in trade or professions, often plead the want of time in excuse for their neglect of reading or writing or making social calls, or taking service upon themselves in the

church or society. But there is just *exactly* time enough in each twenty-four hours for all the duties of that day! Let each have its place and time, and all are done when the hours are past. An author writes six hours a day, and in six weeks a book is made that is the talk of the reading world. Walter Scott wrote one of his remarkable three-volume novels in six weeks. And the work was not done in a slovenly manner; but very carefully, authorities cited and quotations verified. You write one hour a day, and make five manuscript pages in that time; at the end of three hundred working days, or in a year, you have piled up fifteen hundred pages easily, making two handsome printed volumes! Read thirty pages every day, and in one year you have read ten thousand nine hundred and fifty pages! This done, you ought to be much wiser and better than you now are, and this I say without any insinuation that you are not very wise and good now.

It is not worth while to reduce one's self to a living machine, grinding out life in one uniform process. Variety is the spice of life. In reading, writing, playing, it is better to vary the exercise, as a wise man in health varies his diet, and finds enjoyment and advantage in a change. All that I am advising is that the hours of the days of the coming year shall be occupied, all of them, in that which maketh rich or wise or good, and addeth no sorrow. There is so much to do. A world all about us in want and much of it in misery. One half of the race crying out to the other half Give, Give! And the Infinite God and Father of us all calling to us from the skies, "Freely ye have received, freely give." I have heard of infidel teachers who say that Christians would be always miserable if they really and truly believed in the endless misery of the wicked. Well, how does it make you feel, O unbeliever, to know that millions of your fellow-men are now suffering in hunger and cold and wretchedness indescribable, and near enough to you to feel your hand if stretched out to save? Does it make you miserable to know that such misery groans for pity at your own door?

We might make the year 1885 the *annus mirabilis*, the

Year Wonderful, if we all would do only our simple duty to our neighbors.

It is gladness to know that each year brings us nearer to the Good Time Coming. What though the King delays his chariot wheels! He *will* come, and these mountains and hills of misery and sin will flow down at his presence into rivers of peace and plenty, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !!

“Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.”

OVERTAXING THE BRAIN.

WHEN I learned the Catechism in childhood, an answer to what is required in the sixth commandment was impressed on my infant mind. The commandment is “Thou shalt not kill,” and the Catechism said this command requires “the use of all lawful endeavors to preserve our own lives and the lives of others.”

There is no question among Christian people as to the sin of suicide. There have been moralists who boldly teach the circumstances in which it is right to take one’s life, run away from the post which God has appointed, rush unbidden into the presence of the Supreme Judge, abandon every trust and duty, and plunge into the dark abyss of eternity, with the guilt of murder on the soul.

It is probable that very few persons of Christian principles thus defy God, except when reason has left its throne and the mind is in anarchy. We call that state insanity. He was insane, unsound; and we see the duty of praying God daily and hourly that we may have the use of reason, for with it we go astray too often and too far: without it, wreck and ruin are assured.

But with the knowledge of this fact that we are by the rule of God to use all lawful endeavors to preserve our own and others’ lives, the truth is that we are far more reckless

of our lives than we are of our money. To get and keep *that*, we "tug and toil and strive," eat the bread of care and often waste and destroy health in the pursuit of wealth we cannot enjoy because we have ruined health in its acquisition.

I wrote in one "Letter" of being in Spain. At the same table where I met the American lady who described the bull-fights was a gentleman from New York, who "talked out loud to himself" while eating his dinner. No other outward manifestation of infirmity was given, while his countenance and appetite encouraged the belief that he was eccentric only. But inquiry brought out the fact that he was a gentleman from New York who had overworked himself in business, and was now said to be "off the handle." There are thousands of wealthy men in a similar condition of mind and body to-day. Their ranks are recruited by volunteers as fast as they die at the top and go to Europe or the grave. And I was led to look at the beginning of these troubles by an extract in a late number of the *Observer* from Dr. Crichton Browne's report addressed to the Education Department of the British Government. The facts are very startling, and they apply with intenser force to the American people than to the British. We are a far more driving, pushing, and pulling people than they. We never have learned, and never will, to take things moderately. Repose is essential to the finest character of an Englishman. Activity is the beauty of an American. The Britisher is supposed to be calm. The Yankee is known to be always on the go. Hence the facts which Dr. Browne presents are of greater value on this than on the other side of the sea. He finds that sleeplessness is largely on the increase over there. No one doubts that it is sadly true of us here. He discovered by careful inquiry that school children are sleepless because they are so excited during the day in learning their lessons. Many talk in their sleep about them. Others not only talk, but walk in their sleep. And the extent of this great evil is found to be greater the further the inquiry is pushed. It is a dreadful evil, which it is next to impossible to remedy or alleviate.

Why? Because parents and children and teachers prefer the evil to the simple remedy. All the three classes just named will not use the means to preserve their own lives and the lives of others. Parents complain of the slow progress of their children, and wish them to be crowded and crammed. Children do not know the danger, and their ambition is roused to excel. Teachers stimulate the school as their obvious duty, and rejoice when the scholar at the risk of his life makes a perfect recitation. Studies are multiplied immoderately. Books are taken home at night, and the child is poring over them when he or she ought to be in bed and asleep. The harp of a thousand strings is out of tune. Discord reigns in the whole inner department. And the primary education of nearly the whole of our people is given on these high-pressure principles, regardless of the inevitable consequences of this sin and folly. Thus in early life the seeds of future mischief are sown. The overwrought brain of the child develops its natural results when the man assumes his position in the national army of working citizens. He may be in business, trade, letters; he may be a pastor or a bank president: he has in him the taint of that disease that kept him awake o' nights when he was a schoolboy. The visions that haunted his sleepless pillow then, come back now, and if he gets asleep his dreams are of the multiplication-table. Probably his digestion is out of order, and he never thinks that his head and his stomach have any affinities. If he is a minister he has prayers made for him and takes a vacation. He recuperates and resumes, but like the animal who loves to recline in the mixture of earth and water, he is soon back in his old ways. It is so with women worn with cares of housekeeping, the wives of farmers and others who have hard work to do. Ambitious to save and lay up, unable or unwilling to have "help," worried out of their lives, they go to bed tired in body and depressed in spirit. They cannot sleep. Often they say "I was too tired to sleep." It was nervous excitement. By and by it is nervous prostration. And then the end is at hand. The shattered harp may be repaired. The old house may be patched

up. But neither can ever be made as good as new. The boy was the father of the man. What was sown in the flesh grew up and brought forth fruit after its kind.

A few simple rules for the regulation of a child's life while at school, if faithfully followed, would train up a generation with sounder minds in sounder bodies than their fathers and their mothers have. 1. Let six hours a day be the limit of school hours and study. 2. Allow no study in the evening. 3. Make lively exercise and play in the open air to be required as regularly as the school. 4. While the school education is in progress, let the child, whether boy or girl, be restrained from evening parties and public amusements that excite and keep them up late and awake when they ought to sleep.

As to giving advice to grown-up people, business men and professional men, it is a mere waste of good ink and paper. When Ephraim is joined to idols, you may let him alone. The man who overworks his brain in making money or sermons is already off the balance, and therefore impenetrable by the power of argument. You may frighten him, but you cannot convince him. Perhaps he will do more work in a short life than many who live longer, but like a candle burning at both ends he will go out in the middle.

A TRAGEDY IN THE "TOMBS."

It is a trite but true saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. A few hours in the court-rooms of a great city will make revelations more remarkable than the wildest fancies of romance suggest. There is in this city a prison and court-house called the Tombs, because its architecture is drawn from a mausoleum in the land of Egypt. It is gloomy on the outside, gloomier within. Duty sometimes, curiosity oftener, has led me within its walls, even into its cells, as when I was shut in with Babe, a pirate of renown, who was hung on an island in the Bay. I have been in the court-room when very

distinguished prisoners have been sentenced. It is a curious study. It must be a morbid taste that can find enjoyment in it. There are educated persons who attend every execution to which they can gain admission. And there is a fascination in the horrible that irresistibly attracts some unfortunate minds.

The sorrows of the lowly and poor, the struggles of the wretched with sin and misery, the wages of vice and the tragedies of broken hearts and wasted lives are displayed as on a stage every day in the court-rooms. Last week one was brought out having in it elements of great dramatic interest, but the more simply and naturally the story is told, the better will the terrible moral of it be seen.

Some fourteen years ago an Irishman came from his native isle to this city, bringing with him his wife and four daughters, all quite young. He found employment at first, and got on comfortably. They must have been a family of more intelligence than many of the poor immigrants who find a refuge in this country when hunger drives them from their own. But when the burden of his family became too heavy for the unprincipled wretch to bear, coward as he was, he deserted them, fled to parts unknown, and they have never heard a word from him since. Then the mother succeeded in getting the children into various asylums, and she went back to Ireland. It is not unusual for Irish parents to impose their children in this way on charity. They get them well cared for in the winter at these *homes*, and take them out in the spring sometimes, or when they are able to earn something. The asylum is allowed a certain sum per week for the children's board, and as this sum is more than the cost, the more they have the more money they make.

Several years went on, and these children were growing up without any knowledge of the whereabouts of their mother. When the oldest daughter left the asylum, she managed by dint of industry, energy, and courage to get knowledge enough to enable her to become a teacher. Then with a noble spirit she took a room and gathered into it her sisters, and finding work for them to do they lived comfortably. There is some-

thing very fine in the heroic conduct of this oldest girl. It is strange that two such sneaks as the father and mother could be the parents of such a family of daughters. Now they were all earning more than their daily food, and they sent to Ireland for their mother to come back and set up a home once more. This was a sad mistake, but it was nature and filial affection. The mother came, and became a drunkard. There is the bane of life among the lowly. A mother and a drunkard among these four poor girls struggling to make a home for themselves and her. Of course a drunken mother is a living monster. There is no terror like it in this world of sin and misery. She would have the money the girls earned and spend it for liquor. She went to the school where the oldest daughter was an able and respected teacher, and made a scene that covered the teacher with confusion and shame. This was repeated so often that the noble young woman was obliged to resign her place, driven out of it by the beastly conduct of her own mother. Then want added its terrors to this wretched household. But for the one dreadful vice of the mother, they might have been happy, in their humble way, with industry, health, and peace. Now the furniture had to be sold, one piece after another, which the girls had bought with their hard-earned money. The walls and floor were stripped, and the mother drank it all, except what little was spent to keep them from starving. Can there be deeper distress than this?

At last, when all hope had perished, and it had become impossible to bear it any longer, the daughters were compelled to seek the protection of law against their own mother. They laid the case before one of the justices. The mother was arrested and brought into court in the Tombs. The heart-broken daughters told their sad story of suffering, cruelty, and shame. The mother turned upon them and denounced them as vile women, thus going down one step lower in infamy than we had thought it possible before. Their character was investigated, and it was easily proved by their neighbors that they were excellent young women, worthy of all respect and confidence, whose young lives had

been blighted by their own mother. She was sent to prison for six months. At the end of that time, perhaps before, she will come out to renew a course of vice and wretchedness which will bring these daughters into sorrow and suffering unspeakable.

In this sad story I see a specimen of parental meanness and baseness rarely equalled even among the people of which these parents are a type. Can a mother forsake her own child? Here first the father, then the mother, forsake four daughters, leaving them to the cold charity of the world. The father is probably a drunkard, certainly the mother is, *therefore* the last drop of parental love is expelled from the heart, and even a mother becomes a wolf, destroying the children she would otherwise cherish and protect. Take out this vice, and here in this humble family were all the elements of comfort and enjoyment. With this vice, the home is the abode of woe too grievous to be borne.

But there is a meaner and a baser person than this wretched woman. When we see and know the power of the passion for strong drink, we can pity while we abhor the mother who robs her children that she may buy the liquor she loves more than she loves the children that drew their life from her bosom. We pity her. But for the man who daily ministers to her dread appetite and for the sake of a few cents makes her a drunken demon to carry hell into her household—for such a man there is no pity in a human breast. For him there is a fearful looking for of judgment! Each piece of silver in his till is coined out of the sorrows of orphans. When he counts his ill-gotten gains, he counts the tears and sobs of virtue hungry and in rags. When he drives his fast horse on the road, every foot-fall tramples on hearts he has crushed. May God have pity on him ere he comes among those the smoke of whose torments ascendeth up forever and ever!

When this drunken mother was sent to prison the feelings of her daughters broke forth in sobs that made the courtroom like a funeral. Even then they would have taken her back, and hoping against hope, would have made one more

vain attempt to save her from herself. But it could not be and ought not to be. And thus ended the tragedy in the Tombs. The mother went to her own place, and the poor daughters to their ruined, desolate home.

Is there no balm in Gilead, no help for such woe? Is human nature so lost to all redeeming influences that tragedies like this must be performed continually in a Christian city? Is there no eye to pity, no arm to save?

THE SOCIAL ELEMENT IN CHURCH LIFE.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases. There are diversities of gifts, opportunities, and duties. And what is very desirable and important and even necessary, in one place and under one set of circumstances, may be quite objectionable in others. We must not judge other people by ourselves, or undertake to measure their corn in our bushel.

The rural church rejoices in being free from many of the perplexing questions of city church life, and perhaps it is just as true that the country parish has its difficulties of which they in town know nothing. In the country where the people are for the most engaged in similar pursuits and are nearly all on the same social plane, the unity of feeling and concert of action are more easily secured. The power and happiness of the church as a body and its members as individuals are far greater than they would be if they were strangers to each other personally, or had notions of social distinctions that promote envy and discontent.

Dr. Franz Delitzsch, a very learned German Professor, has made a small and intensely interesting Book on Jewish Artisan Life in the time of our Lord on earth. He has drawn from the oldest records and made no guess-work. He says truly, and the statement is worthy of being very studiously pondered :

“Though all work which supplies a real want is honorable, and though the honor of each workman is meted out both by God and man, according

to the divine standard of the moral and religious feeling and line of action connected with his work, yet ever and everywhere among mankind has there been a difference in the estimation in which different kinds of work are held; and this difference is legitimate so far as it proceeds from a correct point of view and is measured by a just scale."

As a fact in history this is true, and it will doubtless be true of all time to come.

Now we must take human nature as it is, and things as they are, and then try to make them as much better as we can. In every large town, not in the great cities only, but in prosperous villages and manufacturing communities, whither young people are drawn continually from the country in quest of a livelier life than in the rural districts, are hundreds of thousands of souls for whom somebody ought to care. Who does care for them? Whose duty is it to look after these scattered lambs among wolves? The church is "the mother of us all," and has a divine right and duty in this matter that she is far from feeling in the full scope and import of the obligation. Within the reach and sweep of each organized church there are many young people and some families who, by stress of circumstances, are cut off from the pleasures and advantages of social life. "Where shall I spend my evenings?" is a question asked a thousand times and unanswered. Happy is he or she who can find the parlors of a Christian Association of young people easily accessible. Inestimable are the benefits which they have conferred on the homeless in large cities. Yet what are they among so many? How very, very few of the youth of our land are able to enjoy the high privileges of these useful institutions! The church is the divine organization to bring the means of good, the privileges and advantages of the gospel to every son and daughter of man. And each one of these churches is endowed with all the appliances and facilities for making itself a resting-place, a refuge, a house for the soul, a home and haven for them that are in want of society, friends, and pleasure.

If I had a church and lecture-room in a large city or town, I would aim at the widest development of the social principle,

working upon it to make the people identified with each other, as partakers one with another in a common cause, a common interest and a common salvation. And this should not interfere in the smallest degree with the lines of society which are no more to be trampled on than the rules of business or the pursuits of trade. Society regulates its intercourse by the tastes, education, and ability of people to meet its demands and fulfil its obligations. Religion or church-membership does not require you to make a companion of one whose tastes and pursuits render you and him uncongenial and perhaps repulsive. He does not find enjoyment in your society, nor do you in his. But it is his duty to be kind to you, and whenever he can he must do you good. Your Christian friendship includes many whom you should not make partners in your business or companions of your children. And this is the cement which the gospel supplies for social life. It does not break up the conditions, but it does modify the feelings and change the action of those who are brought under its power and are then so situated that they may be mutually helpful. Thus, to go back to the church and lecture-room, I would make them the Christian home into which at all times the saint or the sinner, the old or the young, might enter and find light, warmth, and rest. The lecture-room or vestry or chapel, no matter by what name called, should be open and free from early morning until nearly bedtime at night. It should be furnished with good books and papers, and the people should be encouraged to come and use them freely. Every evening one hour, at least, should be made cheerful and profitable by some public exercise, conducted by some intelligent person, the pastor or some other selected by him for this service. It might take the form of a musical exercise twice a week. Pleasant and useful readings might be enjoyed. The pastor would always give one lecture or more in the course of every week. A debate, or conference, might profitably employ another evening. But besides this public exercise there would be time before and after it for that social intercourse which ought to make this room a delightful resort for those who, having no

home-life of their own, should find the church their safe and pleasant retreat. The faithful and wise pastor organizes his working men and women into a recruiting corps, who explore the dwellings within comfortable reach of his church, and bring into the house of the Lord whomsoever they find in need of such a home. To them they offer one of the greatest luxuries and blessings which they can enjoy. Many are now longing for such an invitation, and it is not rash to say they are perishing for want of it. Because no man cares for their souls, they seek those other resorts which the devil never fails to set open with all the meretricious arts and allurements which brighten and gild the pathway to everlasting ruin. Why not? They are social, gregarious, and vivacious. Will they sit solitary in the cold bedroom of a boarding-house, when a saloon or a play-house is just around the corner? There is wisdom in winning souls. The most vital element in the soul is that which makes the whole world kin. We are all of one blood. The social tie is around us all. And right along that line the church should work to keep its hold on the young and save them from destruction. "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit."

Thus each individual church, whatever its name, should work the ground it covers. Parish lines may be drawn to suit the exigencies, only let it be seen that the whole ground is covered, and all have the offer of friendly care from some of Christ's friends. We must get into the spirit of those teachings of the Master in the latter part of the twenty-fifth chapter of the gospel by Matthew. The church ought to work for the world's salvation, by caring for each individual soul.

THE THERMOMETER OF THE CHURCH.

THE past winter was very severe in this latitude, and one month longer than usual. Out of my library window, and where I can read it from my chair, hangs a thermometer

which has been watched often and anxiously through these weary and dreary months. Is there no indication of warmer weather? Is it as cold this morning as it was yesterday? So we kept watching and waiting, until at last the spring has come in its beauty, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

I have heard the weekly prayer-meeting called the thermometer of the church. It is said that the numbers attending it indicate the degree of spiritual warmth pervading the congregation. A crowded room would be an infallible sign of revival, as an empty one shows the state of religion to be very low—below zero.

A distinction is to be made between duties and privileges. All privileges are not duties, and all duties are not privileges. It is a duty to meet for public worship on the Sabbath-day. It is not a duty to attend church three times a day, though under some circumstances it may be a privilege. If our people would attend public worship in the middle of the day and spend the rest of it, including the evening, in the religious instruction of the family and in the culture of the soul, the Sabbath would be more profitable than it is to those who go to church three times and to two or three meetings besides. There is a religious dissipation to be shunned as not good for the body or the soul. The tendency, however, is the other way. And it is so hard to persuade men to do their duty, it is hardly worth while to caution them not to overdo.

The prayer-meeting is one of the privileges of the Christian life. A duty also when circumstances do not hinder attendance, but it is a great privilege; and there is far more hope of inducing people to go to it as a privilege to be enjoyed than as a duty to be done. And just here the pastor makes a mistake, when he chides and rebukes and scolds the people for not coming to the prayer-meeting. He fails to impress their consciences with a sense of duty, and he offers no particular evidence that they will find it to be a privilege. But if he is successful in making the service attractive and enjoyable, its fame will quickly pervade the church, and others will come and sit in heavenly places with great delight.

To indicate warmth in the church, the meeting itself must be warm. In the heat of summer a pastor in the country asked one of his people why he did not come to the prayer-meeting. And when the man gave the heat of the weather as the reason, the minister said to him, "If you have found any colder place than our prayer-meeting, I wish you would tell me where it is." We know what is meant by spiritual coldness or warmth, death or life, and we use these terms freely to express our sensations or want of sensation. We know what a cold meeting is, and we ought to know what a warm one is. And as it is often hard to tell which is effect and which is cause, so we may not be able to say whether a warm prayer-meeting draws the crowd or the crowd makes the meeting warm. It is well to warm those who do come, and their warmth will attract others. Scattered coals expire, but together they burn. And that is the way to build up the prayer-meeting. I would not assume that every one who is absent is in neglect of duty, or in a state of sin. If this were a fact, the absentees might be fit subjects for discipline. But we could find nothing in the Word of God or the rules of the church on which to rest the charge of neglect of Christian duty or indulgence in known sin. We must make the meetings so attractive and so useful that people cannot afford to stay away. This can be done. It often is done, and the soul, refreshed and delighted, sings:

"I have been there and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below."

It is not unusual to speak very slightly of the prayers and talks of unlearned laymen, and to say that meetings in which they exercise their gifts are not for edification. There are weak brethren who ought to keep silence, and a judicious pastor finds it one of his delicate duties to suppress such men—men who want to talk all the more because they have nothing to say worth hearing. But there are very few of these irrepressibles. They do sometimes spoil a meeting. Yet good sense and a little tact on the part of the minister will regulate the matter, and the patience of the people will

not be often or sorely tried. More Christians are afraid to take any part in a meeting than there are to make themselves disagreeable by their weakness or eccentricities. And when the church with great unanimity throws its whole heart and soul into the prayer-meeting, the tide of good feeling and strong emotion sweeps away all these little objections, and in the enjoyment of the hour the saints of the Lord find great enjoyment.

Thus prayer is answered while the people are praying. They get the blessing at once. All spiritual good comes from the Spirit of God, and if quickened religious life is a blessing, it is the gift of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer. And this is the greatest and best influence of a prayer-meeting. We need such helps to holy living. We do not make religion the chief concern as we should; we make our business the first and principal thing, and well for us it is that Sunday comes once a week and compels us to shut up shop. And if we would in the middle of every week spend an evening in social prayer and conference it would be a decided help in the religious life, one of the powerful means of grace. Of course every Christian has his private hours of conversation with God and his own soul, his daily walk with God, his meditation with his heart on his bed or in his closet. But we are social beings. It is not good for man to be alone all the time. There is help, stimulus, and strength in praying together, singing praise together, and in testifying of what God has done for our souls. Never let us get to be so genteel or respectable that we shall feel such communion to be common or unclean. God has cleansed it, and we may not despise or undervalue it or refuse to enjoy it. The aristocracy in his kingdom is composed of those who pray best and most. They live near the throne. They always go to prayer-meeting. They know the power of prayer. The salt of the church is in the walk and prayer of these disciples whose hearts burn within them as they pursue the journey of life with Jesus as their constant companion.

Therefore I magnify the prayer-meeting. It is indeed a thermometer by which the spiritual temperature of the

church is often correctly measured, but it is itself a heater from which warmth is radiated through the body of the church. It acts and is reacted upon. It is a strong support of the pastor: warming his heart and holding up his hands when they are ready to hang down. It is the life-blood of the system, permeating by its sweet influence the remotest extremities, and filling with the graces of the Holy Spirit the great central heart.

No church can afford to dispense with this service in the midst of the week. Call it by what name you please, and conduct it according to circumstances and your taste, but by all means gather yourselves in the place where prayer is wont to be made. Get nearer to the throne of divine grace. Plead the precious promise of Christ's presence. And you will say "it is good to be here."

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING BURIALS.

MR. JAMES BROWN, the head of the great banking-house of Brown Brothers & Co., said to me when he was more than eighty years of age:

"I am thinking of writing an article for your paper."

As I was not aware that he was in the habit of writing for the press, his remark gave me equal surprise and pleasure, and I replied:

"I hope you will carry out your good intention without delay." He continued:

"I want to write against the great extravagance of funerals in the city. It is a bad example set by the rich, and a burden upon the poor."

Mr. Brown did not carry out his good intention, but his funeral was an example of simplicity in perfect harmony with the views and feelings he had often expressed. Some of the most wealthy citizens have given directions that their funerals should not be marked by any needless expense.

And that they might not be charged with meanness, they have directed that the sum which would have been spent on their funeral should be given to charitable objects. One rich man on the occasion of a funeral in his family, avoiding all extravagance, sent a hundred dollars to each clergyman who was present in the church, whether officiating or not, and in this way he distributed at least a thousand dollars.

When one is in great sorrow, the feelings rather than the judgment are apt to control the action. It is grateful to the heart in grief to expend care and thought and treasure upon the object that has been removed. And sometimes it seems as though the mourners thought the depth and sincerity of their sorrow would be estimated by the amount of money they expended upon the burial. This is a sad mistake, for the heart that is truly sorrowful on account of the death of a dear friend, does not expend itself in such trifles as the ornaments of a funeral.

In the country the beautiful custom of going to the grave with the friends and *assisting* in the last rites, prevails and ought never to be given up. It is a tribute of affection and respect, a token of good neighborhood that tends to make "the whole world kin." It is a touching and mournfully pleasing sight when a long procession, carriages of all sorts, follows the remains of one well known, and respectfully gathers about the grave as the dust returns to its native dust. Some of the earliest recollections of my life are of long funerals making their slow journey to the rural churchyard. But in the city, funerals are so many and the distance to cemeteries is so great that it is now in most cases more convenient to have the funeral services public, and the burial private. This is far more in harmony with the feelings of the bereaved, and it may be said that it is the common practice now.

Funerals on Sunday are by no means so frequent as they formerly were. It once was the practice of some to hasten a funeral by a day or two, or delay it as long for the sake of having it on Sunday. This saves a day for business. But it entails an amount of labor that should not be done on the

Lord's Day. It imposes a heavy burden on ministers, some of whom very properly decline to officiate at them on that day unless it is a work of necessity.

The tendency to have funerals as soon after the death as is decent is on the increase. There are good reasons for delay rather than haste. It is not human, it is unnatural to be in a hurry about putting our dead out of sight. But I do not think mistakes are made, and persons buried in a state of trance and supposed to be dead. Now and then a notice is made in the newspapers of a person being buried in this state, and a harrowing tale is told of the dreadful discovery. I have been in the habit of investigating each one of these reports, and IN EVERY CASE they have been found to be false. In some cases they are fabrications, without the slightest foundation in fact. Sometimes a young man out of mere wickedness invents the tale and sends it to a distant newspaper. To make a sensation it is indiscreetly published, and is copied into a thousand papers within a week. When its falsehood is exposed not one in a hundred of these papers will publish the denial. And so it comes to pass that tens of thousands of people never hear the story denied and receive it as true. In some countries, as in Germany, there are cemeteries in which is a house of rest and safety, where the dead are laid until undoubted evidences of death appear. I visited one of these in Halle: in one chamber was a nice couch on which the body was laid and kept at a proper temperature. Thimbles were put on the fingers, and from these a delicate wire extended through the wall into an adjoining room, where was a watcher night and day. The slightest movement of one of the fingers would set a bell ringing. About seventy persons every year, more than one a week, are thus tested, and the old sexton told me that NOT ONE had ever been found to be living. I inquired if such arrangements were common. He said they were, and he had heard a rumor that once upon a time a life had been saved at Erfurt; but it was only a rumor—he had never known an instance. A writer in one of the New York daily papers most foolishly and inconsid-

erately speaks of the "appalling frequency" of premature burials. There is no frequency at all. He says that the writer of a paper before the French Academy estimates the number at one in every five thousand. This is idle talk, merely sensational, not sensible. I do not say that such cases never do occur, but they are so exceedingly improbable and rare that no living person need have the slightest apprehension. There have been 227,000 interments in Greenwood Cemetery, and not one person has been even suspected of being buried prematurely. The nearest that any one ever came to it was in the case of a woman who, after being on ice four days, was laid in the receiving-tomb and watched a week and then buried. I made application to the comptroller of Greenwood Cemetery, and these facts were furnished to me officially. Had I extended the search into the records of all the cemeteries in and around the city of New York I should not find the least item of evidence to prove the correctness of the Frenchman's foolish estimate.

Burial should never take place until certain infallible signs of death are manifest. These will be waited for by all sensible people, and apprehension on the subject among the living should be dismissed as unreasonable.

It is urged in favor of cremation that it leaves no chance for premature burial. But the alternative is very painful, and no sane person would burn the body of a friend to prevent the burial before death. There are sanitary considerations in favor of cremation, and there is nothing to me repulsive in the idea of giving the dead body to be burned. Ashes to ashes, or dust to dust, it is all the same so the spirit is with God who gave it. But there is in the heart of humanity refined by the Christian religion a sentiment that finds pleasure in cherishing the grave of one loved in life, and that sentiment will not be satisfied with a vase of ashes. The graveyard where our friends are sleeping is invested with a sacredness that no *columbarium* ever had, though the urns of twenty generations were ranged along its walls.

THE MAIDEN OF THE MOUNTAIN AND HER ORGAN.

WHILE I was in the mountains for the summer, not many years ago, I was in the habit of strolling off from the boarding-house and passing much of the day in the woods. There is more enjoyment, and profit too, in the solitude of a great forest than the world of trade will readily believe.

It is not lonesome to be in the woods alone. Trees are good company. They are very suggestive companions. No speech nor language, their voice is not heard. But they are eloquent of Him who spreads his arms over all his works, shelters and saves. I love trees. There was a grove of mighty pines near the home of my childhood, dense and solemn, cool in the noon of the hottest summer day, and there, before I was in my teens, I often went and sat on the moss, listening to the sighing of the air as it moved among the upper branches of those ancient trees. There is a psalmody in pines, peculiar to them, and heard by those who do not need imagination to furnish soul-music in the forests. The people who were buried in Stoke Pogis graveyard and have their immortal epitaph in Gray's *Elegy* would have heard the psalm of the pines had they dwelt with me by the side of this almost sacred grove. It seemed to me like being in a church. "The groves were God's first temples." And as in his house we often form holy and lofty purposes, so at the foot of those trees, as I now distinctly remember, there came into my child-spirit, beneath the overshadowing pines and the blue skies above them, longings for what I have ever been striving, with God's help, to be and do.

But I was now in the mountains, and wandering along the rough roads made barely passable for teams dragging wood, and for the lumbermen to get into and out of the forest. The settlers were few and far between; but there were some, and their rude houses could be seen in the midst of little

clearings from the valleys below. One of these attracted my attention and—but I will tell you the story, for this is the home of the mountain maiden whose music you are to hear or hear of.

Her parents were of the same class and type with the other dwellers in the mountains—hard-working people, of little learning and less religion. In the summer season there was a district school kept going for a few months, and the children of the hills attended when they could spare the time. At this school our maiden, whose fit name was Ruth, acquired some elementary education. Thoughtful above her years, inclined in childhood to be alone while other children were at play, she would often take her book or sewing and sit for hours at the foot of a tree, unmindful of the world about her—even then, though she knew it not, communing with her own heart. The nearest church was five miles away. None of the mountain people ever thought of going, and it was very true that no one in the valley cared for the souls among the hills. Ruth and one or two of the neighbors' children having heard at school of the music in the church and what a fine treat it was to hear it, went off to it one summer Sunday morning. It was a long walk, but they were young and strong, and they enjoyed it. A new life dawned on Ruth that summer Sunday morning. She knew that she loved to hear the birds singing, and the sound of falling water gave her pleasure as the streams tumbled from ledge to ledge on their broken journeys to the sea. But she did not know that the buds and the brooks were making music, part of the anthems of nature, the melodies of the great world in which she lived. She had never heard an organ nor a choir of singers. The music woke unknown chords of gladness in her soul. At first she wanted to fly. Then it began to reach the deeper depths of her nature, and she was very sober—sad perhaps. She bowed her head, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. The prayers and the preaching wrought a wonderful influence on the heart and mind of the girl. She knew before that she had a soul; but the thoughts of its capacities for being and doing, the great

ends of living, had never been revealed to this daughter of the forest. She went home with a new life to begin.

And first of all she wanted to make music. It began with that, and it seemed to her it must go on with that. She managed to learn that organs much smaller than the one that thrilled her soul in church could be bought, and she determined to be the owner of one. The purpose was laughed at by her parents and such of her companions as heard of it, but she was not to be laughed out of it. She went to church whenever the weather would permit, and the truth she heard from the pulpit made the way clear for her to go to Him who cleanses the heart and purifies the soul. Now it was all music within, and sunshine and peace.

Her parents giving their consent, Ruth left home, and in a city some seventy miles away she obtained a situation as a waiting-maid, at very moderate wages, carefully saving all that she could, after sending monthly to her parents what would pay for the loss of her service. The family into which she was thrown appreciated the character and purpose of the strange child that had come to them, for she soon disclosed the fact that she was there to earn money to buy an organ; that she was to take it to her own home in the mountains, and there she would use it to please and bless those whom she could reach. The children in the family were learning music, and not only did she gratefully pick up the crumbs that fell from their lessons, but they loved to impart what they could to the good girl who waited on them so faithfully. And she was *faithful*. Never did she neglect her duties for the sake of the music which was the joy of her heart. But it came to her as if born in her. The love of it was more than lessons. And there was not a child in the house who made more rapid progress than Ruth. The children taught her all they learned, and her genius and enthusiasm carried her far beyond them.

Ruth served three years for that instrument! Each summer she was allowed to spend a few days at home, from which her heart was not weaned by the livelier life of the city. The trees and the birds and the mountain rivulets were more dear

to her when she returned for a while. She brightened the cot among the hills, gladdened her parents by her loving-kindness, and then would go back cheerfully to her accepted service. At the end of three years she had the money in hand to buy the instrument and books of music, and of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. These were all transported by rail to the village where was the church in which her pious purpose was born. Then the team that brought wood from the hills drew the organ up to the home of Ruth, where she came with it in triumph and gratitude. And when the instrument was unpacked and set up in that humble home, the noble girl dedicated it to God, and with the first notes that she drew from it she celebrated his praise. Happy Ruth!

The fame of the new sensation spread and echoed among the mountains. The simple-hearted people came to wonder and to hear. Ruth could sing as well as play, and the sweet hymns which have thrilled millions of souls and helped them to heaven were now heard for the first time in those wild regions. Every Sunday afternoon the house was filled. Ruth was the leader, the teacher and the preacher. She encouraged them to join their voices with hers, and gradually to learn to sing. She read the hymns aloud, repeated them, sang them a line at a time when she would have them dwell on the mercy and love of God in Jesus Christ his Son. She was, she *is*, a missionary—a home missionary; for she is singing and playing now to those mountaineers, and gently leading them by a way they knew not to the Lamb who taketh away the sin of the world.

This is my story. If this poor child could do all this that she might be a comfort and blessing to others, will not you with a thousand times better opportunities *live* for God and those around you?

Among those who will "join the everlasting song" I expect to see Ruth, the maid of the mountains, and those whom she has taught to sing and pray. "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there."

AT DINNER IN BATH, ENGLAND.

LORD RADSTOCK AND THE QUEEN—DR. JOHN HALL AND
THE AMERICANS.

IN the summer of the year 1866 I was invited to attend the annual meeting of the British Evangelical Alliance, to be held in the city of Bath, England. I was on the Continent at the time, but returned to England and attended the meeting. Bath is a celebrated watering-place, and in former times was the most fashionable of all the summer resorts. By former times I mean the last century and the first part of this, and do not refer to those ancient times when Romans made this place a sanitarium, and enjoyed its waters as do the moderns now.

The Assembly-rooms which were once the scene of the gayest festivities, when the king of fashion here held his court and ruled with despotic sway, are still in use for public meetings, and are exceedingly convenient for such purpose. The city is beautiful, and is largely inhabited by wealthy families, retired from business, and enjoying the luxury of quiet and elegant life. The members and friends from abroad were welcomed with refined hospitality. We Americans suppose the English to be cold, reserved, and exclusive. This is not true of the Christian people. At that meeting I had invitations to so many private houses "to stay a week" or more, that it would have required six months or more to enjoy them. I have the cards now and addresses of these until then unknown friends. One elderly gentleman said to me, "Do you happen to know a person in New York by the name of Godwin, a printer?" "Certainly: he is a neighbor of mine in business, and a friend." The gentleman then said, "He is my nephew, and I would be glad to see you at my house." He soon entertained me at dinner with a party of ministers of the Church of England and others, whom he brought together to meet an American from New York.

Such a little incident is only worth alluding to as showing kindness of feeling, and dispelling the common opinion that Englishmen are not given to entertaining strangers. Every day the members dined together in the great supper-room, and this was the occasion for social intercourse and speech-making. At the close of a few remarks I spoke of the Queen, and said there was no country in the world where her character was held in higher respect as a wife, a mother, a widow, and a sovereign, than in the United States of America, and I proposed that we should rise and drink to the health of her Majesty the Queen. When applause had subsided, and the chairman was about to repeat the sentiment, up rose Lord Radstock.

Now, Lord Radstock is a very pious and eccentric member of a noble family. I had already seen him in the street followed by two dogs, with a whip in his hand, and had seen him on the platform with gray mixed clothes on, looking more like a man going hunting than to a religious meeting. He is a lay-preacher, and his religious sympathies are with the Plymouth Brethren. He has visited the chief cities of Europe, carried the gospel of Christ into families of the nobility, and to the masses whom he assembles in great multitudes, stating in his hand-bills that after the sermon tea and cake will be served to all present. He never fails to have a full house, and a full field when he preaches out of doors. He is a good man, and seeks to do good.

Up rose Lord Radstock, and said he thought it very unbecoming to be paying honor to any human sovereign when we were assembled in the service of the King of kings and Lord of lords. His suggestion was received with profound silence and evident dissatisfaction. One gentleman after another rose and denounced Lord Radstock's sentiment as neither loyal nor Christian. They contended that it was the duty and ought to be the pleasure of the Alliance to assure her Majesty that evangelical Christians throughout her dominions held her in profound esteem, and would sustain her with their tenderest sympathies and prayers. After such remarks had been repeated until the company was in a high

state of patriotism, the toast was drunk—for the most part in clear, cold water. I believe no one of the two or three hundred present kept his seat except Lord Radstock.

A gentleman next proposed that this kind suggestion from their American guest should be responded to, and he would offer "the health of the President of the United States of America." This was received with universal favor, but before it was repeated by the chairman a gentleman rose at the farther end of the table from where I was sitting, and a great silence fell on the company. Was this another objector like Lord Radstock, who was to interpose his peculiar crotchets? We shall see. He said words like these, as well as I can repeat them after nearly twenty years have elapsed :

"Mr. Chairman—It is not enough to wish and pray for the *health* of the President of the United States. That is very well. But as words go, it may be a mere compliment to the man or the high office which for the time being he holds. Our friends in America have but recently come up out of a great conflict for the integrity of their Union. They have believed there was a want of sympathy with them on the part of some in high places in this country; but it is well to let them know what is the real truth in the case, that the heart of the Christian people of Great Britain and Ireland was with them through all that long and bloody war, and now rejoices in the re-establishment of peace, with their whole country one and undivided."

The speaker, a man of stalwart form and earnest manner, was heard with profound attention as he proceeded in a strain of great eloquence for some minutes to show the power for good that the United States would be in the future, and the importance of cultivating the strongest fraternal relations between the two countries. In conclusion he said : "I propose in addition to the health of the President of the United States,

"And the integrity, the prosperity, and the perpetuity of the American Union."

The whole assembly rose to their feet, and responded to the sentiment with the utmost enthusiasm. But long before

this point was reached I had said to an English clergyman near to me, "Who *is* he?" He answered :

"That is the Rev. John Hall, of Dublin."

"He belongs on my side of the water," I added. And Providence so favored my impression that about a year from that time at a similar dinner in the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, I had the pleasure of surprising the English and American delegates by announcing that this gentleman of Dublin, who had so eloquently eulogized the American people, had by telegraph received and accepted an invitation to become an American pastor.

Lord Radstock, I believe, still pursues his itinerant labors in giving the gospel to the poor, as well as the rich. There is no such class of men in this country as he represents—men of wealth, leisure, and piety, who give their lives to Christian work. There are some in England who take specific fields of labor, where the people are very poor and very ignorant, and these devoted laymen seek their moral and physical improvement by bestowing upon them time and self-sacrificing toil. And it is certainly an employment quite as well becoming a nobleman of wealth and leisure, as sailing a yacht, driving a four-in-hand, or betting on a horse-race. We might have many laymen to do personal Christian work all the time, if they would be content with what wealth they have, and not seek to lay up more, and seek till they die in the quest.

Dr. John Hall continues in the same American field to which he was called, and has worked easily into the American Christian system which he understood before he came. He has had the good sense and tact to work along the lines of usefulness that he found, and to lay down new ones when the old were not enough, and no one can deny that his great abilities and his practical wisdom have been appreciated in the country which is his by affection and intelligent choice. And this is the story of the two after-dinner orators in the Assembly-rooms at Bath, England, in the year 1866.

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

IT is common, about this time in the year, when dwellers in the city are beginning to migrate into the country, and dwellers in the country are putting themselves and their houses into summer order, for ministers to preach, and newspaper men to write homilies on the subject.

I could turn back on the files of the *Observer* and find some forty or fifty monologues that would answer quite as well as the one about to be inflicted upon my patient readers. And there is nothing new under the sun to be said or done. What is was, and what has been will be; and so it goes on year after year, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, in one endless circle. We have no continuing city, and this is not our rest.

A very limited number of the inhabitants of a great city like this go into the country for the summer. And a large number of these are not church-goers. Yet the departure of the members of Christian congregations is so great as to seriously interfere with the regular operations of the church, and in many instances to interrupt the services altogether. We often cry out against this as an evil that should be resisted and remedied. Well, there are some things in this world that we must put up with, and this matter of church-closing in summer in great cities is one of them. It is much easier to find fault with it than to find a remedy for it. Those whose duties or wishes keep them in town through the season feel the inconvenience sorely, but it seems to be unavoidable in the conditions of modern city life. This may be said with truth, that there is no Sunday in the year when there are not open churches sufficient to afford ample room for all in the city who wish to hear the gospel, and where all who go will be more than welcome. It is well to bear this in mind, as also another fact, that very many churches are never closed, unless when repairs are necessary. I take it for granted, then, that the present state of things, in spite of *its* drawbacks and positive disadvantages, will continue, and

pastors and people ought to be diligent in reducing the evils attending it, to the lowest possible degree.

The poor who depend largely on the kind benefactions of their rich patrons and friends often suffer from the forgetfulness of those who have taken care of them to make suitable provision for their pensioners. I have known rich people to send from the mountains of Switzerland money to poor people whom they were accustomed to care for when at home. Some wealthy congregations in this city take up collections repeatedly for their own poor, though it would be supposed there is not a poor person in the church. God's people, having one Father who is in heaven, ought to be one family on earth, and when one poor member suffers it should be a cause of suffering to those who are able to relieve. Nor will it make the pleasure less at the sea-shore or in the mountains, to know that the hearts of some who cannot have that luxury are yet comforted with such good things as they in their confinement can enjoy. And all the while that you are away, there are some good people in town seeking to give to the children of the poor and to the women a nip of fresh air, by an excursion on the water, or a few days' board and lodging at the shore or out in the country. It were well to give a good round sum to these kindly charities. I do not believe that a day on a boat amounts to anything for the permanent health of a child, but the little fellow gets lots of fun out of it, and that he enjoys for many a day afterwards. And fun is very useful in its way, especially for those who do not have a surplus of it. Mr. Parsons managed a mission for some years with great good in it, when he went out into the country, gathered the people into a church, and asked them to take a boy or two and give him board and lodging for three or four weeks: thus he provided for thousands who were permanently benefited by life on a farm and in the woods. The boys and girls enjoyed it immensely, and their kind friends in the country had their reward in the Saviour's promise and blessing.

Some city Christian people look upon religious work among their neighbors and friends in the country as unbe-

coming and offensive. It is sometimes so done as to deserve such a distinction. But there is a way of doing things that pleases God and man, and commends the beauty and power of the Christian religion to all with whom a warm-hearted, sensible Christian comes in contact. There is no describing it, no laying down rules or making out a programme. But the Christian whose religion is known and read of all men sheds the silent influence of his cheerful, holy example like fragrance all around him. In hotels especially the gay world asserts itself with impudent forwardness that deserves rebuke. The parlors, which are the common property of all, are almost invariably usurped by a little set who are fond of dancing, and they make the rooms uninhabitable for the evening by the great majority of the guests who wish to be quiet and to enjoy the evening in reading and conversation. There should be a freedom-of-worship bill for hotels, securing to the people their rights to be unmolested, and breaking up this monopoly of the few.

There might go forth into the country and into the wide world a mighty missionary power if all the Christian people who go away from home in the summer would exhale the sweet perfume of a holy life in their daily walk and conversation. And they would find in every neighborhood where they sojourn, and in every circle into which they come, congenial hearts burning with a desire for Christian sympathy and intercourse. Thus they would, like coals gathered into a heap, kindle and warm one another and encourage to higher and better living. There are a great many more good people in this world than we are apt to suppose. Our fellow-traveller, a stranger, may be our own brother in the faith. Certainly he is our fellow-sinner, and has needs in common with us.

And so we go from place to place, here to-day and there to-morrow, but each day one day's march nearer home, our Father's house, where the weary are at rest. Pilgrims now as all our fathers were, there our pilgrimage is ended, and the heavenly *country* is the golden *city* of our God. There is something inexpressibly comforting in the words, "They

shall go no more out." Forever with the Lord. That is the Eternal City. He that dwells in it shall never say, "I am sick." No change of scene or air or food to recruit a wasted frame! Life, health, immortal youth shall crown the days of him who is a Christian citizen in that celestial clime.

A LITTLE BEHINDHAND;

OR, A GOOD RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"GRANDPA, when does a man have three hands?"

This question was put by a child to her grandfather, in the midst of the family circle on Christmas evening. They were all merry with innocent fun and chit-chat. Giving and guessing riddles was one of the entertaining pastimes of the hour. The grandfather repeated the child's question slowly, and, after thinking a moment, he said, "I give it up." The bright child in great glee cried out, "A man has three hands when he has a right hand and a left hand and gets a little behind-hand."

All hands laughed heartily at grandfather's failure to guess, and he looked so grave over it, they laughed the more merrily.

But the "head of the house" did not seem to join very heartily in the amusement, and they rallied him by asking if it was not a fair conundrum.

"Certainly: not only fair, but excellent: the play on the word is very neat, but it has set me thinking of what comes of getting a little behindhand, and some other time, when you want to hear it, I will give you a little sermon or lecture on the subject."

"Now—now—let us have it now!" they all exclaimed; but he knew children too well for that, and saying that his sermon would *keep*, he told them to go on with their riddles and stories.

The next Sabbath evening, when they were all in the par-

lor, the bright little girl who had puzzled her grandfather with the conundrum looked up from the book she was reading, and said, with a smile :

“Grandpa, are you not getting a little behindhand with that sermon you promised us?”

“You shall have it now, if you wish;” and all sat still and attentive while grandfather began :

“To-morrow will be the first day of a new year, and a good time to take a fresh start. To begin well is half the doing, whatever it is. The habit of being on time, never a minute behindhand, is one of the greatest helps to success in life. While, on the other hand, to get into the way of delaying, keeping others waiting, not being prompt, punctual, and ready, is the secret cause of failure in ten thousand cases, many of which I have seen in the course of my life. We notice it in children. What you are in the morning, you will be at noon, and probably at night. ‘The child is father of the man,’ ‘Just as the twig is bent,’ etc. The family meet in the morning for worship and breakfast; one child is late. She is usually late, the same one. She was behindhand in getting herself ready; the rest waited for her a few moments and then went on without her, and presently she came, disturbing all and making herself disagreeable and them uncomfortable. The boy with such a disposition is late at school, not prepared with his lessons, always just a little behindhand in everything. Perhaps he goes to college or into business, trade or profession, and if he is dependent on his own exertions he makes a failure in everything.

“Forty years ago I knew two smart boys, helpers in a grocery-store. They were brothers. They seemed to be made of steel springs, so quick, prompt and decisive were they in filling every order. They were poor boys, apprentices then. But they worked as if the concern was their own, and success depended on their energy, push, and faithfulness. Now they live on one of the fashionable avenues of New York, in their own large mansions, retired from the grocery business in which they made their fortunes. Holding important trusts, they are useful and respected citizens and Christians.

They owe their success solely, under God, to their own promptness in performing every promise, in being always ahead rather than behind time. And there are mechanics and tradesmen with whom I once had dealings and now have deserted, because they never would fulfil an order in season, would not send a thing home to me when they promised, and invariably kept me waiting whatever might be my distress to be served. This vice runs in the blood sometimes, and whole families are distinguished by taking it easy, 'time enough yet' being their motto and rule. They drop behind in the race of life. They would be run over if some one did not pick them up and help them on. Half the world has this work to do, besides doing its own. In the absence of positive crime, this habit of taking it easy causes the poverty and failure of the greater part of the human family. With the same chances, with usual health and wits, in the same field, one man succeeds and another makes a dead failure. And why? Because one takes time by the forelock, was ever prompt, and therefore prosperous. The other was always a little behindhand, and by and by so far behind as to be counted out as of no account.

"When you are old enough yourselves to meet and move with men and women in business and good works of life, you will soon find some who are late at the appointed time, who come bustling in ten or fifteen minutes after the hour, saying, 'I had no idea it was so late,' 'My watch never deceived me before,' 'I am very sorry to keep you waiting.' All such managers are poor timber to make boards of. If they had the grace of resignation, they would make room for somebody not always a little behindhand.

"The train starts at nine in the morning, and they reach the station two minutes late and are left. The boat goes at five, and they arrive in time to be laughed at by the passengers who see them wiping the perspiration from their heated brows. I knew a Georgia preacher who was holding forth in an asylum to a congregation of the insane. He described a man on a scaffold about to be hanged, while in the distance comes a messenger on horseback bringing a pardon. But the

hour of fate was just at hand : a minute or two and it would be too late. The preacher drew out the agony by talking and talking, till one of his crazed hearers cried, 'Can't you hurry up a little? They'll hang that man if you don't.' And when I see people dilly-dallying, wasting precious time in doing nothing, I long to tell them to hurry up, for life, soul, salvation may be lost if they are only a little behindhand. It is so in every relation, calling and duty in life. It is the one principle on which the prize of success in this world depends, and immortal glory beyond. Now is the accepted time. To-day, if you will hear it, is the day of salvation. You may as well be a year, or a hundred years, or a whole eternity too late as to be only a little behindhand. When once the Master of the house has shut the door, you may knock long and loud, and with a great and exceeding bitter cry may call to him, 'Lord, Lord, open unto me: I am only a few minutes late: I heard the door close as I came to the threshold. O Master, Lord, open and let me in.' And he from within will answer, 'Depart; I never knew you.'

"You were never one of his. When he called, you were not ready. When he warned, you did not heed. When he entreated, you did not yield. When he shut the door, you were a little behindhand. And as it was with them when the flood came, and in the cities of the plain when the rain of fire descended, so will it be with you who put off and put off until a convenient season the work of to-day.

"There, children dear, you have had the sermon I promised. The new year begins to-morrow, and the resolution I want you to make is this: 'With God's good help, for which I will daily pray, I will always be on hand, at the moment, ready for every duty, and will do with my might what I am called to do.'

"Good-night, all," said the grandfather; "God bless you all with a happy New Year."

"Happy New Year to you, grandpa," they cried in chorus, and went off to bed.

PROCRUSTES, THE STRETCHER,**AND HOW HE MADE ALL MEN THE SAME LENGTH.**

ONCE there was a man, or there is a story in the Greek that there was once a man, who had the name of Procrustes, which, being interpreted, signifies "a stretcher." But stretching was not his only plan to change the longitude of those who fell into his power. Being a robber in Attica, where the profession of highwaymen still flourishes as it did three thousand years ago, it was his custom, when travelling gentlemen fell into his hands, to make them, or to try to make them, into men of the same length. For this purpose he had an iron bed constructed, and on this he caused his captives to lie down. If they were too long for the bed, he cut off from their legs enough to make them fit; and if they were not long enough, he applied the pulley and screws, and stretched them till they just filled the bill or bed. This was a cruel process, and a very foolish one too, for either process, cutting or stretching, must have spoiled the victim, making him of no use to the tyrant or to anybody else. His whim was gratified, but his patients perished under his surgical treatment. The tyrant's name was Polypemon, and the surname of Procrustes was given to him on account of the disagreeable habit he had of interfering with the natural growth of persons who were so unfortunate as to get into his bed.

The myths of the ancients are rarely without a moral. Certainly the immoral often saturates them. But in many a story that has come down, in oral or written legend, we have a lesson full of beauty and force whereunto we do well to take heed. The days of such monsters have passed away, but there is something still lingering in the minds of men that preserves the Procrustean bed as a symbol. If there were nothing to resemble the practice of the Attican brigand, his name and his surgery would long since have ceased to figure in the speech of mankind.

God made men of one blood; therefore we are all of one family, brethren, bound to help and love one another; all have the same Father in heaven, all have the same rights to the love and service of our brethren, under that universal golden law that requires us to do as we would be done by. In this sense we are born and reared to fit the bed of Procrustes. And here the likeness ends. There are no two men or women alike. Nothing is more wonderful to me in the world of nature than the likeness and unlikeness of the human face. What confusion and often misery come from mistaken identity! Endless lawsuits with intense suffering have sprung from the claims that have been set up by bad men to be others; parents, husbands, children, heirs of property. Innocent men have been charged with foul crimes because of their supposed resemblance to real criminals. When I walk the streets of a great city, meeting strange faces every step, I am wondering all the while that no two of them are just alike; they have more points of resemblance than of difference, but they are dissimilar: each one is himself, and not the other: all are one species, each with his marks to distinguish him from all the rest. And as God has made no two men alike, what is the use of trying to stretch or shorten our fellows to make them conform to our standard of height? A dreary uniformity in mind and matter would be unbearable. Variety is the spice of life. Yet we are given to the opinion that *our* taste is the true measure of right, beauty, duty, and fitness. If the minister preaches to *our* satisfaction, he is all right; and if not, he is altogether out of the way, and we keep a bed of Procrustes on which we would like to stretch him. So the minister's wig offended the ladies, and he sent it to their sewing-society with permission for them to clip it to their taste. The poor thing was shorn of all its beauty, and was generally demoralized, until it pleased none of them, and was unfit to crown the pastor's head. Out in a Western city recently a pastor preached for the first time in a pulpit-gown, and the papers say that the congregation was convulsed as they would have been had the pastor preached in his shirt-sleeves. The

gown and the anti-gown parties contended until the latter triumphed, and the gown was laid aside as part of the millinery of religion. Why may not a minister's dress be safely left to his own discretion? And so with all the mint, anise, and cummin of the church. Mrs. Jones remonstrates with her neighbor, Mrs. Robinson, because of her conformity to the world in wearing feathers in her hat: and to Mrs. R.'s inquiry where to draw the line between what is worldly and what is pious in the matter of dress, Mrs. Jones says, "You must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it on feathers." She wanted her neighbor to be cut down to her own measure.

"The rarity of Christian charity" is the topic for satire and complaint, and poor human nature gives too much occasion for the scandal. In matters of opinion and of conduct it is hard to admit that one who does not see with our eyes may after all be nearer the standard of infinite truth and right than we are. It is the beam in our own eye that obstructs the sight of goodness and even of glory in another, and distorts the vision until the lines of harmony and beauty are made to run criss-cross to the ruin of our brother's countenance.

The church and the world have been all muddled with a doctrine of social equality that has no reason and no religion for its support. As God has made no two faces just alike, so he has set society in families and in such social relations as husbands and wives and children, servants, superiors, inferiors, and equals. The gospels and the letters of the inspired apostles teach the duties and privileges of each and every individual. Before the law of God and man they are all equal, and the service which each owes to the other is perfect freedom. But that liberty is within the law of God, and all right human law is conformed to the divine. What is called the "Woman's Rights" doctrine is only an organized conspiracy to apply the Procrustean process to human society. It would be just as sensible to organize a children's rights movement and attempt to put old heads on young shoulders. Procrustes was a tyrant, and whoever tries to

apply his despotism to men, women, or children is a tyrant or a fool. I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. Infinite wisdom and love made us what we are and formed the round and shining sphere on which we are placed. Revolving in it and with it, like the stars in their celestial courses, we shall move without collision or friction, each fulfilling his appointed work, "forever singing as we shine, 'The hand that made us is divine.'" But when we get discontented and rebellious and fractious, those who are short curtail the tall, and children impatient of the restraint of childhood, women trying to be men, and men seeking to be the greatest and unwilling to bide their time, when they that serve strive to be independent of their duties, and the poor quarrel with God and their race because they were not born in wealth and cradled in gold, then come discontent and conflict and misery and despair. Rebellion is in it. Hell begins with war against the order of God in nature.

We are not all cast in the same mould. Some are wise and some are otherwise. One man has ten talents, another five, and the most have only one. But they with one, if faithful in its use, are the most useful. Unknown to fame, silent workers, building strong the walls of Church and State, they are the great middle class, on whom the commonwealth, civil and sacred, reposes in security and peace. We cannot all be alike. But it doth not yet appear what we shall be. We might be more and better than we are. And we never shall be satisfied till we awake in the likeness of God.

"IS THE OLD GENTLEMAN DEAD?" *

WHILE at Saratoga last week I heard of the death of a friend and made a short journey to attend the funeral. The gentleman in whose family the death had occurred is my kinsman, and he resides on the bank of the Hudson River, some miles from the railroad station. On reaching the station I took a hackney-coach and was driven to the house. It is a large mansion, with pillars and piazza in front, in the midst of lawn and shade-trees, with a circular carriage-path from the road to the door. The gentleman has resided in it some forty years or more, is well on in life, and well known to all the country-side.

As we approached the mansion the coachman noticed crape on the door—a sign that death was in the house. As he opened the carriage-door he asked me anxiously, "Is the old gentleman dead?" I told him no—that it was another member of the family. He said, "I was afraid it was the old gentleman; he is a good man; everybody loves him."

Such a tribute from such a source was exceedingly pleasant, rendered so heartily to one whom I had known from childhood. I was glad to know that he was held in such general esteem that a hack-driver was pained by the thought that perhaps he was dead, and was ready to bear such testimony to his worth.

He is a man of wealth, and one of the class of men—not an overcrowded class—who have learned the true use of money, and having learned, delight to practise it. Surrounded with all the appliances for his own comfort, living in perfect simplicity amidst the abundance with which God has favored him, he does not live for himself. That is the secret of his success in securing the esteem of his fellow-

* This was the last "Irenæus Letter" ever prepared by Dr. Prime, and was written within two weeks of his decease, which occurred July 13, 1835.

men. A good name is said to be better than riches, and it is certainly a great thing to have both. There is no man more generally ill-spoken of in the community than he who has great wealth and no disposition to make a good use of it. All around us, as I stay with this friend, are the evidences of good that he is doing with the money that he might call his own, but which he prefers to use as a steward intrusted with it for the benefit of others. Hospitals, churches, colleges, individuals, public improvements, private charities, are a few of the many recipients of his bounty. Without ostentation and unsolicited, he seeks and finds those objects which his own good judgment assures him are the most likely to be worthy of his assistance, and permanently *useful*.

And right there is the true end of life. Usefulness is to be sought, aimed at, and worked for; happiness is to come of itself in the pursuit of usefulness. The mistake the most persons make is in studying to be happy. They should let that care for itself. It is not a state of mind to be cultivated, but to be enjoyed in the midst of duty done. To a rational, virtuous mind wealth does not bring enjoyment if it is employed merely in the gratification of the senses. Misery may be the result of such living. But in the judicious use of wealth for the good of others, the true man finds that comfort and glow of soul which the few, the favored few, can alone afford to buy.

One of the most fearful signs of our times is the rapid spread of socialism, or communism, in the minds of the poor. Bad men who are not poor use the miserable doctrine to get the favor of the masses, who are easily persuaded that they are wronged when others have more money than they. Equality would not last a week if it were once decreed; but the cry is popular, and the spirit of it is revolution and anarchy. And the rich must be made to understand and to feel that they promote this spirit if they continue to hoard great possessions, and use them only for their own selfish enjoyments. Envy, discontent, hatred, and robbery, with all evil, are begotten by the pride and folly of the rich, who *imagine* that wealth makes them better than the poor. Out

of this discontent come the curses of modern socialism. Laws cannot cure the evil. All the schemes of philanthropy to regulate the price of labor or the price of food are vain and deceptive. There is no remedy except in the prevalence of that spirit which springs up in the heart of the man who learns that he is not his own, that his wealth is not his own, that he ought to love his neighbor as himself, and that there is a high and holy sense in which he is bound to be his brother's keeper. We may not reason in favor of the safety of this system of inequality from the fact that in aristocratic countries ages have passed away in peace while the rich have been immensely rich and the poor most miserably poor. For the spread of ideas has wrought a tremendous change in the minds of men, and new theories of rights and property and obligation have been diffused by conversation, lectures, and the press. This change has been felt by legislators, who are governed by it in law-making. Personal rights are invaded by the sovereign power. Courts are dominated by the unseen influence of the new philosophy. Rich men should bear in mind that they hold their property at the will of the law-making power, and legislatures are often controlled by the *commune*.

One example, like that of the "old gentleman" whom the driver of my carriage was ready to praise and to mourn, does more to moderate and guide the public sentiment of a county and community than lectures and newspapers. "Everybody loves him," said the humble citizen who opened the door for me; and it was his goodness which won their love. They did not envy and hate him because he was rich, increased in goods, and had need of nothing. They rejoiced the rather that he had a handsome mansion with all the comforts that wealth can furnish, because he has sympathies with those who have not the good things of this life in great abundance, and delights in sharing his substance with them. Therefore, the conclusion to which we shall come in our consideration of the irrepressible conflict between the rich and the poor, between capital and labor, is that the only practicable solution lies in the application of the gospel law of love. When

this becomes the rule of life, a millennium of peace, righteousness, contentment, and consequent happiness will begin its blessed reign.

This was the natural current of my thoughts as I crossed the Hudson at the going-down of the sun, and in the early evening returned to my lodgings at "Garden View," by the wells of Saratoga.

FAC-SIMILE.

The following pages contain a *fac simile* of two sheets of the last Irenæus Letter, "Is the Old Gentleman Dead?" as it was written for the compositor, by Dr. S. IRENÆUS PRIME. It is a fair sample of the manuscript which Dr. Prime regularly furnished to the press, with the exception that it is somewhat reduced in size in order to come within the page of this book.

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Remains,

Dr. Prime's Published Works.

This list contains the titles of most of Dr. Prime's Books. Besides these, he edited, compiled, and contributed to many other volumes, some of which are of permanent value and interest.

- ELIZABETH THORNTON, THE FLOWER AND FRUIT OF EARLY PIETY.** New York: M. W. Dodd. 1840.
- RECORDS OF A VILLAGE PASTOR.** Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1843.
- THE PRODIGAL RECLAIMED; Or, The Sinner's Ruin and Recovery.** Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1843.
- THE MARTYR MISSIONARY OF ERROMANGA; Or, The Life of John Williams.** Abridged. American Sunday-School Union. 1844.
- THE LITTLE BURNT GIRL; A Memoir of Catherine Howell.** American Sunday-School Union. 1845.
- GEORGE SOMERVILLE; Or, The Boy who would be a Minister.** American Sunday-School Union. 1846.
- GUIDE TO THE SAVIOUR.** American Sunday-School Union. 1846. Republished in London by the Religious Tract Society.
- THE OLD WHITE MEETING HOUSE; Or, Reminiscences of a Country Congregation.** Robert Carter. 1846.
- LIFE IN NEW YORK.** Robert Carter & Brothers. 1846.
- THE GOSPEL AMONG THE BECHUANAS AND OTHER TRIBES OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.** American Sunday-School Union. 1846.
- THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA; With an account of the Massacres by the Koords.** American Sunday-School Union. 1846.
- THE HIGHLAND PASTOR; a Sequel to George Somerville.** 1847.
- HENRY WOOD; Or, The First Step in the Downward Road.** American Sunday-School Union. 1848.
- BOSSES AND THEIR BOYS; Or, The Duties of Masters and Apprentices.** American Sunday-School Union. 1853.
- SABBATH SONGS FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.** Leavitt & Allen. 1853.
- THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.** With an Appendix selected from various authors. Anson D. F. Randolph.

- THE SMITTEN HOUSEHOLD.** A book for the Afflicted. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
- TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.** Harper & Brothers. 1855.
- LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND.** Sheldon & Company. 1860.
- THE POWER OF PRAYER.** Illustrated in the Fulton Street Prayer Meetings and elsewhere. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. Republished in London; republished in Paris in French; republished in Cape of Good Hope in Dutch; republished in East Indies in Tamil.
- THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT; Or, The Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. RIGHTEE, Agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant.** New York: Sheldon & Company. 1859.
- FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER WITH THE ANSWERS.** New York: Harper & Brothers.
- FIFTEEN YEARS OF PRAYER IN THE FULTON STREET MEETING.** Scribner, Armstrong & Company.
- ANDERSON'S ANNALS OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.** Abridged and Continued. Robert Carter & Bros. 1849.
- MEMOIRS OF REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D. (KIRWAN).** Harper & Brothers. 1862.
- WALKING WITH GOD—THE LIFE HID WITH CHRIST.** A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1872.
- THE ALHAMBRA AND THE KREMLIN.** New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1873.
- UNDER THE TREES.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874.
- SONGS OF THE SOUL.** Gathered out of many lands and ages. Robert Carter & Bros. 1874.
- LIFE OF SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, LL.D., Inventor of the Electric Magnetic Recording Telegraph.** D. Appleton & Co. 1874.
- IRENÆUS LETTERS.** Gathered from the "New York Observer," and published by that Company in 1880.
- PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.** Illustrated in the twenty-five years of Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882.



